







THE  
FOURTH *and* LAST VOLUME  
OF THE  
WORKS  
OF  
*Mr. Thomas Brown,*  
*Serious and Comical,*  
In PROSE and VERSE.



L O N D O N,

Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, and Sold by R. Smith  
and G. Strahan at the Royal-Exchange ; W. Taylor,  
Pater-noster Row ; J. Browne without Temple-bar ;  
J. Hooke against St. Dunstan's Church ; J. Graves,  
St. James's-Street, and J. Morphew near Stationers-  
Hall. 1715.



*Ben. Jure*

THE  
Fourth and Last VOLUME  
OF THE  
WORKS  
OF  
Mr. THO. BROWN.

CONTAINING

His Laconics; or, Maxims  
of State and Cover-  
sation.

His Letters, Miscellany  
Poems, Satyrs, Essays,  
Fables, &c.

His Translation of the  
Odes of *Horace*.

His Translation of *Mar-  
tial's* Epigrams.

His Dialogues of the Dead,  
*viz.* The Charms of  
Friendship, a Dialogue.

On Marriage, Love, and  
Cuckoldom, a Dialogue.

The *Belgic Hero* unmask'd,  
a Dialogue.

*Parson Alsop's* new Regu-  
lation of the State of  
Conformity.

On Liberty of Conscience  
in 1687, a Dialogue.

*Dr. Sherlock's* true Reasons  
for the new Converts  
taking the Oaths to  
*K. William*, a Dialogue.

An Ode on the Death of  
*Viscount Dundee*, who  
was kill'd at the Battle  
of *Gillecrankie*.

---

With a KEY to all his WRITINGS.

---

The **Third Edition**, with the Addition of a Sup-  
plement in Prose and Verse never before Printed.

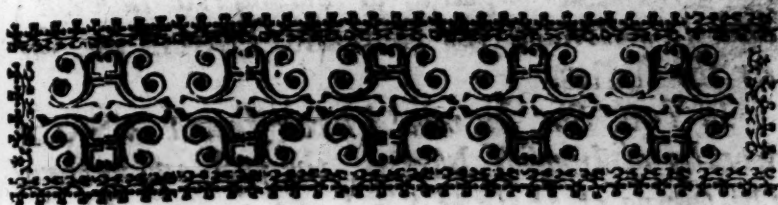
---

LONDON, Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, and So'd  
by *J. Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*. 1715.

---







To the Honourable  
*Sir Richard Child, Bart.*



*THE Success of the former Editions of Mr. BROWN'S WORKS, give me the Assurance to lay this Fourth Volume at Your Feet, and to beg Your Protection. The Great and the Wise have ever been the Patrons of the Muses; and the Fortune, Figure, and Qualifications of Sir RICHARD CHILD speak him the fittest for this Protection.*

*I thought I cou'd not do the Memory of my dead Friend more Justice, than in sheltering them where he himself wou'd have sought a Patronage: For, how cou'd he hope a better Patron than the SON of such a FATHER, whose Wisdom and Capacity oblig'd a NATION, and gave Jewels to a CROWN: Whose Judgment and Industry fix'd that valuable Trade, which all others had been either de-*

## The Epistle DEDICATORY.

*ter'd from attempting, or attempted in vain;  
and so extended the Britannic Powers as far  
as the Indies.*

*In You, Sir, he wou'd have found a SON  
worthy of himself, Merits, the just and natural  
Off-spring of those of Sir J O S I A H; Merits  
that render You dear to Men of Probity and  
Sense, and fit You for the Patronage of so  
valuable a Poet as Mr. T H O M A S B R O W N,  
whose pleasant and agreeable Works have thus  
long entertain'd the Great and the Fair.*

*For, Sir, as he could not have desir'd a nobler  
Patron, so few Authors could have offer'd a  
more delightful Present, full of so pleasing a  
Variety, that every Leaf almost, besides the  
Spriteliness of its Air, and Poignancy of its Wit,  
affords a New and Uncommon Diversion.*

*These being the Motives, and these the  
Qualities, that induc'd me to make You, Sir,  
this Present, I hope they will sufficiently excuse  
my subscribing my self,*

S I R,

Your most humble

and obedient Servant.



# THE CONTENTS TO THE Fourth Volume.

## *The Odes of Horace translated.*

|                                                    |        |
|----------------------------------------------------|--------|
| <b>P</b> art of the second Ode in lib. 4.          | Pag. 1 |
| Ode 3. in lib. 1.                                  | 2      |
| An imitation of the sixth Ode, in lib. 1.          | 4      |
| Ode 7, in lib. 1.                                  | 6      |
| Ode 8, l. 1.                                       | 7      |
| Ode 9, in lib. 1. To Sir John Bowyer,              | 8      |
| A Paraphrase on Horace of <i>Vides ut alta</i>     | 9      |
| Ode 10, in lib. 3. Paraphrased,                    | 11     |
| Ode 11, in lib. 2.                                 | 13     |
| Ode 13, in lib. 4. paraphrased,                    | 14     |
| Ode 15, in lib. 3. imitated,                       | 16     |
| Ode 23, in lib. 1.                                 | 17     |
| Ode 26, in lib. 3. paraphrased,                    | 18     |
| Ode 27, in lib. 1.                                 | 19     |
| The same Ode imitated,                             | 20     |
| An imitation of the 14th Epod in Hor.              | 21     |
| A Translation from Hor. of <i>Mollis inertia</i> . | 22     |

## *Martial's Epigrams translated.*

|                                                        |       |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| The Preface,                                           | 24    |
| Epig. 5. l. 2.                                         | 25    |
| Epig. 19. l. 1. Advice to a Vintner,                   | 26    |
| Epig. 23. l. 1.                                        | ibid. |
| Imitation of Epig. 44. l. 3.                           | 27    |
| Epig. 63. lib. 3.                                      | 28    |
| The contented Whore, in imitation of Epig. 66. l. 12.  | ibid. |
| An imitation of Epig. 105. l. 2.                       | 29    |
| Epig. 61. l. 11.                                       | 30    |
| To a Gentleman that set up for a Spark in his old Age, | 31    |
| Epig. 43. l. 3.                                        | 32    |



# The CONTENTS.

|                           |       |
|---------------------------|-------|
| Epig. 50. imitated,       | 32    |
| Epig. 54. 1. 3. imitated, | ibid. |

## Epigrams.

|                                                   |       |
|---------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Under the Picture of a Beau,                      | 33    |
| On Death, Extempore,                              | ibid. |
| Latin Epigram, by T. B.                           | 34    |
| Merrily turn'd over a Glass,                      | ibid. |
| Extempore Epigram, occasion'd by a clamorous Dun, | ibid. |
| De Parnasso, by T. B.                             | ibid. |
| Paraphras'd,                                      | 35    |

## Fables.

|                                |    |
|--------------------------------|----|
| Of the Bat and the Birds,      | 36 |
| Of the Horse and the Stag,     | 38 |
| Of the Wolf and the Porcupine, | 39 |
| Of Apollo and Daphne,          | 40 |

## Miscellanies.

|                                                                            |       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| An Elegy on Mr. Smith, Ordinary of Newgate,                                | 41    |
| An Epitaph on the same Person,                                             | 43    |
| An Elegy on the Viscount Dundee, kill'd, &c.                               | 45    |
| Dundee's Speech to his Soldiers,                                           | 46    |
| The mourning Poet; Or, the unknown Comforts, &c.                           | 50    |
| To Mr. Playford,                                                           | 56    |
| On the Encampment at Hounslow-heath,                                       | 57    |
| On the setting up Queen Elizabeth's Statue, &c.                            | 59    |
| A Song in praise of the Bottle,                                            | 60    |
| The Rover, a Song,                                                         | 61    |
| The Campaign, a Song,                                                      | 62    |
| The Libertine, a Song,                                                     | 63    |
| A Catch,                                                                   | ibid. |
| The Whet,                                                                  | 69    |
| Song,                                                                      | 70    |
| On Sternold and Hopkins,                                                   | ibid. |
| A Translation out of Catullus,                                             | 72    |
| A Song in ridicule of a famous Musician,                                   | 73    |
| The good Fellow,                                                           | 74    |
| A true History of the Author of the Satyr against Wit, by Col. Codrington, | 75    |
| Upon the Author of the Satyr, &c. by Sir Cha. Sidley,                      | 76    |
| To the Author of the Satyr, by Col. Bl-----,                               | 77    |
| The Quack corrected, by the Earl of-----,                                  | ibid. |
| The merry Poetaster, by Dr.-----,                                          | 78    |
| An equal Match, &c. by Col. Codrington,                                    | ibid. |
| To the Mirror of British Knighthood, by R. Steele, Esq,                    | 79    |
| To the Cheap-side Knight, by Mr. W. Burnaby,                               | ibid. |
| To the indefatigable Rhimer, by Dr. Smith,                                 | 80    |
| A modest Request, &c. by Col. Codrington,                                  | 81    |

Wholesome

## The CONTENTS.

|                                                                                 |       |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Wholesome Advice, &c. by the Earl of Anglesea,                                  | 81    |
| To a thrice illustrious Quack, Pedant and Bard, by the<br>Countess of Sandwich, | 82    |
| To Sir R. Bl---re, on the two Arthurs being condemn'd to<br>be Hang'd,          | 83    |
| A Tale, by Col. Codrington,                                                     | ibid. |
| Upon the Character of Codron, by the same,                                      | 84    |
| An Epigram on Job, by the same,                                                 | 85    |
| To the adventurous Knight of Cheapside, by Mr. Manning,                         | ibid. |
| To the canting Author of the Satyr against Wit, by ---<br>Mildmay, Esq;         | 86    |
| Friendly Advice to Dr. Bl--- by a Lord,                                         | ibid. |
| To Dr. Garth, on his Dispensary, by Dr. James Drake,                            | 87    |
| To a famous Doctor and Poet at Sadler's-Hall,                                   | 89    |
| To the Author of the Satyr against Wit, by T. Cheek, Esq;                       | 90    |
| A merry Ballad on the City Bard, by R. Norton, Esq;                             | ibid. |
| Henrico Higden, Arm.                                                            | 91    |
| On the Treatment of the modern Drama, by Mr. Kn--                               | 92    |
| On Dr. Lower's growing good-natur'd before his Death,                           | 93    |
| To a cruel Mistress,                                                            | ibid. |
| An Ode on a Kiss,                                                               | 94    |
| A sapphic Ode,                                                                  | 95    |
| A Translation,                                                                  | 96    |
| On the Death of Dr. Kirleus,                                                    | 99    |
| An Epitaph on Dr. Kirleus,                                                      | 101   |
| Fable of the Satyr and Travellers,                                              | ibid. |
| A Dialogue betwixt the new Lotteries and the Royal Oak,                         | 102   |
| In obitum Tho. Shadwell,                                                        | 104   |
| An Inpromptu to Shadwell's Memory,                                              | 105   |
| In decretum Parliamenti, 1689.                                                  | ibid. |
| Inscriptions design'd for the Dial over Lincoln's-In new<br>Square Fountain,    | 106   |
| Antenor's Speech applied to the Declaration, &c.                                | ibid. |
| Prologue spoken before the University at Oxford,                                | 107   |
| Epilogue,                                                                       | 108   |
| A Catch,                                                                        | 109   |
| A Panegyrick on Col. Walker,                                                    | ibid. |
| To Mr. D'Ursey, on his incomparable Ballads,                                    | 110   |
| On Flowers in a Lady's Bosom,                                                   | ibid. |
| The London Vintners Answer to Mr. Brown,                                        | 111   |
| To Mr. Henry Purcel,                                                            | ibid. |
| On Dr. Sherlock,                                                                | 112   |
| Upon taking the new Oaths,                                                      | 113   |
| Brown's Translation of an Epig. in Martial, &c.                                 | ibid. |
| A pensive Thought in a Spunging-House,                                          | ibid. |
| Laconics, or new Maxims of State and Conversation,                              | 114   |

*Dialogues*

# The CONTENTS.

## *Dialogues of the Dead, in imitation of Lucian.*

|                                                                   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| The Tryal of Cuckolds,                                            | 134 |
| Of Friendship,                                                    | 156 |
| The Belgic Hero unmask'd,                                         | 172 |
| The Non-juror's Reasons for taking the Oaths,                     | 280 |
| An English Colonel's Speech to his Regiment,                      | 112 |
| Mr. Allop's state of Conformity,                                  | 223 |
| Dr. Oats's Marriage with a Muggletonian Widow,                    | 237 |
| <i>A Supplement to Mr. Tho. Brown's Works in Prose and Verse.</i> |     |

|                                                                                             |       |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| To sir John Sands; against keeping of Mistresses,                                           | 243   |
| The Answer of Sir John Sands; in Vindication, &c.                                           | 249   |
| From a Vintner in the City, to a Vintner in the Suburbs,                                    | 234   |
| To a Lady that married an old decrepid Widower,                                             | 260   |
| A consolatory Letter to a Cuckold,                                                          | 264   |
| To W. Knight, Esq;                                                                          | 266   |
| Remarks upon Marriage,                                                                      | 271   |
| Another Letter, being a Consolation on Cuckoldom,                                           | 276   |
| Postscript to the said Letter of Consolation,                                               | 284   |
| A Letter to a Reverend Grasier, Physician, &c.                                              | ibid. |
| A Letter to a Gentlewoman kept by a Jew,                                                    | 289   |
| A Letter from a Gentleman in Holland, &c.                                                   | 291   |
| To a Mistress that shew'd his Letters to his Rival                                          | 295   |
| From a Beau to a Beau,                                                                      | 297   |
| To a young Lawyer that dabled in Poetry,                                                    | 302   |
| A comical Letter to a Gentlewoman,                                                          | 305   |
| To Madam -----                                                                              | 306   |
| The Difference between a young Lady, &c.                                                    | 307   |
| A Letter to the Duke of Buckingham,                                                         | 313   |
| A Letter to the Dutchess of Mazarine                                                        | 313   |
| Jo. Haines in Penance,                                                                      | 320   |
| Tho. Brown's Recantation of his Satyr, &c.                                                  | 321   |
| An Elegy on Dobbin, a Coach-horse,                                                          | 326   |
| To Justice Higden, on the ill success of his Play,                                          | 227   |
| To the same on his Play being damn'd,                                                       | 328   |
| Upon persecuting it with Cat-calls,                                                         | ibid. |
| A Pastoral on the Death of Queen Mary,                                                      | 329   |
| Prologue to a Musick Speech in the Theatre in Oxford,                                       | 331   |
| The Epilogue,                                                                               | 333   |
| On Mr. Creech's Translation of Lucretius,                                                   | 334   |
| Algernon Sidney's Letter of Advice to his Friend, concern-<br>ing the Education of his Son, | 335   |
| A Character of a Low Church Magistrate,                                                     | 337   |
| To Dr. Sherlock on taking the Oaths, 1690,                                                  | 344   |
| An Epitaph on Dr. Sherlock, 1707,                                                           | 346   |



# A Compleat Alphabetical KEY to Mr. B R O W N's Works.

Lord *All-Pride* in the *Park*. Vol. 4. Page 125.

**B** *Eau* Fielding, a great Fop married to Barbara Dutcheſs  
of Cleaveland, who was divorced from him.

Let then these *Arthurs* too in *Doggrel* live. Vol. 4. 83.

*Two Thieves* condemn'd, one of which was hang'd at Ty-  
burn; but t'other being repriev'd, was afterwards kill'd.

*Bookseller* turn'd *Quack*. Vol. 3. 14.

*Rogers* of that *Trade* in *Fleetstreet*, who sold a *Powder*  
which (as he reported in his *Advertisements*) would dis-  
solve the *Stone* in the *Reins* or *Bladder*.

*B* ———y should write. Vol. 3. 78.

Meaning the old *Earl* of *Banbury*,

Some damning *Dr. B* ———ges. Vol. 2. 220.

*Daniel Burgels* the *Presbyterian Parson*, notoriously known  
for his knack of canting in the *Pulpit*.

*Mrs. C* ——— Vol. 3. 243.

*Madam Crisp* a noted *Strumpet*, who was in *Newgate* for  
setting a *Lieutenant* to kill a *Blackmoor* that had stolln her  
*Lap-dog*; afterwards she kept a *Bawdy-house*.

*Codron Fire*. Vol. 4. 80.

*Dr. Garth*, who writ that excellent poetical *Peice* call'd,  
*The Dispensary*.

*Impenitent Clipper*. Vol. 4. 127.

*Coppinger*, formerly a *strawling Player*, executed at  
*Tyburn*.

*Causabon* for *Satyr* famous. Vol. 4. 322.

A famous *Critick*, interr'd in *Westminster-Abbey*.

*Divinity-monger*. Vol. 3. 14.

*Dr. Sherlock*, *Dean* of *St. Pauls*; and *Master* of the *Temple*.

*Ten thousand Drachme*. Vol. 1. 145.

A *Coin* in use among the antient *Grecians*, in value 7 d.  
ob. so that the *Sum* which *Lais* demanded of *Demosthenes*  
for a *Night's Lodging* was 341 l. 13 s. 4 d.

*Daniel D* ———f ———'s *Party*. Vol. 3. 328.

A broken *Hosier*, pillory'd in 1703, for publishing a *scurri-  
lous*



## An Alphabetical KEY to

*lous Pamphlet call'd, The shortest way with the Dissenters.*

*Dr. ———— He's nicest Rules. Vol. 4. 80.*

*Dr. Drake an eminent-Physician, now deceas'd.*

*Royal Empirick. Vol. 3. 315.*

*A hint on St. Edward the Confessor's great Vertue of curing the King's-Evil; which Gift of Healing is inherent in his Royal Successors.*

*Reverend Dr. F ———— n. Vol. 3. 301.*

*Dr. Freeman, Rector of the Church of St. Paul Covent-Garden; who succeeded Dr. Patrick, when translated to the Bishoprick of Ely.*

*Sir F ———— C ———— d. Vol. 3. 321.*

*Sir Francis Child, the great Banker just within Temple-Bar, deceas'd.*

*Graduate in the noble Art of Manslaughtuer. Vol. 3. 21.*

*Sir Richard Blackmore a Physician, who writ a Satyr against Wit.*

*Gospel-Smith. Vol. 4. 43.*

*A Pun on Smith, once Ordinary of Newgate.*

*Grubstreet Muse. Vol. 4. 43.*

*'Alluding to the scurrilous nonsensical Papers, formerly printed in Grubstreet.*

*House of a sweet smelling Savour. Vol. 3. 14.*

*The Perfumer's House at the Sign of the Civit Cat, next to Sheer-lane in Fleetstreet.*

*Harlot at St. James's. Vol. 3. 233.*

*Diana Temple, the Daughter of Mrs. Temple, who kept a Coffee-house in Salisbury-street in the Strand.*

*Let Father Jordan martial Heat inspire,*

*And Uncle Taubman filthy Breast with Fire. Vol. 1. 138.*

*Two mean Poets, who writ as bad as Withers.*

*And fam'd F. Dunton. Vol. 1. 139.*

*Whose Breath's as strong as the Kentish Man's Back V. 1. 217.*

*William Joy the strong Man; yet Jo. Hains's Breath was reckon'd stronger; for once saying Grace over a Loin of Veal, he gave it such a Hogo, that there was no eating it.*

*John Knox penn'd a Liturgy. Vol. 3. pag. ult.*

*A Scotch Presbyterian Parson, who compiled a Form of Prayer for his Countrymen; but without any Supplication for Crown'd Head or any other in Authority.*

## Mr. BROWN'S Works.

L — D — known by his Ribbon. Vol. 3. Page 38.

*The late ingenious Earl of Dorset.*

*Ludlow's in good Health.* Vol. 4. 336.

*A noted Republican in the time of the Civil Wars.*

*Then to abandon poor Italian Molly.* Vol. 1. 65.

*Queen Mary, the Daughter to the Duke of Modena, and the Royal Consort of King James the Second.*

*Melissa looks as demure as a Nun.* Vol. 4. 125.

*A certain Lady yet living in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

*Nendick's Tetrachymagogen,* Vol. 4. 101.

*A Quack in London, who gave this cramp Name to a Water which he sold as an infallible Cure for all Venereal Meladies.*

*Swears like T. O.* Vol. 3. 100.

*Dr. Titus Oats, the Discoverer of the Popish Plot, Fin'd, Whipt, and Pillory'd for Perjury.*

*Observer's Party.* Vol. 3. 329.

*Those who were of Jack Tutchin's Republican Principles, suppos'd to be the Author of a scurrilous Pamphlet call'd, The Observer; and for his Scurrility therein, was so decently thrash'd by some honest Gentlemen one Night, that he died within a Fortnight after.*

*Jack Ogle, a very famous Person.* Vol. 4. 120.

*A shamming Lifeguard Man, whose Sister was a Mistress to King James the Second, when he was Duke of York.*

*Pericranium.* Vol. 3. 6.

*The Skin that covers the Skull.*

*Pontass.* Vol. 4. 99.

*A Quack in Baldwin's Gardens, burnt in the Hand for marrying two Wives.*

*Quaker's Ghost.* Vol. 4. 249.

*James Naylor, whipt, and burnt through the Tongue for Blasphemy.*

*Mr. Rymer.* Vol. 4. 247.

*A good Critick in Dramatick Poetry.*

*Seven Sleepers.* Vol. 1. 82.

*Seven Christians, who flying from the Persecution of Decius the Emperor, Anno 252, went into a Cave, where falling asleep, they slept to the Time of Theodosius the Emperor, which was 208 Years; and dying soon after, he caus'd them to be buried in great State.*

In

## An Alphabetical KEY, &c.

*In that dark Shop there.* Vol. 3. 14.  
*Sir Francis Child's Shop, which being most part on one side of Temple-Bar Gate, is none of the lightest.*

*Old Saffold.* Vol. 4. 99.  
*A Quack formerly living at the sign of Lilly's Head, just within Black-Fryars Gate.*

*Three Kings of Colen.* Vol. 1. 82.  
*Said to be the Magi, or three Wise Men who came out of the East to worship our Saviour; and whose Names are Balthazar, Melchior, and Caspar.*

*Count T——d.* Vol. 2. 44.  
*Count Tallad, a Marechal of France, taken Prisoner at the memorable Battle of Hochstet, and sent over to England, where he was kept under Confinement above seven Years in Nottingham.*

*T——pion is but a meer Blacksmith.* Vol. 2. 277.  
*Tompion the famous Watchmaker at Water-lane-end in Fleetstreet, originally a Blacksmith.*

*T——D—— an impertinent Poet.* Vol. 3. 38.  
*Thomas Duffey, a Poet of some Note for making Songs. Tilburgh drinking Bumpers of Poison.* Vol. 4. 101.

*Cornelius à Tilburgh, a Mountebank whose Orvietan would expel Poison; which he once drank before King Charles II. who gave him a Gold Medal; and afterwards he publicly drank a great Quantity of Poison on his Stages in Lincolns-Inn-Fields and Covent-Garden.*

*Vociferous Holder-forth.* Vol. 3. 74.  
*Daniel Burge's the Presbyterian Parson, much noted for telling his merry Tales to his Congregation, when in the Pulpit, to which he was a great Scandal.*

*Westy subsist on mumping in Metre.* Vol. 1. 233.  
*Chaplain to his present Grace the Duke of Buckingham, who turn'd the new Testament into Verse.*

*W——K—— D. D.* Vol. 3. 77.  
*Mr. White Kennet, a Doctor in Divinity.*

*Green Children, who spring from the Revolution of Decem. the Emperors, and went into a Cave, where they slept, they lived to the time of Theodosius the Great.* THE



THE  
WORKS  
OF  
Mr. THO. BROWN,  
In PROSE and VERSE.

---

VOLUME IV.

---

*The Odes of HORACE.*

Part of the 2d Ode in *Horace* l. 4. Translated.  
Beginning at, *Dignum laude Virum.*

I.

FROM dark Oblivion, and the silent Grave,  
Th' indulgent Muse does the brave Hero save;  
'Tis she forbids his Name to die,  
And brings it to the Stars, and sticks it in the Sky.

Vol. IV.

B

II. Thus



## II.

Thus mighty *Hercules* did move  
 To the Eternal Palaces above:  
 Not all his twelve Exploits advanc'd him to the Sphere,  
 But 'twas the Poet's Pain and Labour brought him there.

## III.

Thus the fam'd *Spartan* Twins did rise,  
 From Ornaments of Earth to gild the Skies:  
 Tho' Heav'n by Turns they do obtain,  
 Yet in immortal Verse, the Brothers joyntly reign.

## IV.

And *Bacchus* too, for all his vain Pretence,  
 Borrow'd his Crown and Godhead hence:  
 He with his powerful Juice first taught the Muse to fly,  
 And she in kind requital gave him immortality.

A Translation of Ode iii. l. i. in *Horace*.

*Sic te Diva potens Cypri,  
 Sic Fratres Helena lucida Sydera, &c.*

Address'd to his Honour'd Friend Mr. B-----  
 going into *Turkey*.

## I.

SO may the Beauteous Goddess of the Main  
 Appease the Horrors of the Deep,  
 And *Aeolus* lock all his blustering Train,  
 But the auspicious Western Gales, asleep.

## II.

And thou, kind Vessel, which before this Day,  
 So great a Charge cou'd'st never boast,  
 With Care my dearer, better Part convey,  
 And land him safely on the *Thracian Coast*.

Mr. BROWN'S HORACE.

III.

His fearless Heart immur'd with tripple Brass.  
The daring Mortal surely wore,  
Who first the faithless Maindurst pass,  
And in a treacherous Bark new Worlds explore.

IV.

What Scenes of Death cou'd shake his Soul  
That unconcern'd saw the wild Billows rise,  
And scaly Monsters on the Surface rowl,  
And Whizzing Meteors paint the gloomy Skies.

V.

In vain wise Heav'ns indulgent Care  
Lands from the spacious Ocean did divide;  
If with expanded Sails bold Ships prepare  
To plow the Deep, and brave the swelling Tides

VI.

But Man, that busie reasoning Tool,  
Cheap Happiness disdains to choose:  
Sick of his Ease, the restless Fool,  
At his own Cost forbidden Paths pursues.

VII.

From the refulgent Orb of Day  
A glitt'ring Spark the rash *Prometheus* stole,  
And fondly stamp't into a Soul,  
To inform his new-made Progeny of Clay.

VIII.

Strait to reward his Sacrilegious Theft,  
Fevers and Ills, unknown before,

4 *Mr. BROWN'S HORACE.*

Their old infernal Mansions left,  
And thro' the sickning Air their baleful Poysons bore.

IX.

Then Death, that lately travell'd slow,  
Content with single Victims, where he came,  
Made Haste, and eager of his Game,  
Whole Nations lopp'd at one compendious Blow.

X.

To what fantastic Heights does Man aspire,  
Doom'd to dull Earth; the Sor wou'd clamber higher;  
Heav'n he invades with impudent Pretence,  
And makes *Jove* thunder in his own Defence.

An Imitation of the 6th Ode in *Horace*, l. 1.  
*Scriberis vario fortis, & hostium* . . . . In the  
Year 1685. after the defeat of the Rebels  
in the West.

I.

**W** *Aller*, in never-dying Verse,  
Your glorious Triumphs may rehearse;  
His lofty Muse for Panegyric fam'd,  
May sing the Rebel-herd your Valour tam'd.  
And all the mighty Blessings show,  
Great *James*, and We to your wise Conduct owe.

II.

My unambitious Lyre tunes all her Strings  
To lower Numbers, lower Things;  
And Gods, and God-like Heroes do refuse  
The Labour of a more exalted Muse.  
Had she endeavour'd to relate  
Great *Alexander's* Deeds, or *Troy's* unhappy Fate,

Mr. BROWN'S HORACE.

5

Or all the Wonders that by *Drake* were done,  
Who travell'd with the Stars, and journey'd with the Sun;  
As long a Space had the vain Labour held,  
As that fam'd Town the *Grecian* Force repell'd.  
As long had she the tiresom Work renew'd,  
As mighty *Drake* thro' unknown Seas his wondrous  
[Course pursu'd.

III.

The humble Muse too well her Weakness knows,  
Nor on her feeble self, dares the high Task impose.  
Tho' had not Heav'n the Power deny'd,  
No other Theme had all her Thoughts employ'd.  
'Tis hence she modestly declines to sing,  
The immortal Triumphs of our war-like King;  
Lest her unequal slender Vein  
Shou'd lessen the great Actions of his glorious Reign.

IV.

Who can with all his boasted Fancy raise  
To its just Height, Heroic *Arthur's* Praise,  
Or worthily recount the Trophies won  
By our great *Edward*, and his greater Son?  
But oh! what Muse of all the Tribe below  
Can mighty *Mars* in equal Numbers show,  
Horrid in Steel, and moving from afar,  
With all the solemn Pageantry of War,  
Tho' the rough God shou'd his own Bard inspire,  
And join the Martial Heat to the Poetic Fire.

V.

Harmless Combats, harmless Wars,  
Slender Scratches, petty Jars,  
Which youthful Blood, and wanton Love,  
Amongst our amorous Couples move,  
Employ my time, employ my Muse,  
All other Subjects I refuse.



Mr. BROWN'S HORACE.

A Translation of *Teucer Salamina, Patremq;  
Cum fugeret, &c.* Hor. Ode vii. lib. i.

I.

**B**Rave *Teucer*, (as the Poets tell us)  
When from his native Clime he fled,  
With Poplar Wreaths crown'd his triumphant Head,  
And thus he cheer'd his drooping Fellows.

II.

Where e'er the Fates shall shew us Land,  
(Remote and distant tho' it be)  
We'll shape our Course at their Command,  
And boldly fix, as they decree.

III.

Let no wild Fears your Hopes betray,  
Let not Dispair your Courage pall;  
When Heav'n so loudly does to Honour call,  
And fearless *Teucer* leads the way.

IV.

*Phæbus* foretold (and he of all the Powers  
Commands the mystic Books of Fate).  
That fresh Success shou'd on our Actions wait,  
And new *Salamis* be ours.

V.

Then drink away this puling Sorrow,  
Let Wine each dastard Thought subdue,  
Let Wine your fainting Hopes renew,  
We'll leave the drowfie Land, and plough the Main  
[morrow.

Hor.

Hor. Ode 8. l. 1.

Per omnes

Te Deas orb, Sybarin cur properes amando  
Perdere? &c.

I.

**T**ell me, O Lydia, for by Heavens I swear,  
You shan't deny so just a Prayer.  
Tell me, why thus young Damon you destroy,  
And nip the blooming Virtues of the lovely Boy.

II.

Why does he never throw the manly Bar;  
And practice the first Feats of War;  
Or gaily shining in his Martial Pride,  
With a strong artful Hand the foaming Courser guide.

III.

Why does he never grasp the pond'rous Shield,  
And meet his Equals in the Field:  
Or when the Streams swell with the flowing Tide,  
With his soft pliant Arms the Silver Thames divide.

IV.

Why does he lurk, for I bewail his Doom,  
Like an Alsatian Bully still at Home,  
That fears to walk abroad all day,  
Left eager hungry Cits shou'd hurry him away.

Ode ix. Lib. i. in *Horace* imitated.

*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum, &c.*

Written in the year, 1685.

To Sir *John Bowyer*.

I.

SINCE the Hills all around us do Pennance in Snow,  
And Winters cold Blasts have benumm'd us below;  
Since the Rivers chain'd up, flow with the same Speed,  
As Prisoners advance towards the Psalm they can't read,  
Throw whole Oaks at a Time, nay, Groves, on the Fire,  
They shall be our Sobriety's Funeral-Pyre.

II.

Never wast the dull Time in impertinent thinking,  
But urge and pursue the great business of drinking;  
Come pierce your old Hogheads, ne'er stint us in  
[Sherry,

This, this is the Season to drink and be merry:  
Then reviv'd by our Liqueur and Billets together,  
We'll out-roar the loud Storms, and defy the cold  
[Weather.

III.

Damn your *Gadbury*, *Partridge* and *Salmon* together,  
What a puling Discourse have we here of the Weather;  
Nay, no more of that Business, but, Friend as you love us,  
Leave it all to the Care of the good Folks above us.  
Your Orchards and Groves will be shatter'd no more,  
If, to hush the rough Winds, they forbid them to roar.

IV.

Send a Bumper about, and cease this Debate  
Of the Tricks of the Court, and Designs of the State.  
Whether *Brandon*, or *Offy*, or *Booth* go to pot,  
Ne'er trouble your Brains; let 'em take their own Lot.  
Thank

Mr. BROWN'S HORACE.

9

Thank the Gods, you can safely sit under your Vine,  
And enjoy your old Friends, and drink off your own  
[Wine.

V.

While your Appetite's strong, and good Humour re-  
[mains,  
And active fresh Blood does enliven your Veins;  
Improve the fleet Minutes in Scenes of Delight,  
Let your Friend have the Day, and your Mistress the  
[Night.  
In the Dark you may try, whether *Phyllis* is kind,  
The Night for Intriguing was ever design'd.

VI.

Tho' she runs from your Arms, and retires in the Shade,  
Some friendly kind Sign will betray the coy Maid;  
All trembling you'll find the modest poor Sinner,  
'Tis a venial Trespass in a Beginner :  
But remember this Counsel, when once you do meet her,  
Get a Ring from the Nymph, or something that's better:

A Paraphrase on *Horace of Vides ut Alta*.

I.

THE Hills (you see) are cover'd o'er  
With a grave Coat of rev'rend Snow;  
And *Thames* that did so lately roar,  
Fetter'd in Icy Chains can hardly flow ;  
A fullen Frost the Ground o'er spreads,  
The over-burthen'd Trees hang down their mournful  
[Heads.

II.

Come then oblige us with a Fire,  
That may substantial Warmth inspire ;



Tho' now no drinking in the Plants goes round,  
 But dull Sobriety's in Nature found ;  
 Think not this shall excuse your Beer  
 With Men 'tis th' true drinking Season of the Year.

## III.

For God's-sake let the Powers above  
 Their Business mind, and govern all below,  
 If they think fit these Tempests to remove,  
 No more shall rugged *Boreas* blow,  
 No more the frozen Plants decay,  
 But smile as they enjoy'd a long continu'd May.

## IV.

To learn your Lot and future State,  
 Ne'er pry into the Adamantine Books of Fate,  
 But gratefully those Powers adore,  
 That added this kind Hour to the old Score ;  
 And be content with what is given,  
 'Tis all the free and voluntary Gift of Heaven.

## V.

Ne'er think in your declining Years,  
 To pay neglected Love's Arrears ;  
 But while fresh Vigour does inflame,  
 Pursue with haste the lovely Game,  
 Your Talent carefully improve,  
 Indulge the Day in Wine ; and spend the Night in Love.

## VI.

If now some Laughter, or betraying Noise, she flies,  
 Will shew you where she panting lies ;  
 Then all your store of Rhetorick imply,  
 The blushing Damsel to enjoy.  
 If she hold out, then steal at least a Kiss,  
 And take a Pawn for a substantial Bliss.

MR. BROWN'S HORACE.

II

The x. Ode in *Horace* l. 3. Paraphrased.

*Extremum Tanaim si biberes Lyce.*

I.  
**T**Ho' you, my *Lyce*, in some Northern Flood  
Had chill'd the Current of your Blood;  
Or lost your sweet engaging Charms  
In some *Tartarian* Husband's icy arms;  
Were yet one Spark of Pity left behind  
To form the least Impression on your Mind,  
Sure you must grieve, sure you must sigh,  
Sure drop some Pity from your Eye,  
To see your Lover prostrate on the Ground,  
With gloomy Night, and black Despair encompass'd all  
[around.]

II.  
Hark! how the threatening Tempests rise,  
And with loud Clamours fill the Skies;  
Hark! how the tottering Buildings shake,  
Hark! how the Trees a doleful Confort make,  
And see! oh see! how all below.  
The Earth lies cover'd deep in Snow,  
The *Romans* clad in white, did thus the *Fasces* woo;  
And thus your freezing Candidate, my *Lyce*, sues for you.

III.

Come, lay these foolish Niceties aside,  
And to soft Passion sacrifice your Pride:  
Let not the precious Hours with fruitless Questions dye,  
But let new Scenes of Pleasure crown them, as they fly.  
Slight not the Flames which your own Charms infuse,  
And no kind friendly Minute lose,  
While Youth and Beauty give you leave to chuse.  
As Men by Acts of Charity below  
Or purchase the next World, or think they do!

B 3

So

So you in Youth a Lover shou'd engage,  
To make a sure Retreat for your declining Age.

## IV.

Let meaner Souls by Virtue be cajol'd,  
As the good Grecian Spinster was of old;  
She, while her Sot his youthful Prime bestow'd  
To fight a Cuckold's Wars abroad,  
Held out a longer Siege, than Troy,  
Against the warm Attacks of proffer'd Joy,  
And foolishly preserv'd a worthless Chastity,  
At the expence of ten Years Lyes and Perjury.  
Like that old fashion'd Dame ne'er bilk your own De-  
light,  
But what you've lost ith' Day, get, get it in the Night.

## V.

Oh! then if Prayers can no Acceptance find,  
Nor Vows, nor Offerings bend your Mind;  
If all these pow'rful Motives fail,  
Yet your Husband's Injuries prevail  
He, by some Play-house Jilt misled,  
Elsewhere bestows the Tribute of your Bed;  
Let me his forfeited Embraces share,  
Let me your mighty Wrongs repair.  
Thus Kings by their own Rebel-Powers betray'd,  
To quell the home-bred Foe call in a foreign Aid.

## VI.

Love, let *Platonicks* promise what they will,  
Must, like Devotion, be encourag'd still;  
Must meet with equal Wishes and Desires,  
Or else the dying Lamp in its own Urn expires.  
And I, for all that boasted Flame  
We Poets and fond Lovers idly claim,  
Am of too frail a Make, I fear,  
Shou'd you continue still severe,

To

To brave the double Hardships of your Fate,  
And bear the Coldness of the Nights, and Rigor of  
[your Hate.

Hor. Ode 11. l. 2.

*Quid Bellicosus Cantaber, & Scythes,  
Hirpine Quinti, cogitet, Adria,  
Divisus objecto, remittas  
Quæcere, &c.*

I.

What the Bully of France, and our Friends on the  
[Rhine,  
With their stout Grenadiers this Summer design,  
Cease over your Coffee, and Wine to debate :  
Why the Devil shou'd you, that live this side the Water,  
Pore over Gazettes, and be vext at the Matter ?  
Come, come, let alone these Arcana's of State.

II.

Alas ! while such idle Discourse you maintain,  
And with politick Nonsense thus trouble your Brain,  
Your Youth flies away on the Back of swift Hours,  
Which no praying, no painting, no sighing restores.  
Then you'll find, when old Age has discolour'd your Head,  
Tho' a Mistress be wanting, no rest in your Bed,

III.

Prithee do but observe, how the Queen of the Night  
Still varies her Station, and changes her Light :  
Now with a full Orb she the Darkness does chase,  
Now like Whores in the Pit, shews but half of her Face.  
These Chaplets of Flowers that our Temples adorn,  
Now tarnish and fade, that were fresh in the Morn.

IV. But



## IV.

But to leave off Similes for Curates in Camblet  
 To lard a dry Sermon, for grave Folks in Hamlet,  
 While our Vigour remains, we'll our Talents improve;  
 Dash the Pleasures of Wine with the Blessings of Love.  
 Here, carelessly here, we'll lie down in the Shade  
 Which the friendly kind Poplars and Lime-Trees have  
 [made.

## V.

Your Claret's too hot . . . Sirrah, Drawer go bring  
 A Cup of cold *Adam* from the next purling Spring.  
 And now your Hand's in, prithee step o'er the Way,  
 And fetch Madam *Tricksy*, the brisk and the gay.  
 Bid her come in her Alamode Manto of Sattin,  
 Two Coolers, I'm sure, with our Wine can be no false  
 [Latin.

## The 13th Ode in Horace l. 4. Paraphrased.

*Audivere Lyce Dii mea Vota : Dii*

*Audivere Lyce ; sis Anus & tamen*

*Via formosa videri, &c.*

**L**ong have my Prayers slow Heaven assail'd ;  
 But Thanks to all the Powers above,  
 That still revenge the Cause of injur'd Love,  
 Lyce at last they have prevail'd.  
 My Vows are all with Usury repaid,  
 For who can Providence upbraid,  
 That sees thy former Crimes with hasten'd Age repaid.

## II.

Thou'rt old, and yet by awkward Ways dost strive  
 Th' unwilling Passion to revive ;

Dost

**Mr. BROWN'S HORACE.**

**15.**

Dost drink, and dance, and touch thy Lyre,  
And all to set some puny Heart on Fire;  
Alas! in *Chloe's* Cheeks love basking lies;  
*Chloe* great Beauty's fairest prize,  
*Chloe*, that charms our Ears, and ravishes our Eyes.

**III.**

The vigorous Boy flies o'er the barren Plains,  
Where sapless Oaks their wither'd Trunks extend;  
For Love, like other Gods, disdains  
To grace the Shrine that Age has once profan'd:  
He too laughs at thee now,  
Scorns thy grey Hairs, and wrinkled Brow;  
How should his youthful Fires agree with hoary Ages  
[snow?]

**IV.**

In vain, with wondrous Art, and mighty Care,  
You strive your ruin'd Beauty to repair;  
No far-fetcht Silks one Minute can restore,  
That Time has added to the endless Score:  
And precious Stones, tho' ne'er so bright,  
That shine with their own native Light,  
Will but disgrace thee now, and but inhanche thy Night;

**V.**

Ah me! where's now that Mien! that Face!  
That Shape! that Air! that every Grace!  
That Colour! whose inchanting Red  
Me to Love's Tents a Captive led:  
Strange turn of Fate! that she  
Who from my self so oft has stol'n poor me,  
Now by the just revenge of time, stol'n from herself  
[should be!]

**VI.**

Time was when *Lyce's* powerful Face  
To *Phyllis* only gave the place;

Perfect

Perfect in all the little Tricks of Love,  
 That charm the Sense, and the quick Fancy move.  
 But Fate to *Phyllis* a long Reign deny'd,  
 She fell in all her blooming Beauty's Pride,  
 She conquer'd whilst she liv'd, and triumph'd as she dy'd.

## VII.

Thou, like some old Commander in Disgrace,  
 Surviving the past Conquests of thy Face,  
 Now the greater Business of thy Life is done,  
 Review'st with Grief the Trophies thou hast won.  
 Damn'd to be parch'd with Lust, tho' chill'd with Age,  
 And tho' past Action, damn'd to tread the Stage,  
 That all might laugh to see that glaring Light,  
 Which lately shone so fierce and bright,  
 End with a Stink at last, and vanish into Night.

The xv Ode in *Horace* Lib. 3. Imitated.

*Uxor pauperis Ibici,  
 Tandem Nequitia fige Modum tuae;  
 Famosisq; Laboribus, &c.*

## I.

AT length, thou antiquated Whore,  
 Leave trading off, and sin no more;  
 For Shame in your old Age turn Nun,  
 As Whores of everlasting Memory have done.

## II.

Why shouldst thou still frequent the Sport,  
 The Balls, and Revels of the Court?  
 Or why at glittering Masks appear,  
 Only to fill the Triumphs of the Fair?

## III. To

III.

To Ghent or Brussels strait adjourn,  
The Lewdness of your former Life to mourn,  
There brawny Priests in Plenty you may hire,  
If Whip, and wholefom Sackcloth cannot quench the  
[ fire.

IV.

Your Daughter's for the Business made,  
To her in Conscience quit your Trade.  
Thus, when his conquering Days were done,  
Victorious Charles resign'd his Kingdom to his Son.

V.

Alas! ne'er thrum your long disus'd Guittar,  
Nor with Pulvilio's scent your Hair,  
But in some lonely Cell abide,  
With Rosary and Psalter dangling at your Side.

A Translation of Ode xxiii. lib. i.

*Vitas Hinnuleo me similis, Chloe,  
Querenti pavidam Montibus aviis  
Matrem, &c.*

I.

WHY flies Belinda from my Arms?  
Or shuns my kind Embrace?  
Why does she hide her blooming Charms?  
And where I come forsake the Place.

II.

Like some poor Fawn, whom every Breath  
Of Air does so surprize,



In the least Wind he fancies Death,  
And pants at each approaching Noise.

## III.

Alas! I never meant thee ill,  
Nor seek I to devour thee,  
Why should'st thou then with Coldness kill  
The dying Slave that does adore thee.

## IV.

Leave, leave thy Mothers Arms for shame,  
Nor fondly hang about her,  
Thou'rt now of age to play the Game,  
And ease a Lover's Pain without her.

The xxvi. Ode in *Hor. l. 3.* Paraphras'd.

*Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,  
Et militavi non sine Gloria: &c.*

## I.

**T**IS true, while active Blood my Veins did fire,  
And vigorous Youth gay Thoughts inspire,  
(By your leave, Courteous Reader, be it said)  
I cou'd have don't as well as most Men did;  
But now I am (the more's the Pity)  
The veriest Fumbler in the City.

## II.

There, honest Harp, that hast of late  
So often bore thy sinful Master's Fate,  
Thou a crack'd Side, and he a broken Pate;  
Hang up, and peaceful Rest enjoy;

Hang up, while poor dejected I,  
Unmusical, unstrung like thee, sit mourning by,

III.

And likewise all ye trusty Bars,  
With whose Assistance heretofore,  
When Love engag'd me in his Wars,  
I've batter'd, heaven forgive me, many a Door;  
Lie there, till some more able Hand  
Shall you to your old pious Use command.

IV.

But, oh kind *Fabius*, lend a pitying Ear  
To thy old Servant's humble Prayer,  
Let scornful *Chloe* thy Resentments feel,  
Lash her all o'er with Rods of Steel;  
And when the Jilt shall of her Smart complain;  
This 'tis, then tell her, to disdain  
Thy sacred Power, and scorn a Lover's pain.

Hor. Ode 27. l. 1.

*Natus in Usum letitiae Scyphis  
Pugnare, Thracum est.*

I.

**T**O fight in your Cups, and abuse the good Creature,  
Believe it, my Friends, is a Sin of that Nature,  
That were you all damn'd for a tedious long Year  
To nasty Mundungus, and heath'nish small Beer,  
Such as after Debauches your Sparks of the Town,  
For a penance next Morning devoutly pour down,  
It would not atone for so vile a Transgression,  
You're a Scandal to all of the drinking Profession.

II. What

## II.

What a pox do ye bellow, and make such a Pother,  
And throw Candlesticks, Bottles, and Pipes at each other?  
Come keep the King's Peace, leave your damning and  
[finking,  
And gravely return to good Christian drinking.  
He that flinches his Glafs, and to drink is not able,  
Let him quarrel no more, but knock under the Table.

### III.

Well, Faith, since you've rais'd my ill Nature so high,  
I'll drink on no other Condition, not I,  
Unless my old Friend in the Corner declares  
What Mistress he Courts, and whose Colours he wears:  
You may safely acquaint me, for I'm none of those  
That use to divulge what's spoke under the Rose.  
Come, part with't . . . What she ! forbid it ye Powers,  
What unfortunate Planet rul'd o'er thy Amours ?  
Why Mañ she has lain ( Oh thy Fate how I pity ! )  
With half the blue Breeches and Whigs in the City.  
Go thank Mr. Parson, give him thanks with a Curse,  
Oh those damnable Words, *For better for worse.*  
To regain your old Freedom you vainly endeavour,  
Your Doxy and You no Priest can dis sever,  
You must dance in the Circle, you must dance in't  
[for ever.]

**The same Ode imitated:**

*Natis in usum letitiæ Scyphis, &c.*

**W**hat Boys, are ye mad? is the *Dutch Devil* in ye?  
 Must your Quarrells as long as your Glasses con-  
 [tinue?  
 Give it o'er, ye dull Sots! let the dull-pated Boors,  
 Snic or snee, at their Punch-Bowls, or slash for their  
 [Whores,  
 We'll

We'll be merry and wise, but for Bloodshed we bar it,  
No Red shall be seen here but your Port and good Claret,  
What a P . . . . should we fight for? No Bayonets here  
But the Sconces all round and the Bottles appear.  
Look, the Wine blushes for us! while it gently disgraces  
Our unnatural Freaks and our mortifi'd Faces.  
Come let's do what we came for! let the Brimmers be

[crown'd,  
And a Health to all quiet Good-fellows go round!  
Must I take off my Glass too? then Jack prithee tell us  
Thy new-Mistresses Name: What a Mischeif! art Jeal-  
[lous?

Must her Name be a Secret? Alons, then I've done,  
Hang the greedy Curmudgeon that eats all alone,  
Come discover, you Block-head! I'm sure I mistook ye,  
Else in these Amours Jack was us'd to be lucky  
Well, but whisper it then! I'll keep Counsel, ne'er fear it;  
Is it she? the damn'd Jilt! Gad let no Body hear it;  
Why, Faith Jack thou'rt undone then, 'twas some Witch-  
[craft I'm sure

Could betray thee to th' Arms of a Pockified Whore,  
Well, 'tis vain to repine Boy; let us drink away Sorrow,  
Use thy freedom to Night Man, let the Punk reign to  
[Morrow,

An Imitation of the 14th Epod in Hor.

*Mollis Inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis  
Oblivionem sensibus,  
Pocula Lethæos ut si ducentia Somnos  
Arente Fauce traxerim,  
Candide Macenas, occidis sepe rogando, &c.*

I.

A Sk me no longer, dear Sir John,  
Why your Lampeon lies still undone,  
'Fore George my Brain's grown addle;

Nor



Nor bid me *Pegasus* bestride,  
Why should you ask a Sor to ride  
That cannot keep his Saddle?

## II.

This was the poor *Andreon's* Case,  
When doting on a smooth-chinn'd Face,  
He pin'd away his Carcass.  
To tune his Strings the Bard essay'd,  
The Devil a String the Bard obey'd,  
And was not this a hard Case?

## III.

If you a constant Miss have got,  
Thank heaven devoutly for your Lot;  
Such Blessings are not common.  
While I, condemn'd to endless Pain,  
Must tamely drag *Belinda's* Chain,  
Yet know she's worse than a Woman.

A Translation from *Horace of Mollis inertia*,  
February 85.

## I.

HOW such a fit of Lethargy,  
My Senses has possess'd,  
As if a Dose of Opium  
Had buried me in rest!

## II.

With often asking what's the Cause  
You weary me your Friend,  
The Satyrs which I promis'd you,  
I cannot bring to end.

III.

So poor *Anacreon*, as they say,  
Bewitch'd by powerful Love,  
Complain'd him often of his Wound,  
In Melancholy Grove.

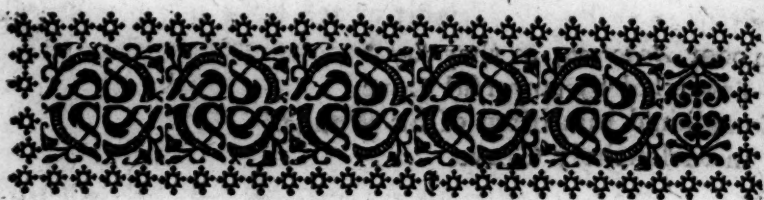
IV.

The Mistress that you court, my Friend,  
'Tis fit you should adore,  
I like a Fool am *Phygia's* Slave,  
Yet know she is a Whore.

Translated by Mr. T. H. Brown



M A R



# MARTIAL'S

## EPIGRAMS.

---

Translated by Mr. THO. BROWN.

---

### *The PREFACE.*

**W**ithout formal *Petition*  
 Thus stands my *Condition*,  
 I am closely block'd up in a *Garret*,  
 Where I scribble and *snoak*,  
 And sadly invoke  
 The powerful assistance of *CLARET*.  
 Four *Children* and a *Wife*,  
 'Tis hard on my *Life*,  
 Beside my *self* and a *Muse*,  
 To be all cloath'd and *fed*,  
 Now the *Times* are so dead,  
 By my scribbling of *Dogg'rel* and *News*.  
 And what I shall do,  
 I'm a *Wretch* if I know,  
 So hard is the *Fate* of a *Poet* ;  
 I must either turn *Rogue*,  
 Or, what's as bad *Pedagogue*,  
 And so drudge like a *Thing* that has no *Wit*.

My

My *Levee's* all Duns,  
 Attended by *Bums*,  
 And my *Landlady* too she's a *Teazer*,  
 At least four times a day  
 She warns me away,  
 And what can a Man do to please her?  
 Here's the *Viſtualler* and *Vintner*,  
 The *Cook* and the *Printer*  
 With their *Myrmidons* hovering about, Sir.  
 The *Taylor* and *Draper*,  
 With the *Cur* that sells *Paper*,  
 That in short I dare not stir out, Sir.  
 But my *Books* sure may go,  
 My Master *Ovid's* did so,  
 And tell how doleful the *Case* is;  
 If it don't move your *Pity*  
 To make short of my *Ditty*,  
 'Twill serve you to wipe your *Arſes*.

*Mart. Epig. 5. l. 2.*

*Ne valeam ſi non totis, Deciane, diebus,  
 Et tecum totis Noctibus eſſe velim.*

IN some vile Hamlet let me live forgot,  
 Small Beer my Portion, and no Wine my lot :  
 To some worſe Fiend in Church-Indentures bound,  
 Than ancient *Job*, or modern *Sberlock* found.  
 And with more Aches plagu'd, and Pains, and Ills,  
 Than fill our *Salmon's Works*, or *Tilburgb's Bills*;  
 If 'tis not ſtill the burden of my Prayer  
 The Night with you, with you the Day to ſhare.  
 But Sir, ( and the Complaint you know is true )  
 Two damn'd long Miles there lie 'twixt me and you ;  
 And theſe two Miles, by help of Calculation,  
 Make four, by that I've reach'd my Habitation.  
 You're near Sage *Will's*, the Land of Mirth and Claret ;  
 I live ſtow'd up in a *White-Chappel Garret* :



Oft when I've walk'd so far, your Hands to kiss,  
 Flatter'd with Thoughts of the succeeding Bliss,  
 I'm told you're gone to the vexatious Hall,  
 Where with eternal Lungs the Lawyers bawl?  
 Or else stole out, some Female Friend to see;  
 Or, what's as bad, you're not at Home for me.  
 Two Miles I've at your service, and that's civil,  
 But to trudge four, and miss you, is the Devil.

Advice to a Vintner.

*Mart. Epig. 19. l. 1.*

The Hint taken from *Quid te Tucca juvat.*

**W**Hat Planet distracts thee, what damnable Star,  
 To dash honest *Bourdeaux* with vile *Bar a Bar*?  
 Why should innocent Claret be murder'd by Port,  
 Thou'lt surely be sentenc'd in *Bacchus's* Court.  
 As for us Drunken Rakes, if we hang, or we drown;  
 Or are decently poyson'd, what loss has the Town;  
 But to kill harmless Claret, that does so much Good,  
 Is downright Effusion of true Christian Blood:  
 Ne'er think what I tell you is matter of Laughter,  
 Thou'lt be curst for in this World, and damn'd for't  
 [hereafter.

*Mart. Epig. 23. l. 1.*

*Si memini, fuerant tibi quatuor, Alia, dentes.*

I.

**W**Hen Gammar Gurton first I knew,  
 Four Teeth in all she reckon'd:  
 Comes a damn'd Cough, and whips out two,  
 't'other two, a second.

II. Courage,

## II.

Courage, old Dame, and never fear

The third, when e'er it comes;

Give me but t'other Jugg of Beer,

And I'll ensure your Gums.

An Imitation of an Epigram 44. in *Mart.* Lib. 3.

*Occurit tibi nemo quod libenter, &c.*

THat Cousins, Friends, and Strangers fly thee,

Nay, thy own Sister can't sit nigh thee;

That all Men thy Acquaintance shun,

And into Holes and Corners run,

Like *Irish* Beau from *English* Dun,

The Reason's plain, and if thou'd'st know it,

Thou'rt a most damn'd repeating Poet.

Not Bayliff sow'r, with horrid Beard,

Is more in poor *Alsatia* fear'd,

Since the stern Parliament of late

Has stript of ancient Rights their State:

Nor Tygers, when their Whelps are missing;

Nor Serpents in the Sun-shine hissing;

Nor Snake in Tail that carries rattle;

Nor Fire, nor Plague, nor Blood, nor Battle,

Is half so dreaded by the Throng,

As thy vile persecuting Tongue.

If e'er the restless Clack that's in it

Gives thy Head leave to think a Minute,

Think what a Pennance we must bear

Thy damn'd Impertinence to hear.

Whether I stand, or run, or sit,

Thou still art i'th' repeating Fit;

Weary'd I seek a Nap to take,

But thy curst Muse keeps me awake.

At Church too, when the Organ's blowing,

Thy louder Pipe is still a going.

Nor Park, nor Bagnio's from thee free,  
 All Places are alike to thee.  
 Learn Wisdom once, at a Friend's instance,  
 From the two Fellows at St. Dunstan's ;  
 Make not each Man thou meet'st a Martyr ;  
 But strike like them but once a Quarter.

The 63d Epigram in *Martial*, Lib. 3.  
*Cotile, Bellus homo es, &c.*

OH *Jemmy* you're a Beau : not I alone  
 Say this, but 'tis the talk of all the Town.  
 Prithee be free, and to thy Friend impart  
 What is a Beau——Ay Sir, with all my Heart.  
 He's one, who nicely curls and comb's his Hair,  
 And visits *Sedgwick* monthly all the Year ;  
 Sings bawdy Songs, and humms them, as along  
 Flanting he walks thro' the admiring Throng ;  
 All the Day long sits with the charming Fair,  
 And whispers pretty Stories in their Ear.  
 Writes *Billets doux* ; shuns all Men as he goes,  
 Lest their unhallow'd Touch shou'd dawb his Cloaths.  
 He knows your Mistress : Nay, at every Feast  
 He'll tell the Pedigree of every Guest.  
 Is this a Beau ? Faith *Jemmy*, I'll be plain,  
 A Beau's a Bawble, destitute of Brain.

The Contented Whore.

An Imitation of Epig. 66. in *Mar.* l. 12.

*Formosa Phyllis nocte cum mihi tota.*

I.

TO Charming *Calia's* Arms I flew,  
 And there all Night I feasted ;  
 No God such Transports ever knew,  
 Nor Mortal ever tasted.

II.

II.

Lost in the sweet tumultuous Joy,  
And pleas'd beyond expressing;  
How can your Slave, my Fair, said I,  
Reward so great a Blessing?

III.

The whole Creation's Wealth survey;  
Thro' both the Indies wander:  
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,  
And fighting Monarchs squander.

IV.

The richest Spoils of Earth and Air;  
The rifed Ocean's Treasure;  
'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far  
To purchase so much Pleasure.

V.

She blushing cry'd—My Life, my Dear;  
Since *Celia*, thus you fancy,  
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,  
A Rundlet of right *Nancy*.

An Imitation of *Uxor vade foras*.

In *Mart. l. ii. Ep. 105*.

I.

Sweet Spouse, you must presently troop and be gone;  
(Or fairly submit to your betters;)  
Unless for the Faults that are past, you atone,  
I must knock off my Conjugal Fetters.

II.

When at Night I am paying the Tribute of Love;  
(You know well enough what's my Meaning.)  
You scorn to assist my Devotion, or move,  
As if all the while you were dreaming.

III.

At Cribbage and Put, and All Fours I have seen  
A Porter more Passion expressing,  
Than thou, wicked *Kate*, in the rapturous Scene,  
And the Height of the amorous Blessing.

C 3

IV. Then



## IV.

Then say I to my self, is my Wife made of Stone,  
Or does the old Serpent possess her;  
Better Motion and Vigor by far might he shown  
By dull Spouse of a German Professor?

## V.

So Kate take Advice, and reform in good Time,  
And while I'm performing my Duty,  
Come in for your Club, and repent of the Crime  
Of paying all Scores with your Beauty,

## VI.

All day thou mayst cant, and look grave as a Nun,  
And run aftes *Burgefs* the furly;  
Or see that the Family business be done,  
And chide all thy Servants demurely.

## VII.

But when you're in Bed with your Master and King,  
That Tales out of School ne're does trumpet,  
Move, riggle, heave, pant, clip me round like a Ring,  
In short, be as lewd as a Strumpet.

*Mart. Epig. 61. l. 11.*

*Sit Phlogis an Chione Veneri magis apta requiris?*

## I.

Nothing than *Chloe* e'er I knew  
By Nature more befriended:  
*Celia's* less Beautiful, 'tis true,  
But by more hearts attended.

## II.

No Nymph alive with so much art  
Receives her Shepherd's firing,  
Or does such cordial drops impart  
To love when just expiring.

III.

Cold niggard Age, that does elsewhere  
At one poor offering falter,  
To her whole Hecatombs wou'd spare,  
And pay them on her Altar.

IV.

But *Chloe*, to Loves great disgrace,  
In Bed nor falls, nor rises,  
And too much trusting to her face,  
All other Arts despises.

V.

No half form'd Words, nor murmuring Sighs,  
Engage to fresh performing  
Her breathless Lover, when he lies,  
Disabled after storming.

VI.

Dull as a Prelate when he prays,  
Or Cowards after listing,  
The fair Insensible betrays  
Loves rites by not assisting.

VII.

Why thus, ye powers that cause our smart,  
Do ye Love's gifts disserve;  
Or why those happy Talents part,  
That shou'd be joyn'd for ever.

VIII.

For once perform an Act of Grace,  
Implor'd with such Devotion,  
And grant my *Celia* *Chloe*'s Face,  
Or *Chloe* *Celia*'s Motion.

To a Gentleman that cut off his Hair, and set  
up for a Spark in his old Age. Out of *Martial*.  
*Epig. 43. lib. 3. Mentiris Juvenem, &c.*

THou that not many Months ago  
Wast white as Swan, or driven Snow,  
Now blacker far than *Æsop*'s Crow,  
Thanks to thy Wig, set'st up for Beau.

Faith Harry, thou'rt in the wrong Box,  
 Old Age these vain Endeavours mocks,  
 And time that knows thou'st hoary Locks,  
 Will pluck thy Mask off with a Pox.

The Epigram in *Martial* L. Imitated.

*Quæris sollicitus diu, rogasq;  
 Cui tradas, Lupe, filium Magistro, &c.*

W<sup>H</sup>en e'er I meet you, still you cry,  
 What shall I do with Bob, my Boy.  
 Since this Affair you'll have me treat on,  
 Ne'er send the Lad to *Pauls* or *Eaton*.  
 The Muses let him not confide in,  
 But leave those Jilts to *Tate* or *Dryden*.  
 If, with damn'd Rimes he racks his Wits,  
 Send him to *Mevis* or *St. Kit's*.  
 Wou'd you with wealth his Pockets store well,  
 Teach him to pimp, or hold a door well.  
 If he has a head not worth a Stiver,  
 Make him a Curate, or Hog-driver,

An Epigram out of *Martial* imitated Book 3.  
 Epig. 54.

S<sup>I</sup>R *Fopling*, you're a Man of Fashion grown;  
 The most accomplish'd Blade in all the Town,  
 'Tis all the Ladies talk; but tell me this,  
 What a fine Man of Mode and Fashion is.  
 'Tis he that's all the Morning at the Glass,  
 To put each Curle in its most proper place,  
 And in affected Forms to set his Face,  
 That smells of Essence, and the best Perfume,  
 Which does from *India* or *Arabia* come.  
 That when one speaks (as if he did not hear)  
 Hums o'er some wanton Seng, or modish Air;

That

That Legs and Arms in various Postures throws,  
 And seems to dance at every step he goes,  
 That sits among the Women in the Pit,  
 And that he may be thought a Man of Wit;  
 He Whispers to the next as to a Friend,  
 That in loud Laughter does his whispering End,  
 That reads and writes Love-Letters to and fro,  
 And does each Gallants Wench and Mistress know.  
 Who, tho' unbidden is a constant Guest,  
 At Ev'ry Mask, at ev'ry Treat, and Feast.  
 But sits in Pain for fear the next should stir,  
 And so displace his Dress or Garniture.  
 Who knows New-Market Breed, so well, that he  
 Can tell you Jack-a-Dandy's Pedigree,  
 And down from long Descent pretends to trace  
 The famous Swallows, or Fleet Dragon's Race.  
 How Sir, What's this you say; Is this Buffoon  
 Admir'd so for a Spark throughout the Town?  
 Believe me Sir, on Earth there cannot be  
 A more ridiculous trifling Thing than he.

## EPIGRAMS.

*An Epigram under the Picture of a Beau*

THE vain thing set up for Man,  
 But see what Fate attends him,  
 The poud'ring Barber first began  
 The Barber Surgeon ends him.

*An extempore Epigram on Death.*

IF Death does come as soon as Breath departs,  
 Then he must often die, who often farts.  
 And if to die, be but to lose one's Breath,  
 Then Death's a Fart, and so a Fart for Death.



## An Epigram by T. B.

**F**ulserit antarctus radianti Cancer Olympo,  
 Nescio cere, Annus sed puto Cancer erat.  
 Grandinis inde ruit crepitantis Saxeus imber,  
 Decidit hinc tacite mobile vellus aque.  
 Sive suas Tempus fugitivum perdidit Alas,  
 Aut vellet veri dicere Bruma, Vale.

*Thus merrily turn'd over a Glass.*

**T**HE Crab does oft the tufted Ring possess,  
 And crawls unseen about the heav'nly Place;  
 From whose soft Banks the whizing Waters fall,  
 And Show'rs of Love perform the Dev'l and all.  
 But when old Time has stretch'd the Channel wide,  
 And stop'd the Flux of the refreshing Tide,  
 'Tis Drudg'ry then in such a Pool to sail,  
 One Moment makes us glad to say, Farewel.

*Mr. Brown's Extempore Version of two Verses  
 out of Martial, occasion'd by a Clamorous Dun,  
 who vow'd she would not leave him 'till she had  
 her Money.*

**S**exte, nihil debes ; nihil debes, Sexte, fatemur,  
 Debet enim si quis solvere, Sexte, pot. st.

Sextus thou nothing ow'st, nothing I say,  
 He something owes that something has to pay.

*An Epigram by Mr. THO. BROWN.*

De Parnasso.

**P**hœbe, Pater Vatum, moderator Phœbe dierum,  
 Qui pariter Radiis ingenioq; vales.  
 Cernis ut incassum miseris, tua Turba, Poetæ,  
 Carpinus incertam per tua Regna Viam.

*At tuus ille, Annis natus melioribus, alto  
Vertice Parnassi regnat Homerus ovans.  
Nosq; fatigatos & vincere summa parentes,  
Aonio prohibet figere colle Pedem.  
Sic ego. Sic Divus; Convitia mitte jocosa.  
Mitte leves Curas, vana Quærela tua est.  
Regna colunt unam nostri, terrestria Regem,  
Odit rivalet Imperialis apex.  
Parnassusq; meus, genuo licet Æthereo clivo,  
Dividat, ac Reges non capit ille duos,*

*Thus paraphras'd.*

**O** Phœbus! Father of the rhiming Crowd,  
Doom'd to be poor, yet destin'd to be proud;  
Bright Ruler both of Poetry and Light;  
'Tis true, you give us Wit, but starve us by'r.  
Behold us struggling in those slippery Ways,  
Which lead from Profit to the Hopes of Praise;  
That tempting Shadow which such Swarms pursue,  
Tho' sooth'd by many, merited by few;  
Yet oft by Fools, and Flatterers enjoy'd,  
And to the more Deserving still deny'd,  
But thy Son Homer, liv'd in better Days,  
And shone in Wit, as glorious as thy Rays;  
With Honour justly clim'd the lofty Hill,  
And rul'd with Joy the sacred Pinacle;  
Where none his ancient Title must dispute,  
Or after him presume to set a Foot.  
Inspir'd by these, he took so vast a Flight,  
That modern Ages ne'er could reach his Height.  
His Works forbid us to molest his Reign,  
And shew that all Attempts would prove in vain.  
Yet since all Ages have their certain Best,  
And one has Right to tow'r above the rest;  
God-like, from Cares exempt, I'll sit at Ease,  
And jest with humane Follies as I please:  
Ne'er pine in vain, or languish o'er my Wants,  
But leave to whining Coxcombs such Complaints.  
And as no earthly Monarch will admit  
A rival Prince in his Imperial Seat;

So

So o'er *Parnassus* will I reign as King,  
 And whilst the envious Criticks rail, I'll sing.  
 The bending Arch of Heav'n shall be my Crown,  
 And thus unequall'd, will I rule alone,  
 'Till more aspiring Wit shall justly claim  
*Apollo's* Kingdom, and surmount my Fame.

---

## F A B L E S.

## The Fable of the Bat and the Birds.

In imitation of that of the *Buzzard* in the *Hind*  
 and *Panther*. In the Year 1689.

IN ancient Times, as learned *Æsop* shows,  
 'Twixt Birds and Beasts a fatal War arose.  
 But whether this from State-Intrigues did flow,  
 Or to some Church-Pretence its Birth did owe,  
 Or depredations made, concerns us not to know.  
 Weighty, you may be sure, the Cause was thought  
 Which such an universal Tumult wrought.  
 Picqueering Parties first began the Fray,  
 A sad Prefage of the ensuing Day.  
 At last the War was solemnly proclaim'd,  
 The hour of fighting set, and both the Leaders nam'd.  
 The foolish Bat, a Bird obscure and base,  
 The scorn and jest of all the feather'd Race;  
 Or by fantastick Fears, and Scruples led,  
 Or by Ambition mov'd his Party fled,  
 Joyn'd with the Beasts, and eager to engage,  
 With popular Harangues urg'd on a feeble Rage:  
 As Fortune wou'd, on an ill-fated Day,  
 The Beasts drew out their Forces in Array:  
 The different Kinds their Grudges laid aside,  
 And for the common Safety now provide.  
 Ev'n their old Piques, and warm Disputes forgot,  
 The *Hind* and *Panther* joyn'd upon the Spot;  
 And by one mutual League of Friendship held,  
 Prepare for the rough Business of the Field.

When

When lo ! the Birds in numerous Bands appear,  
 And with repeated Crys attack the Rear ;  
 Give a fierce Charge, and back like *Partians*, fly,  
 To repofefs the patrimonial Sky ;  
 Then ftrait defcending, with redoubled Might,  
 They fend their Fury, and renew the Fight.  
 Pale Victory, all trembling and difmay'd,  
 With doubtful Wings the purple Scene furvey'd.  
 At laft, propitious to her fether'd Kind,  
 Declar'd her Favour, and the Scale inclin'd.  
 Whole Hecatombs the cover'd Field poffefs:  
 And gave their Foes at once a Triumph and a Feaft.  
 Their flaughter'd Young the *Rachel*-Dams deplor'd,  
 And many a Widdow'd Cow mourn'd o'er her Horned

The generous Eagle (fo his Stars ordain) [Lord.  
 Chafes th' affrighted Lyon from the Plain :  
 Their General gone, the Reft like Lightning fly,  
 A cheap unfighting Herd, not worth the Victory.

And now the Birds with eager Haffe purfue,  
 Thro' Lanes, and devious Tracks, the fcatcer'd Crew.  
 Among the Reft, befet with Dangers round,  
 The trembling Bat was in a Cellar found :  
 'Tis pity Fame ne'er Chronicled his Taker,  
 But all Records agree, they found him near *Long-acre*.  
 Percht on a Pole, they brought him to the Bar,  
 Where the full Houfe fat talking of the War.  
 Strait at the fight, a various Noife began,  
 Which thro' the fpacious Hall, and neighb'ring Lobby  
 [ran.

Each Member in the publick Mirth concurr'd,  
 And droll'd upon the poor Apoftatizing Bird.  
 Firft, Parrot *Settle* open'd wide his Throat,  
 Next Cuckow *Rimer* always in a Note ;  
 And Peacock *Chetwood*, of the Clergy kind ;  
 But his Poetick Feet difgrac'd the Train behind.  
 And *Creech*, and *Norris*, Blackbirds of Renown ;  
 And Corm'rant *Higden*, for devouring known.  
 Nay, to augment the Hardfhip of his Woes,  
 Owl *Durfy* clapt his Wings, and hooted in the Clofe.

When



When now their Raillery began to spare,  
 (And faith 'twas too much for one Bird to bear)  
 The Eagle order'd silence in the Room,  
 And thus aloud pronounc'd the shiv'ring Lubber's Doom.  
*Beast of a Bird*, thus to desert thy Friends,  
 And joyn the common Foe, for base ungenerous Ends;  
 What Punishment can suit so black a Crime?  
 Hear then, and stand accurst to all succeeding Time.  
 From all our Diets be thou first expell'd,  
 Or those in flow'ry Groves, or those in Steeples held,  
 When our gay Tribes in youthful Pomp appear,  
 To joyn in Nuptial Bands, and meet the smiling Year.  
 Nay more, to make thee mortifie and grieve,  
 To Buzzard *Shadwell* we thy Places give.  
 Him we appoint Historian of our State,  
 And Poet Laureat of the Woods create.  
 Outlaw'd our Realms, and banish'd from the Light,  
 Be thou for ever damn'd to steal abroad by Night.

### The Fable of the Horse and the Stag.

#### I.

**T**HE Horn-arm'd Stag deny'd the Horse  
 The priviledge of the Common,  
 Till starv'd, for want of equal Force,  
 He begg'd Assistance from a Man.

#### II.

For why? resolv'd at any Rate  
 To get his Share of Pasture;  
 He rather chose to champ the Bit,  
 Than leave the Stag sole Master.

#### III.

With Man astride he march'd to fight  
 A Foe that durst not face him;  
 For he with Strangeness of the Sight  
 Was frighted from his grazing.

#### IV. Nor

## IV.

Nor had Sir *Palsry* much to brag  
 He got by his Adventure;  
 Since Man, from routing of the Stag,  
 Commenc'd perpetual Centaur.

## The Fable of the Wolf and Porcupine.

In answer to the Argument against a Stand-  
 ing Army.

## I.

**I** *Sgrim* with Hunger prest, one day  
 As through the Woods he posted,  
 A Porcupine found on the Way,  
 And in these Terms accosted.

## II.

Our Wars are ended, Heav'n be prais'd,  
 Then let's sit down and prattle  
 Of Towns invest'd, Sieges rais'd,  
 And what we did in Battle.

## III.

The Plains a pleasing Prospect yield,  
 No Fire, nor Defolation;  
 While Plenty reigns in every Field,  
 And Trade restores the Nation.

## IV.

Yet you your Quills erected wear,  
 And tho' none seeks to harm ye,  
 In time of Peace about you bear  
 Methinks a Standing Army.

## V.

Friend, quoth the Porcupine, 'tis true,  
 The War's at length decided,  
 But 'gainst such tricking Blades as you,  
 'Tis good to be provided.

## VI.

Censorious Fame shall never say  
That too much Faith betray'd me;  
Who thinks of me to make a Prey,  
Must at his Cost invade me.

## VII.

Let him, that thinks it worth the while,  
Tempt Knaves to make a Martyr,  
The Sharpers, that wou'd me beguile,  
Shall find they've caught a Tartar.

The Fable of *Apollo* and *Daphne*.

## I.

**A**pollo once finding fair *Daphne* alone,  
Discover'd his Flame in a passionate Tone;  
He told her, and bound it with many a Curse,  
He was ready to take her for Better for Worse.

Then he talk'd of his Smart,  
And the Hole in his Heart,  
So large, one might drive thro' the Passage a Cart.  
But the silly coy Maid, to the Gods great Amazement,  
Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt through the

## II.

[Casement.

He following cry'd out, my Life and my Dear,  
Return to your Lover, and lay by your Fear.  
You think me perhaps some Scoundrel, or Whoreson,  
Alas! I've no wicked Designs on your Person.

I'm a God by my Trade,  
Young, plump and well-made,  
Then let me carefs thee, and be not afraid.  
But still she kept running, and flew like the Wind,  
While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

## III.

I'm the Chief of Physicians; and none of the College  
Must be mention'd with me for Experience and Know-  
[ledge;  
Each Herb, Flower, and Plant by its Name I can call,  
And do more than the best Seventh Son of 'em all.

With

With my Powders and Pills,  
 I cure all the Ills,  
 That sweep off such Numbers each Week in the Bills.  
 But still she kept running, and flew like the Wind,  
 While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

## IV.

Besides I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,  
 And top all the Writers of fam'd *Covent-Garden*.  
 I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Pattern of Wit,  
 I set my own Sonnets, and sing to my Kit.

I'm at *Will's* all the Day,  
 And each Night at the Play;  
 And Verses I make fast as Hops, as they say.  
 When she heard him talk thus, she redoubled her Speed,  
 And flew like a Whore from a Constable freed.

## V.

Now had our wise Lover (but Lovers are blind)  
 In the Language of *Lumbard-street* told her his Mind,  
 Look Lady what here is, 'tis plenty of Money,  
 Odsbobs I must swinge thee, my Joy and my Honey.

I sit next the Chair,  
 And shall shortly be Mayor,  
 Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can compare.  
 Tho', as wrinkled as *Priam*, deform'd as the Devil,  
 The God had succeeded, the Nymph had been civil.

## MISCELLANIES.

*An Elegy on that most Orthodox, and Pains-taking  
 Divine, Mr. Samuel Smith, Ordinary of  
 Newgate, who dy'd of a Quinsey, on St. Bar-  
 tholomew's Day, the 24th of August, 1698.*

**T**urn, lament, in pensive fable mourn,  
 For from the World thy ancient Priest is torn.  
 Death, cruel Death, thy learn'd Divine has ended,  
 And by a Quinsey, from his Place suspended.  
 Thus he expir'd in his old Occupation,  
 And as he liv'd, he dy'd, by Suffocation.      Thou



Thou, reverend Pillar of the tripple Tree,  
 I would say Post, for it was prop'd by thee;  
 Thou Penny-Chronicler of hasty Fate,  
 Death's Annalist, Reformer of the State;  
 Cut-throat of Texts, and Chaplain of the Halter,  
 In whose sage presence Vice it self did faulter.  
 How many Criminals by thee assisted,  
 Old *Smith*, have been most orthodoxly twisted?  
 And when they labour'd with a dying Qualm,  
 Were decently suspended to a Psalm?  
 How oft hast thou set harden'd Rogues a squeaking,  
 By urging the great Sin of Sabbath-breaking;  
 And sav'd Delinquents from old *Nick's* Embraces,  
 By flashing Fire and Brimstone in their Faces?

Thou wa'st a Gospel-*Smith*, and after Sentence,  
 Brought'st Sinners to the Anvil of Repentance;  
 And tho' they prov'd obdurate at the Sessions,  
 Could'st hammer out of them most strange Confessions,  
 When Plate was stray'd, and Silver Spoons were missing,  
 And Chamber-maid betray'd by *Judas* kissing,

Thy Christian Bowels chearfully extended  
 Towards such, as by their *Mammon* were befriended.  
 Tho' *Culprit* in enormous Acts was taken,  
 Thou would'st devise a way to save his Bacon;  
 And if his Purse could bleed a half Pistole,  
*Legit*, my Lord, he reads, upon my Soul.  
 Spite of thy Charity to dying Wretches,  
 Some Fools would live to hilk thy Gallows Speeches.  
 But who'd refuse, that has a taste of Writing,  
 To hang, for one learn'd Speech of thy inditing.  
 Thou alway'st had'st a conscientious itching,  
 To rescue Penitents from *Pluto's* Kitchen;  
 And hast committed upon many a Soul,  
 A pious Theft, but so *St. Austin* stole.  
 And Shoals of Robbers, purg'd of sinful Leaven,  
 By thee were set in the high Road to Heaven.

With sev'ral Mayors hast thou eat Beef and Mustard,  
 And frail Mince-pyes, and transitory Custard.  
 But now that learned Head in Dust is laid,  
 Which has so sweetly sung, and sweetly pray'd:

Yet tho' thy outward Man is gone and rotten,  
 Thy better part shall never be forgotten.  
 While *Newgate* is a Mansion for good Fellows,  
 And *Sternhold's* Rhimes are murder'd at the Gallows;  
 While *Holborn* Cits at Executions gape,  
 And Cut-purse follow'd is by Man of Crape;  
 While *Grub-street* Muse, in *Garrets* most sublime,  
 Trafficks in Doggerel, and aspires to Rhime;  
 Thy Deathless Name and Memory shall reign,  
 From fam'd *St. Giles*, to *Smithfield*, and *Duck-lane*.  
 But since thy Death does general Sorrow give,  
 We hope, thou in thy Successor will live.  
*Newgate* and *Tyburn* jointly give their Votes,  
 Thou may'st succeeded be by *Doctor Oates*.

*An Epitaph upon that profound and learned Casuist,  
 the late Ordinary of Newgate.*

U Nder this Stone  
 Lies reverend Drone,  
 To *Tyburn* well known;  
 Who preach'd against Sin,  
 With a terrible Grin,

In which some may think, that he acted but oddly,  
 Since he liv'd by the Wicked, and not by the Godly.

In time of great need,  
 In case he were free'd,  
 He'd teach one to read  
 Old Pot-hooks and Scrawls,  
 As ancient as *Pauls*.

But if no Money came,  
 You might hang for old *Sam*,  
 And founder'd in *Psalter*,  
 Be ty'd to a Halter.

This Priest was well hung,  
 I mean with a Tongue,  
 And bold Sons of Vice,  
 Would disarm in a trice;

And

And draw Tears from a Flint,  
Or the Devil was in't.

If a Sinner came him nigh,  
With Soul black as Chimney,

And had but the Sense  
To give him the pence,

With a little Church-paint  
He'd make him a Saint.

He understood Physick,  
And cur'd Cough and Ptifick;

And in short all the Ills  
That we find in the Bills,

With a sovereign Balm,  
The World calls a Psalm.

Thus his *Newgate-birds* once, in the space of a Moon,  
Tho' they liv'd to no Purpose, they dy'd to some Tune,

In Death was his Hope,

For he liv'd by a Rope.

Yet this, by the way,

In his praise we may say,

That, like a true Friend,

He his Flock did attend,

Ev'n to the World's end,

And car'd not to start

From Sledge, or from Cart,

'Till he first saw them wear

Knots under their Ear;

And merrily swing,

In a well-twisted string.

But if any dy'd hard,

And left no Reward,

As I told you before,

He'd inhance their old score,

And kill them again

With his murdering Pen.

Thus he kept Sin in awe,

And supported the Law;

But, oh! cruel Fate!

So unkind, tho' I say't,

Y  
T  
A  
A  
A  
A  
T  
T  
E  
H  
E  
V  
A  
T

ne

3

T  
S

at





Last week, to our Grief,  
Grim Death, that old Thief,  
Alas, and alack,  
Had the boldness to pack  
This old Priest on his Back,  
And whither he's gone,  
Is not certainly known.  
But a Man may conclude,  
Without being rude,  
That Orthodox Sam  
His Flock would not sham;  
And to shew himself to 'em a Pastor most civil,  
As he led, so he follow'd them all to the D—l.

*An Elegy in Memory of the Gallant Viscount Dun-  
dee, who was killed by a random Shot, after he  
had won the Battle at Gillecranky. Writ by  
Mr. Brown, at the Request of Dr. Griffith and  
Mr. Burges.*

Fors & virtus miscetur in unum.

*Vir. Aeneid. 12.*

G Oddeſs, to urge me on forbear,  
Or make my mournful Song thy care;  
Oppreſs'd with Doubts, and mighty Woe,  
I'd ſing the Man, that all Mankind ſhou'd know,  
How brave he fought; how conquer'd, and how ſell,  
And in what Cause aſſiſt me whiſt I tell.  
Quickly the News was hither brought,  
Too true, alas, that he was dead,  
And all our Expectations fled;  
But yet we would not entertain the Thought.  
Between th' extreams of Hope and Fear,  
Confus'd we ſtood the Truth to hear,  
Until 'twas made at laſt too plain,  
Beyond all doubt the great unconquer'd Man was ſlain.

Forgive

Forgive me, Heaven, that *impious Thought*,  
 At first I question'd your *Supreme Decree*,  
 Love to my *King* the *Madness* wrought,  
 And Grief for the *World's Loss*, the brave *DUNDEE*.  
 Oh! frail *Estate of Things* below,  
 Well to our cost your *emptiness* we know.  
 Scarce from the *fury* he had pass'd  
 Of a mistaken *faction's Race*,  
 But other *Dangers* follow him as fast,  
 And trace him as he goes from *Place to Place*,  
 His *Friends* desert, his *Foes* pursue,  
 Yet still undaunted he goes on;  
 New *Dangers* but his *Mind and Strength* renew,  
 So *Brave, so Just and Good* was this unalter'd Man.  
 Tho' much o'er-match'd in *Men and Arms*,  
 His *Cause and Courage* only best,  
 And his *Example* far above the rest:  
 Firmly resolv'd, he meets the *numerous Foe*;  
 But first, with *cheerful Anger* in his Face,  
*Soldiers and Friends*, he spoke, I'm sure you know,  
 For what *Intent*, and for whose *sake* we go;  
 And then he bow'd, and briefly told the *Case*.

*His Speech to his Soldiers.*

A *King Entail'd* by long *Descent*,  
 Equal almost to *Time* in its extent,  
 Robb'd of his *Throne*, for sure it must be so;  
 Nor *God nor Nature* can,  
 Only *presumptuous Man*,  
 Be guilty of so black an *Overthrow*.  
 What's worse, to palliate the *pretence*  
*Harmless Religion* too is brought,  
 Falsely and indirectly us'd,  
 And all her sacred *Mysteries* abus'd,  
 Beyond what the dark *Sibyls* ever taught.  
 And can we bear, my *Friends*, this great *Offence*?  
 Can we stand idle by,  
 And see our *Mother* robb'd, at last condemn'd to die,  
 And not endeavour for some *Recompence*?

Envy and Fraud, Hypocrisie and Pride,  
And bold Ambition, arm'd for Parricide;  
The certain loss of Liberty and Laws,  
And Usurpation, an intolerable Cause.  
All these and more, have brought us here;  
Let no Man doubt, let no Man fear,  
His Cause is Just, and if he falls to day,  
For so by chance he may.  
At worst his Name shall wear  
A large and noble Character;  
But his exalted Soul shall fly  
The boundless pitch of vast Eternity.

He spoke; his Soldiers much approve,  
Despair and Fear quit ev'ry Breast,  
Rage and Revenge their place possess'd:  
And then with wond'rous Order t'wards the Foe they move.  
But who th' Amazement and th' Affright can tell,  
That on the other Army fell?  
Or who, without Astonishment, can say,  
The wonderful Things this great Man did that Day?  
In vain their routed Squadrons fly,  
In vain aloud for help they cry,  
The Battle's lost, and they must yield, or die.

But, see of Human Things the brittle state!  
The only best, and best deserving Man,  
That should have breath'd beyond the common Span,  
The last that meets Triumphantly his Fate;  
As he was lifting up his Hand,  
To give the finishing Command,  
Comes a malicious random Shot,  
And struck the Victor dead upon the spot.  
Methinks I see the wounded Hero lie,  
Too good to live, and yet to brave to die;  
I hear him bless his Cause, and more he had to say,  
But, oh! the hasty Soul could make no longer stay.

Unconquer'd Man, farewell!  
Now thou art gone to dwell  
Where thou shalt be intirely free,  
From all the Curses of Mortality.



No anxious Thoughts shall wrack thy Breast,  
 No *Factions* shall disturb thy Rest;  
 Nor shalt thou be by *Tyranny* oppress'd.  
 Thy *Learning* and thy *Parts*,  
 Thy *Knowledge* in the noblest, useful Arts,  
 Thy *Conversation* and thy *Wit*,  
 Spoke thee for *Earth* unmeet, for *Heaven* only fit.  
 Live bless'd above, almost invoc'd below;  
 Live, and accept this *pious Vow*,  
 Our *Captain* once, our *Guardian Angel* now.  
 Live and enjoy, those great *Rewards* are due,  
 To those who to their *Prince* are Faithful, Just and True.

When he had finish'd his Poem, he inclos'd it in the following Letter to Dr. Griffith, and sent it the next Night to the Club, which was then at the *Castle Tavern* in *Fleet-street*.

Dear Doctor,

AT your Request I have writ something which, if you think fit, you may call an *Elegy* upon the *Viscount Dundee*. But in truth, Sir, I am ill acquainted with that kind of Writing, that I could have wish'd you would have pitch'd upon some Body else for your *Operator*. As for *Crambo*, *Acrostick*, *Anagram*, and such sort of *Performances*, I think my self not much below my Name-sake *Durfey*, or any other of the *Gentlemen* of that *Order*; but for this *Elegiack* way, I know no more of it, with respect to his *Holiness* be it spoken, than the *Pope of Rome*. I was two Days at least hunting for a *Precedent*, at last I fell in with Mr. *Cowley's Imitation of Pindar*, whom I have been so impudent to attempt to Mimick; so that if this mighty *Production* should ever pass into any other Hands, it must be dignify'd with the Title of a *Pindarick Elegy, in Imitation of Mr. Cowley*. But, Sir, to be a little serious, I am afraid I have not treated this great Man's *Character* as he deserves; and withal, I am told Mr. *Dryden* has something of this Nature new upon the *Stocks*, so I must beg of you, up-  
 on

on these and other weighty Considerations, that after you have read over the *Paper* you'll immediately apply it to the proper use. Sir, you see by this how ready I am, and always shall be, to obey your Commands; and to take all Opportunities to approve my self

Sep. 27. 1689.

*Your most obedient Servant,*

Tho. Brown.

---

THE  
MOURNING POET, &c.

---

The PREFACE.

I Wont say any thing in behalf of the following POEM. A Prison is none of the most delightful Places for a Muse to exert her Talent in; and tho' Verse, in respect of Prose, is a confin'd sort of Writing, yet no People hate Confinement more than Poets.

'Tis true, I as little thought a few Years ago of turning Poet, as, with all due Reverence be it said, any of the most topping Citizens about the Exchange do now; but the Case is alter'd, and for want of employing my Time better (which was none of my own Fault) I was forc'd, and I hope that will justify me, to employ it in innocent Rhiming.

But let the Versification be what it will, my Subject and Design, I am sure, is virtuous and honest. I plead for Compassion and Pity to our fellow Creatures, and surely we should be asham'd of boasting our selves made after the Divine Like-

Vol. IV.

D

ness,

ness, if we don't Copy our Maker in what, with relation to our selves, is the best of his Attributes.

I will not rail at those Persons, by whose Importunity and Management the late Act against poor Prisoners was carried, that were but too miserable before; only it may be worth their while to ruminate a little upon the Apostles Words, Let him that stands take care of falling. The World's a Lottery, and he that preaches against giving Relief to day, may want it for himself and Family to morrow. That Ill-condition'd Engineer, who presented Phalaris with the brazen Bull, was the first that handsell'd it. And after all, Why should numberless Wretches starve for a few Delinquents?

If Numbers signifie any thing to gain a Cause, we have above Sixty Thousand Hands to sign this Paper. We don't pretend to Copy the Impudence of the Legion Letter; no, 'tis our Business to supplicate, not buff Parliaments; nay, even to speak fair to the meanest of our Creditors. But tho' we are far from imitating the Insolence of the late Legion, yet 'tis plain the Name but too justly belongs to us, for, Heaven knows, we are a parcel of poor unpitied Devils.

The Mourning Poet : Or, The unknown Comforts of Imprisonment, written in the Year, 1703. and Calculated for the Meridian of the three populous Universities of the Queen's Bench, the Marshalsea, and the Fleet; but may indifferently serve any Prison in the Kingdom of England, Dominion of Wales, or Town of Berwick upon Tweed.

Since my hard Fate has doom'd me to a Jayl,  
Some scolding Muse direct me how to rail;  
And let this Curse, by my ill Genius sent,  
As 'tis my Penance, be my Argument.  
The Scene of Life with Black and White spread o'er,  
Here shows us Want, and there superfluous Store.

The

The *Rich Man* and the *Poor* be then my Theme;  
Having been *both*, I best can judge of them.

A *Rich Man*, what is he? Has he a Frame  
Distinct from others? Or a better Name?  
Has he more Legs, more Arms, more Eyes, more Brains?  
Has he less Care, less Crosses, or less Pains?  
Can Riches keep the Mortal Wretch from Death?  
Or can new Treasures purchase a new Breath?  
Or does Heaven send its Love and Mercy more  
To *Mammon's* pamper'd Sons than to the *Poor*?  
If not, why should the Fool take so much State,  
Exalt himself and others under-rate?

'Tis senceless Ignorance that sooths his Pride,  
And makes him laugh at all the World beside.  
But when Excesses bring on Gout or Stone,  
All his vain Mirth and Gayety are gone.  
Then to make any Truce with his Disease,  
And purchase the least interval of Ease,  
He'd all his ill-got Magazines resign,  
And at Health's Altar Sacrifice his Coin:  
And when he dies, for all he looks so high,  
He'll make as vile a Skeleton as I.

To number out the several sorts of *Poor*,  
Would be to count the Billows on the Shore;  
My Muse shall therefore all the rest decline,  
And to th' industrious Man her self confine;  
Who with incessant Labour strives to live,  
And yet by cruel Accidents can't thrive.  
To Trace the Original Fountain of his Woe,  
From whence the Gross of all his Ills do flow;  
With *War* I must begin, whose fatal Doom  
Ruins all Trade as well Abroad as Home.  
The dire effects the Merchant feels the first,  
And all the other Trades by War are curs'd;  
The Vintners, whom I own I pity most  
Are daily in this cursed scramble lost.  
And who can wonder that so many fail,  
When righteous Claret truckes to vile Ale,  
And *Barcelona* stoops to Belgick Mild and Stale.

}



War (to whose Court all lesser Evils join)  
 First help'd to circumsise our Current Coin.  
 'Twas a fine Harvest, when the Clipping Race,  
 To the conniving Government's disgrace,  
 Cut short his Majesty within the Ring,  
 And dock'd his Horses Tail (God bless the King :)  
 Then Goldsmiths, Scriveners, and the bulky Tribe  
 Of monied Knaves, too num'rous to describe,  
 Batten'd apace on this unrighteous Trade,  
 And at the Realm's expence large Fortune's made ;  
 While the poor half-starv'd Slaves that for them wrought,  
 Within the fatal Toil were daily caught ;  
 And to relieve them in their Tyburn Qualm,  
 Troop'd off to the dull Musick of a Psalm.

The Charge of War out-ballanc'd soon our Trade,  
 As this advanc'd, that palpably decay'd.  
 And as 'twas ten Years War that ruin'd Troy,  
 So ten years War did England's Wealth destroy.  
 War, fatal War, the murderer of Trade,  
 Occasion'd heavy Taxes for its aid ;  
 It set Mercurial Heads at work t' invent  
 Most easie ways to serve the Government :  
 NEALE started first, to raise a speedy Sum,  
 A MILLION LOTTERY, let who will come,  
 No Loss can happen, but most certain Gain ;  
 Sell Lands and Houses, ne'er was such a Main.  
 This was a general and inviting Bait,  
 And did so luckily relieve the State,  
 That the Groom-Porter had Encouragement,  
 New specious Schemes and Projects to invent.

Next, the old Maids and Batch'lers were cajoll'd,  
 Fourteen *per Cent.* for Life, and well enroll'd :  
 They drew their Cash from Commerce and from  
 And lavishly adventur'd on this Aid, [Trade,  
 Long may they live, and still (as now) be paid.  
 At the Heels of this, *Survivorship* came in,  
 ('Tis hard to stop, tho' easie to begin)  
 From six *per Cent.* t' increase as Children die,  
 So promising a Fund who wou'd not try ?

Thus

Thus eager Parents paid their Money down,  
To make their Children Vassals to the Crown,  
And with much Ceremonie beg their own.

At last, resolv'd new Methods still t' explore,  
As if we ne'er cou'd drain the Nation's store;  
The Bank peept up, and all before it bore.  
As Rivers dutifully glide to pay  
Their liquid Tribute, to their Parent Sea.  
Nor is it strange; Av'rice is always wise,  
And Profit, say the Learned, never lies.  
*Int'rest at twelve per Cent. for Stock advanc'd,*  
*Stock to One hundred thirty Pounds enhanc'd;*  
So he that had a Thousand Pounds in there,  
For Thirteen Hundred strait cou'd sell his Share;  
Prodigious Gain! *Such Principal, such Use*  
*Th' Exchequer pays; What must th' Exchequer loose?*

But say, my Muse, what harm was it to Trade,  
If the Exchequer *Cent. per Cent.* had paid,  
When the Realm's wants requir'd a present Aid?  
It made the Nation's Debt call for Supplies,  
By doubling both the *Customs* and *Excise*;  
It fram'd the *capitation* by Degrees,  
Births, Burials, Bachelours, Lights, Lawyers Fees,  
Stock, Money, Titles, empty Houses pay,  
Altho' the Tenants often run away.

All these, and many more Inventions joyn'd  
To pamper War, while sickly Trade declin'd:  
Set up *Stock-jobbers* on the Nation's Back,  
Whose weight compleated poor *Britannia's* Wreck.  
These Vermin being hatch'd, the numerous Brood  
Increas'd, and fatten'd on the Trades-Man's Blood;  
If Tallies were deliver'd on some Aid,  
*Stock-jobber* fixt, what Money shou'd be paid.  
The *Legislators* gave Encouragement  
For Men to work, and trust the Government;  
But tho' a general Good they thus design'd,  
Those ravenous *Harpies* of the *Exchange* combin'd  
To frustrate All, and deaf to th' Nation's Cries,  
Ev'n our best Laws turn'd into Merchandise;

So that poor Trades-Men for a Hundred Pound,  
 For Fifty with these Rascals must compound,  
 Or else to Gaol; their Wants call for supply,  
 And ready Cash at any rate they'll buy:  
 Thus all those Millions given for Supplies,  
 Those *Caterpillars* still monopolize;  
 And if we find not out some speedy Way  
 To kill these Worms that on our Vitals prey,  
 Commerce, the Nation's Glory, soon will fail,  
 And half our Traders perish in a Jayl.  
 Oh, who can bear to see so many Hands  
 Lie idle, like uncultivated Lands;  
 Devour'd by Want, only to gratify  
 Senseless Revenge, and brutal Cruelty?

*Rome*, whose Imperial sway the World obey'd,  
 Justice the Rule of all her Actions made;  
 And tho' most Nations dreaded her Alarms,  
 Was no less famous for her Laws than Arms.  
 Among the rest this justly claims a place,  
 And let not *England* think it a Disgrace,  
 The glorious Empress of the World to trace.  
 "The Debtor had one part, the Creditor two;  
 Revenge had nothing, nothing was her due.  
 Credit with us the whole Estate doth seize,  
 And on the wretched Debtor's Body preys;  
 Heav'n's brightest Gift, Compassion's out of Door;  
 And he's a graceless Reprobate that's poor.

In *France* this Law does still maintain a sway,  
 If Trades-Men prove incapable to pay;  
 Six Persons of known Truth and Probity,  
 Make inquest what their whole Estate may be:  
 When this is duly done, two parts of three,  
 They to the Creditor's allotted see:  
 And then one third to th' Debtor is convey'd,  
 That he may have some Stock again to Trade;  
 How worthy praise are such good Acts as these?  
 Considering too there's not a penny Fees.  
 Why should we then our *English* Laws advance,  
 And scornfully expose the Laws of *France*?  
 Since Subjects, fellow Subjects can destroy,  
 And rob us of our boasted Liberty.

In *Holland*, if a Creditor thinks fit,  
His Debtor to a Prison to commit,  
At his own Charge he must maintain him there,  
Not let him starve, as Creditors do here.

A Prison! Heav'n's, I loath the hated name,  
Famine's Metropolis, the sink of Shame,  
A nauseous Sepulchre, whose craving Womb  
Hourly inters poor Mortals in its Tomb;  
By every Plague, and every Ill possesst,  
Ev'n Purgatory it self to thee's a Jest;  
Emblem of Hell, Nursery of Vice,  
Thou crawling University of Lice:  
Where Wretches numberless to ease their Pains,  
With Smoak and Ale delude their pensive Chains.  
How shall I thee avoid? Or, with what Spell  
Dissolve th' Enchantment of thy Magic Cell?  
Ev'n *For* himself can't boast so many Martyrs,  
As yearly fall within thy wretched Quarters.  
Money I've none, and Debts I cannot pay  
Unless my Vermin will those Debts defray.  
Not scolding Wife, nor *Inquisition's* worse,  
Thou'rt ev'ry Mischief cramm'd into one Curse.  
May we at last the Senate's Mercy find,  
And breath ( what Heav'n bestows on all Mankind;  
What needy Clowns as well as Monarchs share )  
The common Benefit of wholesome Air :  
Then to your Clemency we'll Altars raise,  
And with united Voice our Benefactors praise.

*So pray*

*Threescore Thousand.*

D 4

To

In



To my Friend Mr. Playford ; on the Publication  
of his second Book of Pills.

Friend Harry, to prove that your Thoughts were ab-  
[surd,

For supposing I could not be true to my Word,  
According to the Promise which I made long ago,  
At last I have squeez'd out a Couplet or two  
In the Praise of your Pills, and tho' my Verse late is,  
Yet believe it's the first that I ever sent *Gratis*.

By my Soul, I've been us'd so to Bolus and Potion,  
That I'm ready to swoon at a Physical Notion ;  
And if you wou'd lend me, (that's give) a *Jacobus* :  
I'm perswaded I cou'd not take Pill *ex duobus* :  
However, since yours have no Turpentine Flavour,  
Nor confine a Man close to his righteous Behaviour,  
Since no bitter Ingredients give Offence to my Palate,  
But they please me like Cheese which is roasted or Sallad,  
I'll quit making Faces, to write Panegyrick,  
Tho' I'm not half so fit for't as M. for Lyrick.

To begin then, pray take it as *Thomas* his Sentence,  
Your Pills will ne'er bring one to Stool of Repentance,  
But will chase away Sorrow, which will hang on our  
[Brows,

As a pretty young Girl do's a Batchellor's Vows,  
Who, at Sight of her Beauty, drowns the Thoughts of  
[Miscarriage,

And perjur'd, immediately sets up for Marriage.

They're a Cure for a Fav'rite who had addled his Senses,  
And has lost our Good Word by getting his Princes.  
The thoughtful Good Statesman, who sits a-la-mort,  
Because he's remov'd from Council and Court,  
At the Taste of your Med'cines shall resign up his Grief,  
And bless his Retirement, and bless your Relief.  
All Conditions and Sexes, in Country and City  
From thee wou'd be thought Wise, to the really Witty,  
From the Lady who speaks all her Words as in Print,  
And has Eyes which strike Fire like a Steel and a Flint.

To

London, June 28. 1700.

T. Brown.

**T**OO long by flowing luxury betrayed,  
 Our *British* Isle was in loose Slumbers laid;  
 Too long we felt the Ills of Fatal peace,  
 And idly Languish'd in inglorious Ease,  
 No manly Business did our Thoughts engage  
 To purchase Fame on *Europe's* Wondring stage;  
 But grown unmindful of our former Name  
 We all our Fathers Triumphs did disclaim,  
 While even *France* it self with Scorn beheld our Shame.  
 The idle Spear hung up, the polish'd Shield  
 Forgot the great Achievements of the Field,  
 The gen'rous Sword contracted filthy Rust,  
 And active Pikes lay Mouldering in the dust.  
 Shrill Trumpets spake not to the Armed throng,  
 Our Instruments unlearn'd each Martial song,  
 While Guns and Bombs as usefess did appear,  
 As laws and learning in the times of War:

Mean-while our Neighbours strove to break the Chain  
And sought the Empire of fair *A'bion's* Main,

Bold num'rous Sutors briskly did prepare,  
 To court the *Nymph* with all the Pomp of War,  
 Nay more, the Eastern World our Shame must know  
 And risted *Bantam English* Conduct show,  
 While the Proud *Dutch* by Potent Nants inspir'd,  
 Invade our Coasts, and on the Castles fir'd:  
*Spain* that was much amaz'd at such a sight,  
 Suspected now the Truth of eighty Eight.  
 And scarcely thought our Fathers could obtain,  
 Such great, and glorious Triumphs over *Spain*.

Thus were we Scorn'd, and thus contemn'd abroad;  
 While Seeds of civil Feuds at home were sow'd,  
 Prompted by each bold Instrument of Hell,  
 Dull fools we did, for Conscience sake rebel,  
 Then Senseless clamours all our Thoughts employ'd,  
 And *Whig*, and *Tory* did the Land divide.

But now Triumphant *James* the Scepter sways  
 The adoring World our rising Sun surveys,  
 He to our Minds new Vigor does infuse,  
 And furnish ample Matter for the Muse;  
 He to it self our Island does restore,  
 Extends its Limits, and confirms its Pow'r,  
 While the great *Edwards* mighty Ghost is pleas'd  
 To see his ancient Kingdoms honour rais'd.

Behold how Shining in your Martial pride  
 Our Troops at *Hounslow* doe your Coursers guide,  
 See how the well-form'd *Phalanx* does advance,  
 Taught by experience; not inspir'd by chance;  
 See how the Colours Wanton in the Air,  
 And helmets glisten formidable fair,  
 See groves of pointed Spears do move along,  
 As Trees Commanded by the *Thracian* Song,  
 While Drums, and Trumpets rend the listning Skies,  
 And ev'ry Heart keeps Measure with the Noise.

Surely, if Poets prophecies are true  
 These Heroes must unheard of Wonders do,  
 Either proud *France* must now fresh Vengeance seek,  
 And once more groan beneath the *English* Steel,  
 Or perjur'd *Holland* some revolving day,  
 For sin'd *Amboyna's* fatal Slaughters pay,

Or the the large Kingdoms of the pow'rful West,  
Too much by *Spanish* cruelties oppress,  
With *English* Arts at last, and *English* Laws be blest.

Upon the setting up of the Statue of QUEEN  
ELIZABETH, of ever blessed Memory, in  
the Royal Exchange London.

LET *Memnon's* Statue be no more admir'd,  
That utter'd Sounds, by the Sun's beams inspir'd;  
My Muse a greater Wonder does rehearse  
For Stones have here infus'd the Lofly verse.

Oh! *London*, the just Pride of *Albion's* Isle,  
That dost with Ease and flowing Plenty smile,  
Whose pow'rful Ships the Ocean do Survey,  
And make both *Indies* to thee Tribute pay.  
Oh! give fresh Honours to *Eliza's* Name,  
And view the lasting Trophies of her Fame,  
She rais'd thy Head, and all thy Wealth secur'd,  
Which else Proud *Spaniards* rapine had devour'd:  
She chas'd thy Night of Ignorance away,  
And soon restor'd truths incorrupted Ray.

Nor were her Blessings to this Realm confin'd,  
Strangers enjoy'd the Vertues of her Mind:  
*Holland* half ruin'd by the Pride of *Spain*,  
By her kind Influence rais'd it self again;  
She Freed 'em from the Tyranny of *Rome*,  
And stop't the tide of Heav'n's impending Doom.  
Even *France* it self with Civil Tumults stain'd,  
Invok'd her help, and help was Streight obtain'd;  
Else the curst League had clipt the Royal Crown,  
And from his greatness thrown the Monarch down.

Who without Joy and Wonder can Survey  
The Glorious Triumphs of that happy day,  
When mighty *Drake* oppos'd the Power of *Spain*  
And fought their Navy in the *British* Main:  
Long had Proud *Philip*, *England's* Fate conspir'd,  
Urg'd by revenge, and with Ambition fir'd;

Long



Long had he strove by all the Arts of Pow'r  
 Old *Rome's* exploded Errors to restore,  
 Then reverend Shrines were of their reliques stript;  
 And Consecrated Guns and Daggers shipt;  
 Each banner was baptiz'd in Holy Oil,  
 And vows were made to recommend the Toil;  
 The mitred Prelate of *St. Peter's* Chair  
 Club'd towards the Work, and blest it with a Pray'r.  
 Nay griping Priests, that never gave before,  
 Now plunder'd Altars to encrease the Store.

Thus setting forth from *Lisbon's* Fatal Bay  
 Through wond'ring Waves the Navy cut its Way;  
 The World amaz'd lookt on the curst intent,  
 And Fate now almost doubted the event.  
 But *Britains* Genius not surpriz'd with Fear,  
 Towards the great Fleet its nimble course did steer.  
 The roaring Guns first Complements did make,  
 At which the frightned Gallies gan to quake;  
 Soldiers like Mag-pies flutt'd in the air,  
 And every Ship did in the damage Share:  
 Till halfconsum'd with Streams of glowing Fire,  
 The Gen'ral thought it Prudence to retire.

These Triumphs we to great *Eliza* owe,  
 Such Blessings her soft Influence did bestow,  
 Sh' enrich'd our Island with the *Indian* Mine,  
 And first reduc'd Religion, and our Coyn:  
 O may She live exalted in her Fame,  
 Enjoying all the Glories of her Name;  
 While *British* Fleets the Ocean shall command,  
 And Peace, and plenty Crown our happy Land,  
 While true Religion do's her Sway maintain  
 Against the Arts of Fraud, and Cruelties of *Spain*.

*In Praise of the Bottle. A Song.*

I.

W<sup>H</sup>at a Pox d'ye tell me of the Papists Design?  
 Would to God you'd leave talking, and drink  
 [off your Wine.  
 Away

Away with your Glafs, Sir; and drown all Debate;  
Let's be loyally merry; ne'er think of the State.  
The King (Heav'n's blefs him) knows beft how to rule;  
And who troubles his Head, I think's but a Fool.

## II.

Come, Sir, here's his Health ; your Brimmer advance ;  
We'll ingross all the Claret, and leave none for France. I  
'Tis by this we declare our Loyal Intent,  
And by our Carousing, the Customs augment. *1792*  
Would all mind their Drinking, and proper Vocation,  
We should ha' none of this Buffle and Stir in the Nation.

### III.

Let the Hero of *Poland*, and Monarch of *France*,  
Strive, by Methods of Fighting, their Crowns to advance.  
Let Chappels in *Lincoln's-Inn* be built or destroy'd,  
And the Test, and the Oath of Supremacy, void;  
It shall ne'er trouble me; I'm none of those Maggots,  
That have whimsical Fancies of *Smithfield* and Faggots.

#### IV.

Then banish all groundless Suspensions away ;  
The King knows to govern, let us learn to obey.  
Let ev'ry Man mind, his Bus'ness and Drinking ;  
When the Head's full of Wine, there's no room left for  
[thinking.  
'Tis nought but an empty and whimsical Pate,  
That makes Fools run giddy with Notions of State.

*The ROVER. A Song.*

## I.

I Hate the Dotard, that restrains  
Himself to one. Give me the Spark  
That ev'ry fingle Doe disdains,  
But bravely chafes all the Park.  
What Charms can one pretend ? She's fair,  
Well-shap'd perhaps, plays well, or sings.  
All's true ; but were she yet more rare,  
The God of Love, you know, has Wings.

## Beauty's

## II.

Beauty's dispers'd through all the Kind ;  
 Through all the Universe does move ;  
 And 'till it be to one confin'd,  
 I think I've lawful Cause to rove.  
 To Day this Face delights my Eye,  
 But when I'm ask'd not to give o'er ;  
 Your Servant ; I've fed heartily.  
 Surfeits are dangerous. Not a Bit more.

*The Campaign. A Song.*

## I.

**M**ount, my Boys, mount ; let us view the Campaign ;  
 At *Hounslow* the Tents do cover the Plain.  
 Hark ! the Trumpets found, the Troopers are hors'd,  
 If you stay longer, the Sight will be lost.  
 Hark too ! the Hautboys ; the Grenadiers come ;  
 Now in the Rear march the Foot with the Drums.  
 Haste, Gentlemen, haste, our Friends will present's  
 With a kind Bottle and Wench in their Tents.

## II.

See yonder, Sir, see how dazling they shew ?  
 Their Cloaths, Hats and Arms, are brandishing new.  
 How dreadfully look the Bag'nets, advanc'd !  
 How proudly those Jennets before 'em do prance !  
 See how the Housings and Trappings do blaze !  
 How admiring Crowds upon 'em do gaze !  
 Whigs and old Rebels are dash'd at the Sight ;  
 They curse in their Hearts, and view 'em with Spight.

## III.

Now, now we are there ; yon's the General's Tent ;  
 All that long Row's for the Queen's Regiment ;  
 Yonder's the Sutler's ; and there the Smiths stand,  
 With Anvils and Forges all ready at hand.  
 O *Windsor* and *Hounslow* ! I hope your Stock's large,  
 You're like to maintain an Infantry Charge.  
 The Strollers o' th' Strand and Park will come down,  
 And leave at the Camp, what they got in the Town.

*The Libertine. A Song.*

## I.

I'LL languish no more at the Glance of your Eye;  
 Can view you all o'er, and ne'er fetch a deep Sigh.  
 No more shall your Voice, Cyren-like, charm my Heart.  
 In vain you may sigh, use in vain all your Art.  
 No, Madam, I'm free; when I'm recreant again,  
 Let me, unpity'd feel again my old Pain.

## II.

I'll Libertine turn, use all things in common;  
 No more than one Dish be bound to one Woman;  
 Yet I'll still love the Sex, but my Bottle before 'em;  
 I'll use 'em sometimes, but I'll never adore 'em.  
 Go, Madam, be wise: when a Woodcock's i' th' Noose,  
 Be sure hold him fast, lest like me he gets loose.

*A Catch.*

LET the amorous Coxcomb adore a fair Face;  
 An Hours Enjoyment makes him look like an Afs.  
 Let the ambitious Fop to Honours aspire,  
 He burns with the Torment of boundless Desire.  
 And let the old Miser hoard up his curs'd Pelf,  
 He enriches his Bags, but he beggars himself.  
 The Lover, Ambitious, and Miser, are Fools;  
 There's no solid Joy, but in jolly full Bowls.

*A Match for the Devil. In Imitation of M.  
Rabelais.*

WHILE others idle Tales relate,  
 To fright Men from the marry'd State;  
 Do thou, my Muse in humble Verse,  
 The Vertues of a Wife rehearse,  
 A Farmer of much Wealth possess'd,  
 With Friends too, while they lasted, bless'd,

Kept



Kept open House, and lov'd to feast  
 Those who deserv'd and wanted least.  
 To Pleasures he prescrib'd no Bounds;  
 He kept his Hunters, Pack of Hounds.  
 Somewhat lascivious, somewhat vain.  
 Some Gentleman had cross'd the Strain.  
 To try all Joys and Plagues of Life,  
 He boldly took a Buxom Wife.  
 Now fresh Expences, fresh Delights,  
 Attend the Day, and Crown the Nights.  
 His new Acquaintance Crowd the House;  
 Some praise the Fare, but most the 'Spouse;  
 Each strove who should divert the most,  
 But still 'twas at the Husband's Cost.  
 He, thoughtless, prais'd the expensive Pleasure,  
 To please his dear domestick Treasure,  
 All Care was scorn'd, and Bus'ness vanish'd;  
 The present Joys, thoughts future banish'd:  
 And being both of Years but Vernal,  
 They thought their Wealth and Loves eternal.

But oh! how vain are all Mens Fancies!  
 Ill-grounded Projects, mere Romances.  
 What Whims the Wifest entertain!  
 What strange Delusions fill our Brain!  
 When we are eager to possess,  
 We smoothe the Road to Happiness:  
 We level Mountains, empty Seas,  
 And Reason fierce Desires obeys.  
 The greatest Danger we despise;  
 Our Passion fees, and not our Eyes.

Our Pair now find, some Seasons past,  
 Nor Wealth, nor Love would always last,  
 Unless improv'd with Application;  
 But that in one is out of Fashion.  
 Gold indeed preserves its Sway,  
 But Love! who does thy Pow'r obey?  
 E'en Women now profess to range,  
 And all their Pleasures is in Change;  
 Now seek the present Joys to improve,  
 Yielding to many they call Love;

Artful

Artful new Lovers to engage.  
 Then flight his Love, and scorn his Rage.  
 Thus these behold what they possess'd,  
 And wonder how they once were blest.  
 Their Jars are thought on, and improv'd;  
 They hate themselves, that once they lov'd.  
 Thus lab'ring on in dirty Road,  
 They snarl, and curse the heavy Load.

How happy were our mortal State,  
 Were Indolence but our worst Fate!  
 No sooner Joys the Place forsake,  
 But racking Pains Dominion take,  
 No sooner Love had fled the Pair,  
 When enter'd meager Want and Care.  
 The House, which had such vast Resort  
 When Riot seem'd to keep his Court,  
 Is now forsook, a lonely Cell,  
 Where Silence, undisturb'd, might dwell.  
 Clean Pans and Spits the Walls now grac'd,  
 For Ornament the Pewter's plac'd.  
 Bright Dishes entertain the Eye.  
 No Kitchen-Smoke offends the Sky,  
 Hogsheds with dismal sounds complain'd,  
 Both Hogsheds and the Man were drain'd.  
 His Landlord stern, his Rent demands.  
 Stray'd are his Flocks, unplough'd his Lands.  
 The Wife advices Friends to try;  
 Her's she was sure would not deny.  
 A thousand Vows she had receiv'd;  
 Each Vow repay'd, for she believ'd,

But oh! how soon did they discover,  
 'Tis Wealth brings Friends, the Face a Lover.  
 His Wants are heard without Relief;  
 Her Eyes afford not Joy, nor Grief.  
 His wasted Fortune all affrights;  
 Her faded Beauty none invites.

Oppress'd with Wants, to Woods he flies,  
 And seeks the Peace his House denies.  
 Roving, lamenting his Condition,  
 Fate kindly sent him a Physician.

His

His Habit, Cane, and formal Face,  
 Shew'd he was of *Geneva* Race:  
 But cloven Feet the Fiend detect,  
 And prov'd him Author of the Sect.  
 With Joy he spy'd the Wretch's Cares,  
 And fawning, thus he spread his Snares.  
 My Son! with Pity I have seen  
 (Tho' I've a Foe to Pity been)  
 The sad Disasters you endure,  
 That of a Wife admits no Cure.  
 I know your Wants, and her's I guess;  
 I cannot swear I'll both redress.  
 That Task, I fear, is too uneasy;  
 But if Possessions large will please ye,  
 Behold this spacious Tract of Land,  
 All that you see's at my Command.  
 I'll give it freely all to thee,  
 If we on Articles agree.

I can perform it, I'm the Devil,——  
 Nay, never start Man, I'll be civil.  
 It shall be yours to plough and sow;  
 All that above the Ground does grow,  
 What e'er it is, shall be my Due;  
 The rest I freely give to you.

Gladly the Farmer does submit,  
 For pinching Want hath taught him Wit.  
 With Roots he plants the fruitful Soil,  
 Which well rewarded all his Toil.  
 But to his Landlord's jilted Share,  
 A weedy Harvest does appear.

The Devil vext, new Cov'nants makes,  
 Next Year all under Ground he takes.  
 Then Golden Wheat the Land does bear,  
 And useless Roots are *Satan's* Share.  
 The Fiend resolv'd to spoil the Jest,  
 And thus the Farmer he addrest.

Believe me, Friend, thou art a Sharper;  
*Satan* himself has caught a *Tartar*,  
 I've seen thy Wit, but now at length  
 I am resolv'd to try thy Strength.

A scratching Match we'll have together;  
 Look to thy self, I'll claw thy Leather.  
 If I submit, the Land is thine;  
 If I o'ercome, thy Soul is mine.  
 Think for your Quiet, I conjure ye;  
 Should you to Hell, you leave a Fury.  
 Observe these Talons, and away,  
 And Friday next shall be the Day.  
 A mod'rate Beauty will inflame,  
 'Till we have seen a brighter Dame.  
 Rivers with Wonders we survey,  
 'Till we behold the boundless Sea.  
 So ev'ry little trifling Care  
 Appears a Load we cannot bear.  
 But if some horrid Tortures seize us,  
 What late we dreaded, now would ease us.

The wretched Farmer homeward goes,  
 And dreads his future endless Woes.  
 His Cares, his Dunns, his Wants, his Wife,  
 And all the Banes of happy Life,  
 Would now afford him vast Content,  
 Could he the unequal Match prevent.  
 His prying Turtle quickly guest  
 Some Care uncommon fill'd his Breast.  
 Husband and Wife, sometimes relate  
 Their Cares and Bus'ness, tho' they hate.  
 Nor always Nature's Call deny,  
 And tho' both loath, yet both comply.  
 Her wheedling Tongue soon found the Means  
 To make the Wretch disclose his Pains.  
 He tells the Combat and the Laws,  
 And magnifies his monstr'ous Paws.

Pish! Is this all that Plagues your Mind?  
 An easy Remedy I'll find.  
 You to your Wife's Advice submit,  
 And we'll the Devil himself out-wit.  
 Come, turn about,——and leave your Moans,——  
 These Husbands are such very Drones.——  
 He sigh'd, obey'd, and did his best;  
 His Task perform'd he went to rest.

Our



Our happy Hours are quickly past,  
 And time to Misery makes haste.  
 Soon *Friday* comes, a dismal Day!  
 When such a Guest would Visits pay.  
 The Farmer dreads the approaching Scuffle;  
 (The Thoughts of Hell, the Boldest ruffle)  
 But still his Wife keeps up her Spirits;  
 She knew her Safe-guard, and its Merits:  
 She bids him hide, whate're should fall on't,  
 While she receiv'd the dreadful Gallant.  
 He soon obeys th' advent'rous Dame;  
 The Husband gone, the Devil came.

Who knocks impetuous at the Gate,  
 And angry grows, that he should wait.  
 Again for Ent'rance loud he cries,  
 But Screams and Groans are the Replies.  
 Love and the Devil, what can bind!  
 They stronger grow, the more confin'd:  
 If they can 'spy the smallest Hole,  
 One takes the Heart, and one the Soul.  
 So Satan, vex'd at the Delay,  
 Whip'd thro' the Key-hole to his Prey;  
 But to his great Amazement, found  
 Th' indecent Wife spread on the Ground;  
 High as the Waste expos'd and bare,  
 And with her Shrieks she pierc'd the Air.

Why, how now, Woman? Whence this Passion?  
 This Posture, and such Exclamation?

Ah! pity, Sir, my wretched Case,  
 And quickly fly this horrid Place.  
 You, by your grim, Majestick Air,  
 Your Feet, your Claws, your Horns dec're;  
 You with my Husband come to scratch;  
 But thou, ah! thou, th' unequal Match!  
 The cruel Monster ready stands,  
 But hope not to escape his Hands:  
 His Nails are Scythes upon my Life,  
 And for his Horns, Sir, ——— I'm his Wife.  
 This Morn, to try what he could do,  
 On me he would his Prowess shew:

This

This Chasm he made with's little Finger;  
Behold, Sir, ——— is it not a Swinger.

With that she threw her Legs aside,  
And shew'd a Hole surprizing wide,

Zounds, quoth the Devil, (quite amaz'd,  
When on the deadly Gulph he gaz'd)

What do I see! What makes that Wound

Of such Extent, and so profound!

If that Nail such a Wound could tear,

What can the Force of ten Claws bear!

And by the Stench, to shew his Spite,

With poyson'd Weapons he would fight.

My Talons are not half so long,

Nor is my Sulphur half so strong.

No, I'll submit, since my Lot's Hell;

At least I'll in a whole Skin dwell.

The Land is his, but be he bound,

Since he has made, to fill that Wound.

With that he vanish'd from her Eyes,

And sulph'rous Stench and Fumes arise.

The Farmer hastens to the Place,

His great Deliv'rer to embrace.

Well hast thou freed my tim'rous Soul;

But what did e'er thy Pow'r controul?

The fiercest Rage it soon disarms,

Tho' Hell it frights, yet Men it charms.

But be it on thy Tomb engrav'd,

'Tis the first Soul a Wife e'er sav'd.

### *The WHET.*

**W**INE, Wine in a Morning  
Makes us frolick and gay,

That like Eagles we fore

In the Pride of the Day.

Gouty Sots of the Night

Only find a Decay.

'Tis the Sun ripens the Grape,  
 And to Drinking gives Light;  
 We imitate him,  
 When by Noon, we are at Height;  
 They steal Wine, who take it  
 When he's out of sight.  
 Boy, fill all the Glasses,  
 Fill them up now he shines,  
 The higher he rises,  
 The more he refines;  
 For Wine and Wit fall  
 As their Maker declines.

## SONG.

## I.

**W**HO their Passions do fondly conceal,  
 They are-Fools for their Pains;  
 'Tis a Confidence gains,  
 What a modest Intrigue never wins.  
 Court briskly but once, and you'll presently find,  
 There's nothing than Woman, than Woman, so kind.

## II.

Then gently, good Madam, comply,  
 And seem not to say,  
 That you rather would stay;  
 If you do, I shall tell you, you lye; [him to't,  
 For you know, had not *Eve* with her Charms brought  
 The old Man had ne'er tasted, ne'er tasted the Fruit.

*On Sternhold and Hopkins, and the New Ver-  
 sion of David's Psalms.*

**Y**E scoundrel old Bards, and a Brace of dull Knaves,  
 What a plague makes ye mutter, and talk in your  
 [Graves?  
 Sure ye drank in your Porridge, like a Couple of Sots,  
 And have mix'd the Spoon-meat with the Belch of the Pots;  
 Or

Or the Worms had by this Time, if they had any Con-  
 [science,  
 Stopp'd the Tongues of those Fools who made *David* speak  
 [Nonsense.

*Ye* write, and be damn'd t' *ye*! *Ye* traffick in Metre!  
 Why, a Baudy-house *Tonge* has a Voice that is sweeter:  
 A *White-Fryar* Sinner, or a *Saint* in *Duck-Lane*,  
 A *Crowders-Well* Sonnet, or a *Pye-Corner* Strain,  
 Has Raptures and Flights, full of Judgment, and taking  
 When compar'd to the things *ye* call *Psalms* of your ma-  
 [king.

Shame on *ye*, for Coxcombs, away with this Riot,  
 And rot on, like the rest, who lie by *ye* in quiet;  
 Nor dare to presume to petition and squable,  
 When there's none takes your Part, but the ignorant  
 [Rabble.

As for *David*, for God's sake, how dare *ye* to name him?  
 When your wretched Translations so damnably shame  
 [him?

Poor *Psalmist*! he frets, and he storms, and he stares,  
 Bemoans his Composures, and renounces his Pray'rs;  
 Blushes more at the Dress which his *Penitence* hath on,  
 Than when told of his Faults by the Prophet old *Nathan*.  
 So chang'd are his Lines, and so murder'd each Sentence,  
 So debauch'd his God's *Praise*, and so lame his *Repentance*.  
 That to know the good King by the Words *ye* create him,  
 Is a thing much more hard, than it is to translate him.  
 Let me tell you, grave Dons, I'll be bold to assure *ye*,  
 It is well that this Warrior lies buried in *JURY*;  
 Had he laid near the Place, which at present contains,  
 Of the two sorry Sinners, the stupid Remains,  
 'Tis a Pound to a Penny, but his Ashes would fly on,  
 And handle your Skulls like the *Bear* and the *Lion*.

But for fear I should dwell on the Subject too long,  
 And the Dulness I laugh at, be seen in my Song;  
 Lest the *Muse* should turn Jade, and, by Sympathy led,  
 Take part of the Scandal sh' has flung on the Dead;  
 I'll no more of your Canting, and Whining, and Chim-  
 [ing.

Your *Elizaebth* Phrase, and your *Fartbingal-Rhiming*,  
 Brought





And thus I hourly prove her ;  
 Yet let me all those Curses share  
 That Heav'n can give, or Man can bear,  
 If I don't strangely love her.

*A Song in Ridicule of a famous Musician, who  
 was caught serenading his Mistress with his Base-  
 Viol, in a very frosty Night.*

LOOK down, fair Garretteer, bestow  
 One Glance upon your Swain,  
 Who stands below, in Frost and Snow,  
 And shaking, sings in Pain.  
 Thaw, with your Eyes, the frozen Street,  
 Or cool my hot Desire ;  
 I burn within, altho' my Feet  
 Are numb'd for want of Fire.

*Chorus, the Viol leading.*

*Tbrum, tbrum, tbrum, tbrum,*

*Come, come, come, come,*

*My dearest be not coy ;*

*For if you are, (Zit, zan, zounds) I*

*Must without your Favours die.*

Behold me from your lofty Tow'r,  
 And, to your Lover, shew  
 Your Charms ; and when it's in my Pow'r,  
 I'll be as kind to you.

Hither I came, with joyful Speed,  
 And fear'd no freezing Wind ;  
 But as the Saint at Troas did,  
 Have left my Cloak behind.

*Chorus.*

*Tbrum, &c.*

My Dear, would you but open wide  
 The Casement with your Hand,  
 My Fiddle, and my self beside,  
 Should be at your Command.

Vol. IV.

E

Could

Could I behold you in your Smock,  
 Tho' dark, the luscious View  
 Would then embolden me to knock,  
 And ask you how you do.

*Chorus.*

*Thrum, &c.*

Or would you open but the Door,  
 As I have done my Case,  
 I've sweeter Instruments in Store,  
 To play a thorough Base.  
 But since you're coy, I know not what  
 To farther sing or say,  
 My Love, 'tis true, is very hot,  
 Yet I'm too cold to stay.

*Chorus at going off.*

*Thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum,  
 Home, home, home, home,*

*I bate a Whore that's coy ;  
 But since you are, (Zit, zan, zounds) I  
 Must without your Favours die.*

### *The Good Fellow.*

#### I.

**W**Hile the pious grave Set does amuse half the Na-  
 [tion  
 With impertinent Scruples, and Zeal out of Fashion ;  
 While Harangues that at Church made us piously sleep,  
 'Mongst Priest-ridden Cullies, such a Pother do keep ;  
 We'll with trusty *Champaign* our Devotion refine,  
 And shew a good Conscience by drinking our Wine.

#### II.

Let the motly dull Herd for Religion engage ;  
 Let 'em urge the Dispute with vile Clamour and Rage ;  
 Let your Authors keep on the dull Method of Writing,  
 And pursue the curs'd Toil they take so much Delight in.  
 We ne'er make Replies, but rest fully contented,  
 Tho' good Fellows and Drink, have been misrepresented.

III. May

## III.

May their musty stiff Volumes to *Grub-street* adjourn,  
 Or rot in *Duck-Lane*, or in Coffee-house burn;  
 May they furnish no more empty Cits with Debate,  
 Or touch the Intrigues and Arcana's of Seate,  
 Wine does edify more, than dull Canting of Vicar;  
 'Tis our Freedom we owe to that orthodox Liquor.

## IV.

I ne'er pall my Fancy, or trouble my Brain  
 With the Chances and Fate that our Stars will ordain;  
 Let the Monarch of *France* keep his Subjects at Home,  
 And forbid the mad Zealots abroad for to roam,  
 So he lets his boon Claret but cross the kind Main,  
 We shall never be angry, we shall never complain.

## V.

Ne'er tell me of those, that with factious Notion  
 Infect the wild Rabble, and poison Devotion;  
 That Mortal is guilty of a far greater Sin,  
 That presumes, with vile Stum, to debauch honest Wine.  
 Such impious Wretches, may Poverty seize on,  
 'Tis against our Liege *Bacchus* the highest of Treason.

*Commendatory Verses on the Author of the two  
 Arthurs, and the Satyr against Wit. By se-  
 veral Hands, and collected by Mr. Brown.*

*A short and true History of the Author of the  
 Satyr against Wit.*

---

By Col. Codrington.

---

BY Nature meant, by Want a Pedant made,  
*Bl—re* at first profess'd the Whipping-trade;  
 Grown fond of Buttocks, he would lash no more,  
 But kindly cur'd the A—he gall'd before.  
 So Quack commenc'd; then fierce with Pride, he swore,  
 That Tooth-ach, Gripes, and Corns should be no more.



In vain his Drugs, as well as Birch, he try'd,  
 His Boys grew Blockheads, and his Patients dy'd.  
 Next, he turn'd Bard, and mounted on a Cart,  
 Whose hideous Rumbling made *Apollo* start;  
 Burlsqu'd the bravest, wisest Son of *Mars*,  
 In Ballad-Rhimes, and all the Pomp of Farce.  
 Still he chang'd Callings, and at length has hit  
 On Bus'ness for his matchless Talent fit,  
 To give us Drenches for the Plague of Wit.

*Upon the Author of the Satyr against Wit.*

---

*By Sir Charles Sidley.*

---

A Grave Physician us'd to write for Fees,  
 And spoil no Paper, but with Recipes,  
 Is now turn'd Poet, rails against all Wit,  
 Except that little found among the Great?  
 As if he thought true Wit and Sense were ty'd  
 To Men in Place, like Avarice or Pride.  
 But in their Praise so like a Quack he talks,  
 You'd swear he wanted for his *Christmas-box*.  
 With Mangl'd Names, old Stories he pollutes,  
 And to the present Time, past Actions suits.  
 Amaz'd we find, in ev'ry Page he writes,  
 Members of Parliament, with *Arthur's* Knights.  
 It is a common Pastime to write ill;  
 And Doctor, with the rest, e'en take thy fill.  
 Thy Satyr's harmless; 'tis thy Prose that kills,  
 When thou prescrib'st thy Potions, and thy Pills.

To that incomparable Panegyrist, the Author of the  
Satyr upon Wit.

By Coll. Bl-----.

Henceforth no more in thy Poetick Rage,  
Burlesque the God-like Heroes of the Age ;  
No more King *Artburs* be with Labour writ,  
But follow Nature, and still rail at Wit,  
For this thy mighty Genius was design'd ;  
In this thy Cares a due Success may find.  
Opinions we more easily receive  
From Guides, that practise by those Rules they give.  
So Dullness thou may'st write into Esteem ;  
Thy great Example, as it is thy Theme.  
Hope not to join (like *G---th's* immortal Lays)  
The keenest Satyr with the best of Praise.  
Thy Satyrs bite not, but like *Æsop's* Asps,  
Thou kick'st the Darling whom thou would'st caress.  
Would'st thou our Youth from Poetry afright,  
'Tis wisely done, thy self in Verse to write.  
So drunken Slaves the *Spartans* did design  
Should fright their Children from the Love of Wine,  
Go on, and rail as thou hast done before.  
Thus Lovers use, when picqu'd in an Amour ;  
The Nymph they can't enjoy, they call a Whore.

The Quack corrected ; or, Advice to the Knight  
of the Ill favour'd Muse.

By the Right Honourable the Earl of ---

LET *Bl---re* still, in good King *Arthur's* Vein,  
To *Flechno's* Empire his just Right maintain.

Let him his own to common Sense oppose,  
 With Praise and Slander, maul both Friends and Foes;  
 Let him great *Dr—d—n*'s awful Name prophane,  
 And learned *G—rtb* with envious Pride disdain;  
*Codron*'s bright Genious with vile Puns lampoon,  
 And run a Muck at all the Wits in Town;  
 Let the Quack scribble any Thing but Bills,  
 His Satyr wounds not, but his Phyfick kills.

*To the merry Poet after at Sadler's-Hall in  
 Cheapfide.*

By Dr. \* \* \*

**U**Nweildy Pedant, let thy awkward Muse  
 With Censures praise, with Flatteries abuse.  
 To last, and not be felt, in thee's an Art;  
 Thou ne'er mad'st any, but thy School-boys smart.  
 Then be advis'd, and scribble not agen;  
 Thou'rt fashion'd for a Flail, and not a Pen.  
 If *B—l*'s immortal Wit thou would'st decry,  
 Pretend 'tis he that writ thy Poetry.  
 Thy feeble Satyr ne'er can do him Wrong,  
 Thy Poems and thy Patients live not long.

*An equal Match; or, a drawn Battle.*

By Col. Codrington.

**A** Monument of Dullness to erect,  
*B—y* should write, and *Bt—re* correct,  
 Like which, no other Piece can e'er be wrought,  
 For Decency of Stile, and Life of Thought;  
 But that where *B—y* shall in Judgment sit,  
 To pare Excrefcencies from *Bt—re*'s Wit.

*To the Mirrour of British Knighthood, the worthy  
Author of the Satyr against Wit: Occasion'd  
by the Hemistick, Pag. 8.*

---

By *Richard Steel, Esq;*

---

Heav'n's guard poor A--n.  
**M**UST I then passive stand? and can I hear  
 The Man I love, abus'd, and yet forbear?  
 Yet much I thank thy Favour to my Friend,  
 'Twas some Remorse thou did'st not him commend.  
 Thou do'st not all my Indignation raise;  
 For I prefer thy Pity, to thy Praise.  
 In vain thou would'st thy Name, dull Pedant hide;  
 There's not a Line but smells of thy *Cheapside*.  
 If *Cesar's* Bounty for your Trash you've shar'd,  
 You are not the first Assassine he has spar'd.  
 His Mercy, not his Justice, made thee Knight,  
 Which *Port-r* may demand with equal Right.  
 Well may'st thou think an useless Talent Wit;  
 Thou, who without it, ha'st three Poems writ:  
 Impenitrably dull, secure thou'rt found,  
 And can'st receive no more, than give a Wound:  
 Then scorn'd by all, to some dark Corner fly,  
 And in Lethargick Trance, expiring lie,  
 'Till thou from injur'd G--rth thy Cure receive,  
 And S--d only Absolution give.

*To the Cheapside Kt. on his Satyr against Wit.*

---

By *Mr. William Burnaby.*

---

**S**ome scribbling Fops so little value Fame,  
 They sometimes hit, because they never aim.

E. 4.

But



But thou for erring, ha'st a certain Rule,  
 And, aiming, art inviolably dull.  
 Thy muddy Stream, no lucid Drop supplies,  
 But Puns like Bubbles on the Surface rise,  
 All that for Wit you could, you've kindly done;  
 You cannot write, but can be writ upon.  
 And a like Fate does either side besit,  
 Immortal Dulness, or immortal Wit.  
 In just Extreame an equal Merit lies,  
 And B—le and G—rtb with thee must share the Prize,  
 Since thou can'st sink, as much as they can rise.

*To the indefatigable Rhimer.*

---

By Dr. Smith.

---

O ! S—rs, T—st, D—ett, M—gue,  
 G—y, S—ld, C—sh, P—ke, V—n, you,  
 Who suffer Bl—re to insult your Taste,  
 And tamely hear him bluster in Bombast,  
 Bid him, before he dare to write agen,  
 Resign his own, and take some other Pen.  
 D—n shall Numbers, C—ve Wit inspire,  
 Dr—ke nicest Rules, but B—le and Codron Fire.  
 Then G—rtb shall teach him, and his witless Tribe,  
 First to write Sense, and after to prescribe.  
 The unlearn'd Pedant thus may please the Town,  
 But his own nauseous Trash will ne'er go down;  
 For naught can equal what the Bard has writ,  
 But R—ff's Scholarship, and G—n's Wit.

*A modest Request to the Poetical Knight.*

By Col. Codrington.

SINCE B---y's Nonsense to out-do, you strive,  
 Vain to be thought the dullest Wretch alive,  
 And such in imitable Strains have writ,  
 That the most famous Blockheads must submit;  
 Long may you Reign, and long unenvy'd live,  
 And none invade your great Prerogative.  
 But in Return, your Poetry give o'er,  
 And persecute poor Job, and us no more.

*Wholesome Advice to a City Knight, over-run with  
 Rhimes and Hypocrisie: Occasion'd by his Sa-  
 tyr against Wit.*

By the Right Honourable the Earl of Angelsea.

WE bid thee not give o'er the Killing-Trade:  
 Whilst Fees come in, 'tis fruitless to dissuade.  
 Religion is a Trick you've practis'd long,  
 To bring in Pence, and gull the gaping Throng.  
 But all thy Patients now perceive thy Aim,  
 They find thy Morals and thy skill the same.  
 Then, if thou would'st thy Ignorance redress,  
 Prithee mind Physick more, and Rhiming less.

To a thrice illustrious Quack, Pedant, and Bard,  
on his incomparable Poem, call'd, A Satyr a-  
gainst Wit.

---

By the Right Hon. the Countess of Sandwich.

---

THOU Fund of Nonsense, was it not enough,  
That Cits and pious Ladies lik'd thy Stuff,  
That as thou copy'dst *Virgil*, all might see,  
Judicious Bell-men imitated thee :  
That to thy Cadence, Sextons fet their Chimes,  
And Nurses, skimming Possets hum'd thy Rhimes.  
But thou must needs fall foul on Men of Sense,  
With Dulness equal to thy Impudence.  
Are *D-n*, *C-dr-n*, *G-th*, *V--t*, *B-le*,  
Those Names of Wonder, that adorn our Isle,  
Fit Subjects for thy vile pedantick Pen ?  
Hence sawcy Usher, to thy Desk again.  
Construe *Dutch* Notes, and pore upon Boys A—es,  
But, prithee write no more heroick Farces.  
Teach blooming Blockheads by thy own try'd Rules,  
To give us Demonstration that they're Fools.  
Let 'em by *N—*'s Sermon-Style refine  
Their *English* Prose, their Poetry by thine.  
Let *W—y*'s Rhimes their Emulation raise,  
And *Ar-w—*, instruct 'em how to praise.  
That, when all Ages in this Truth agree,  
They're finish'd Dunces, they may rival thee ;  
Thou only Strain to mighty *William*'s Sword !  
Old *Jemmy* never knighted such a T—d.  
For the most nauseous Mixture God can make,  
Is a dull Pedant, and a busie Quack.

To Sir R---- Bl----re, on the two Arthurs being  
condemn'd to be hang'd.

ONce more take Pen in Hand, obsequious Knight,  
For here's a Theme thou can'st not underwrite,  
Unless the Devil owes thy Muse a Spite.  
To Prince and King thy Dullness Life did give ;  
Let then these *Arthurs* too in Dogg'rel live.

*A Tale.*

---

By Col. Codrington.

---

POems and Prose of diff'rent Force lay Claim,  
With the same Confidence to *Tully's* Name ;  
And shallow Criticks were content to say,  
Prose was his Bus'ness, Poetry his Play.  
Thus *Cæsar* thought, thus *Brutus* and the rest.  
Who knew the Man, and knew his Talent best.

*Maurus* arose, sworn Foe to Health and Wit,  
Who *Folio* Bills and *Folio* Ballads writ ;  
Who buff'd much for Bread, and for Renown,  
By Lies and Poison scatter'd through the Town.  
To *Roman* Wives with Veneration known,  
For *Roman* Wives were very like our own.  
And Husbands then we find in *Latin* Song,  
Would love too little, and would live too long.  
*Tully*, says he, 'tis plain to Friends and Foes,  
Writes his own Verse, but borrows all his Prose.  
He fearless was, because he was not brave ;  
A noble *Roman* would not beat a Slave.  
The Counsel smiling, said, Judicious Friend,  
Thy shining Genius shall thy Works defend.  
Inimitable Strokes defend thy Fame ;  
Thy Beauties and thy Force are still the same :

And



And I must yield, with the consenting Town,  
Thy Ballads and thy Bills are all thy own.

*Upon the Character of Codron, as 'tis drawn by  
the bungling Knight, in his Satyr against Wit.*

---

By Col. Codrington.

---

HOW kind is Malice manag'd by a Sot,  
Where no Design directs the *Embryo* Thought,  
And Praise and Satyr stumble out by Lot. }  
The mortal Thrust to *Codron's* Heart design'd,  
Proves a soft wanton Touch to charm his Mind.  
Can *M---nt---gue* or *D---rs---t* higher soar?  
Or can immortal *St---ff---ld* wish for more?  
Brightness, Force, Justness, Delicacy, Ease,  
Must form that Wit, that can the Ladies please.  
No false affected Rules debauch their Taste, }  
No fruitless Toils their gen'rous Spirits waste,  
Which wear a Wit into a Dunce at last.  
No lumber Learning gives an awkward Pride,  
False Maxims cramp not, nor false Lights misguide.  
*Voiture* and *W---sh* their easie Hours employ,  
*Voiture* and *W---sh*, oft read will never cloy.  
With Care they guard the Musick of their Stile,  
They fly from *B---ly*, and converse with *B---le*:  
They steal no Terms, no Notions from the Schools,  
The Pedant's Pleasure, and the Pride of Fools;  
With native Charms their matchless Thoughts surprize,  
Soft as their Souls, and beauteous as their Eyes:  
Gay as the Light, and unconfin'd as Air,  
Chast and sublime, all worthy of the Fair.  
How then can a rough artless *Indian* Wit  
The faultless Palates of the Ladies fit?  
*Codron* will never stand so nice a Test,  
Nor is't with Praise, fair Mouths oblige him best.

Let

Let others make a vain Parade of Parts,  
 Whilst *Codron* aims not at Applause, but Hearts.  
 Secure him those, and thou shalt name the rest,  
 Thy Spite shall chuse the worst, thy Taste the best.  
 He will his Health to *Mirmil's* Care resign,  
 He will with *Buxtorf* and with *B——ly* shine,  
 And be a Wit in any Way but thine,

}  
}

*An Epigram on Job, travestied by the City Bard.*

By Col. *Codrington*.

POOR *Job* lost all the Comforts of his Life,  
 And hardly sav'd a Potsherd, and a Wife:  
 Yet *Job* blest God; and *Job* again was blest,  
 His Virtue was essay'd, and bore the Test.  
 But had Heav'n's Wrath pour'd out its fiercest Vial,  
 Had he been then burlesqu'd, without Denial,  
 The patient Man had yielded to that Tryal.  
 His pious Spouse, with *Bl——* on her Side,  
 Must have prevail'd, and *Job* had curs'd, and dy'd.

}  
}

*To the Adventurous Knight of Cheapside, upon his  
 Satyr against Wit.*

By Mr. *Manning*.

W Hat Frenzy has possess'd thy desp'rate Brain,  
 To rail at Wit in this unhallow'd Strain?  
 Reproach of thy own kind! to slander Sense,  
 The nobl'st Gift bestow'd by Providence!  
 Was it Revenge provok'd thee thus to write,  
 Because thou'rt curs'd to such a dearth of Wit?  
 Or was it eager Passion for a Name,  
 To be inroll'd among the Fools of Fame?

Like

Like him, who rather than he'd live obscure,  
 Would fire a Church to make his Name secure ?  
 Or was it thy Despair at length to find  
 Thy loads of Chaff the Sport of ev'ry Wind ?  
 To see thy hasty Muse, that loves to roam,  
 Promise such Journeys, but come founde'r'd Home ?  
 Just fate of Sots, who think in their vain Breast,  
 Their Coffee-Rhimes shall stand the publick Test :  
 Seiz'd with prolifick Dulness, 'tis thy Curse  
 To write still on, and still too for the worse.  
 Who hates not *Wesley*, may thy Works esteem,  
 Both alike able to disgrace their Theme.  
 But thou, through wild Conceit, aspiring still,  
 Claim'st, in thy ravings, *Esculapian*-skill.  
 Quack, thou art sure in both, and curs'd is he,  
 Who guided by his adverse Stars to thee,  
 Employs thy deadly Potions to reclaim  
 His feeble Health, thy Pen to spread his Fame.

*To the canting Author of the Satyr against Wit.*

---

By ----- *Mildmay*, Esq;

---

THE Preacher *Maurus* cries, All Wit is vain,  
 Unless 'tis like his Godliness, for Gain.  
 Of most vain Things he may the Folly own ;  
 But Wit's a Vanity he has not known.

*Friendly Advice to Dr. Bl-----*

---

By the Right Honourable the Lord -----

---

K Nighthood to Heroes only once was due,  
 Now's the Reward of stupid praise in you.

Why

Why should a Quack be dubb'd, unless it be  
 That Pois'ning is an Act of Chivalry?  
 Thus we must own, you have your Thousands slain  
 With direful strokes of your resistless Pen.  
 By whipping the Boys, your Cruelty began,  
 And grew, by bolder Steps, to killing Man.  
 Just the reverse of *Dionysius* Fate,  
 Who fell to flogging Bums, from murdering the State.  
 For both these Trades your Genius far unfit,  
 At length with sawcy Pride aspires to Wit.  
 Which by pretending to, you more disgrace,  
 Than toasting *Bedus*, our ancient *British* Race.  
 I'th' Mountebank the Ass had lain conceal'd,  
 But his loud braying has the Brute reveal'd.  
 Such vile Heroicks, such unhallow'd Strains,  
 Were never spawn'd before from *Irish* Brains;  
 Nor drowsy *Mum*, nor dozing *Usquebaugh*,  
 Could e'er suggest such Lines to Sir *John Daw*,  
 You weakly skirmish with the Sins o'th' Age,  
 And are the errant Scavenger o'th' Stage.  
 Why Vertue makes no progress now is plain,  
 Because such Knights as you its Cause maintain.  
 If you'd a Friend to Sense and Virtue be,  
 And to Mankind, for once be rul'd by me,  
 Leave Moralizing, Drugs and Poetry.

To Dr. Garth, on the fourth Edition of his Incomparable Poem, The Dispensary; occasion'd by some Lines in the Satyr against Wit.

---

By Dr. James Drake.

---

Old thy Attempts, in these hard Times, to raise  
 In our unfriendly Clime, the tender Bays,  
 While Northern Blasts drive from the neighb'ring Flood,  
 And nip the springing Lawrel in the Bud.

On



On such bleak Paths our present Poets tread,  
 The very Garland withers on each Head.  
 In vain the Criticks strive to purge the Soil,  
 Fertile in Weeds, it mocks their busie Toil.  
 Spontaneous Crops of *Jobs* and *Arthurs* rise,  
 Whose tow'ring Nonsense braves the very Skies.  
 Like Paper-kites, the empty Volumes fly,  
 And by mere force of Wind are rais'd on high.

While we did these with stupid Patience spare,  
 And from *Apollo's* Plants withdrew our Care,  
 The Muses Garden did small Product yield,  
 But Hemp and Hemlock over-ran the Field;  
 'Till skilful *Garth*, with salutary Hand,  
 Taught us to weed, and cure poetick Land;  
 Grubb'd up the Brakes and Thistles which he found,  
 And sow'd with Verse and Wit the sacred Ground.  
 But now the Riches of that Soil appear,  
 Which four fair Harvests yields in half a Year.

No more let Criticks of the want complain  
 Of *Mantuan* Verse, or the *Meonian* Strain;  
 Above them *Garth* does on their Shoulders rise,  
 And, what our Language wants, his Wit supplies,  
 Fam'd Poets after him shall strain their Throats,  
 And unfledg'd Muses chirp their infant Notes.

Yes, *Garth*, thy Enemies confess thy Store,  
 They burst with Envy, yet they long for more:  
 Ev'n we, thy Friends, in doubt thy Kindness call,  
 To see thy Stock so large, and Gift so small.  
 But Jewels in small Cabinets are laid,  
 And richest Wines in little Casks convey'd.

Let lumpish *Bl——re* his dull Hackney freight,  
 And break his Back with heavy Folio's Weight;  
 His *Pegasus* is of the *Flanders* Breed,  
 And limb'd for Draught or Burthen, not for Speed.  
 With Cart-horse trot, he sweats beneath the Pack  
 Of rhiming Prose and Knighthood on his Back.  
 Made for a Drudge, e'en let him beat the Road,  
 And tug of senseless Reams th' Heroick load;  
 'Till o'er-strain'd, the Jade is set, and tires,  
 And sinking in the Mud, with Groans expires.

Then

Then *Bl——re* shall this Favour owe to thee,  
 That thou perpetuat'st his Memory.  
*Bavins* and *Mævius* so their Works survive,  
 And in one single Line of *Virgil's* live.

*To a Famous Doctor and Poet at Sadlers-hall.*

IF Wit (as we are told) be a Disease,  
 And if Physicians cure by Contraries;  
*Bl——re* alone the healing Secret knows,  
 'Tis from his Pen the grand *Elixir* flows.

*To the Cheapside Quack; occasion'd by this Verse  
 in the Satyr against Wit.*

'Who with more ease can cure, than *C---ch* kill.

---

*By a Gentleman whom Dr. C---lb---ch had cur'd  
 of the Gout.*

---

HOW durst thy railing Muse, vain Wretch, pretend  
 In base Lampoons thus to abuse my Friend!  
 Whose sacred Art has freed me from my Pains,  
 And broke a haughty Tyrant's stubborn Chains?  
 Keep off, for if thou com'st within my Clutches,  
 I'll baste thy Knighthood with my *quondam* Crutches,  
 The gen'rous Wine that does my Sorrows drown,  
 The charming *Calia* that my Nights does crown,  
 The manly pleasures of the sporting Fields,  
 The gay delights the pompous *Drama* yields;  
 All this, and more, to his great Skill I owe,  
 Such Blessings can thy boasted Helps bestow?  
 The Snuff of Life, perhaps thy feeble Art  
 May fondly lengthen to thy Patients smart;

But

But Health no more 'tis in thy Pow'r to give,  
Than thy dull Muse can make her Heroes live.

Ev'n War and Plague of killing to arraign  
In thee, is most nonsensical and vain :  
Thee, who a branded Killer art declar'd  
In both Capacities of Quack and Bard.  
Whatever Sots to thy Prescriptions fly,  
For their vain Confidence, are sure to die ;  
And whate'er Argument thy Muse employs,  
Her awkward, stupid Management destroys.  
Death with fure Steps thy Doses still attends,  
And Death too follows, whom thy Muse commends,  
What can escape thy all-destroying Quill  
When ev'n thy Cordials, and thy Praises kill ?  
Thy Mother, sure, when in Despair and Pain  
She brought thee forth, thought of the Murd'rer Cain.

*To that most incomparable Bard and Quack, the  
Author of the Satyr against Wit.*

---

By *Tho. Cheek, Esq;*

---

**I** Charge thee, Knight, in Great *Apollo's* Name,  
If thou'rt not dead to all Reproof and Shame,  
Either thy Rhimes or Clysters to disclaim. }  
Both are too much, one feeble Brain to rack,  
Besides, the Bard will soon undo the Quack.  
Such Shoals of Readers thy damn'd Fustian kills,  
Thou'lt scarce leave one alive to take thy Pills.

*A merry Ballad on the City Bard.*

---

By the Honourable *Richard Norton, Esq;*

---

*To a new Play-house Tune,*

**I**N London City, near *Cheap-side*,  
A wond'rous Bard does dwell  
Whose *Epicks* (if they're not bely'd)  
Do *Virgil's* far excel.

*A spright-*

A sprightly Wit and Person join'd  
 Both Poet and Physician ;  
 Artist as famous in his Kind,  
 For ought I know, as *Titian*.  
 In Coffee-houses purest Air,  
 His foggy Lines he writes,  
 In Fields of Dust and Spittle there  
 This *British* Hero fights.  
 By sudden Motion then o'erta'en,  
 The Privy-house he chuses ;  
 Great are his Thoughts, and great his Pain,  
 And yet no Time he loses.  
 Grip'd in his Guts and Muse, he there indites,  
 And praises *Arthur* most, when most he sh---

*Henrico Higden Arm.*

*Cum infœliciter ipsi Comadia cesserit.*

1693.

**Q**uod inquieta voce, risu, sibilis,  
*Salesq;* comptos & innoxios jocos,  
*Superba Bruti turba sic exceperit.*  
*Quod purpuratus Infans, & vecors Eques,*  
*Summoq;* *Meritrix in subsellio sedens,*  
*Totusq;* *delicaturorum circulus,*  
*In te, tuumq;* *conjuraverint opus.*  
*Nolito in iras irritas erumpere,*  
*Damnare Musas, increpare Apollinem,*  
*Cœlosque votis improbis lacessere.*  
*Quin, Drama tandem luce donans publica,*  
*Invisis orbem, quin timoris inscius,*  
*Vanas Maligniorum despicias minas ?*  
*Abunde damnum sic resarcies prius,*  
*Fameq;* *consules ; Lector dabit libens*  
*Quod improbus spectator abnegaverat.*



*On the Treatment of the Modern Drama.* By  
*Mr. Kn--- of Magd. Coll.*

ONce Bear and Champion did engage

In mortal fray on *Roman* Stage:

Our Moderns have reviv'd the matter,

The former Age renew'd in latter,

And made Bear-garden of Theatre.

Here Beau, the only Modish Brute,

With honest Authors does dispute:

And as on *Roman* Stage predicted,

Fell Wound on Champion was inflicted,

When stout *Bruino* kept his Station,

Invoking Brother Constellation

To assist him in the Disputation:

To curry poor Heroic Hide well,

And harrow Carcass, Back and Side well;

But tho' he got a bloody Rump on't,

His Honour still came off Triumphant.

So tho' the Pit Grimalkins, that maul

With wicked Serenade of Catcall,

Oft rout a poor Dramatic Hero,

(As *Teague* was once by *Iero, Iero.*)

A well-writ Play, like Russians treat,

Confound the Scene, and Blot defeat,

In spite of all the Damme Chorus,

Th' immortal Wit is still victorious.

I then in person of an Author,

Since good Dramatics have no growth here,

Like pious Felons doom'd to be

Made Pendulum for Gallow-tree;

That gives advice, lest sinful Mortal,

Like him his days in Hemp should curtail,

Advise you all to leave off Writing,

The mortal Sin of well enditing,

But if no Counsel can be used

By riming Wretch when once be-mused,

(For

(For Crown and Bum there's such a curse in,  
They're ne'er at ease, but when untrussing )  
Since wholsom Salt of Author season'd,  
To taste of Nation is unpleasant,  
(When busie Noddle's next in labour,  
And has a need to purge on Paper)  
Invoke the bastard Race of *Phebus*,  
Skill'd in Acrostic, Pun, and Rebus,  
With spirit of late *Marriage-bater*,  
T' assist to make Lampoon on Nature,  
And ev'n on Farce it self a Satyr ;  
For that alone gives titillation,  
And saves poor Poet from damnation.

*On Dr. Lower, who was observed to be grown  
good-natur'd a little before his Death. By ano-  
ther-hand.*

HAD not good humour o'er the ill prevail'd,  
Death in attempting Dr. *Lower* had fail'd ;  
For he, alas, good Man, in Health declin'd,  
By changing the bad Manners of his Mind :  
And's very Understanding got a Cough,  
By leaving an old Habit too soon off.  
For had he kept his Humour most austere,  
He might have yet liv'd with us many a Year,  
Preserv'd in his own Pickle, Vinegar:  
But when the *Alkali* had kill'd the sow'r,  
His Blood being sweeten'd, off troopt Dr. *Lower*.

*To his Cruel Mistress. Out of French.*

I.

TIS then decreed, and now I find  
I'm for a Sacrifice design'd ;  
Since my imperious Fair denies  
Rest to my Soul, and slumber to my Eyes.

II.

## II.

Go take a Kiss, Love whispers in my Ear ;  
 But love, alas ! gives way to fear.  
 Awful Respect the aspiring Flame commands.  
 Tyes up my Tongue, and binds my Hands.

## III.

Ah ! must your bleeding Lover die,  
 And see his balm, and see his cure so nigh ?  
 Or fierce, and eager of the Bliss,  
 Shall he presume to seize a balmy Kiss.

## IV.

No——he'll ten thousand Deaths endure,  
 And all the rigours of his Fate attend,  
 E're he'll by Sacrilege attempt his Cure,  
 And his dear *Bellamette* offend.

*An Ode upon a Kiss. Out of French.*

## I.

NAY, now ambitious Thoughts farewell,  
 I pity Kings in all their state,  
 While thus in *Lesbia's* Arms I dwell,  
 And mighty Love does on my Triumphs wait.

## II.

Thus let me languishing expire,  
 Incircled in her snowy Arms,  
 Till she revives me with her Charms,  
 And pours into my Breast a nobler Fire.

## III.

Thus let me sigh my Soul away,  
 And Revel in immortal Bliss,  
 Thus let me spend th' auspicious Day,  
 And crown each smiling Moment with a Kiss.

## IV.

*Adonis* ne'er was half so blest,  
 Nor half the pleasure shar'd, as I :  
 Tho' Love's bright Goddess him carest,  
 And in her Arms hugg'd the delicious Boy.

## V.

Nor Jove himself such transports knew,  
 When Danaë's charms the captive God did hold,  
 Tho' he, the pleasure to pursue,  
 Mortgag'd his poor Almightyship to Gold.

## VI.

A thousand Loves in solemn state  
 On those two roſie Lips reſide,  
 While buſie I, with eager pride,  
 Sip all their Sweets, and bleſs my happy Fate.

## VII.

Now on her glowing Breasts I range,  
 Now kiſs her Cheeks, and now her Eyes;  
 The Pleasure's heighten'd by the change,  
 And fills me with unruly Joys.

## VIII.

But ah ! my Beauteous Nymph beware  
 How you encrease my ſtore,  
 For elſe your pamper'd Slave may dare,  
 Drunk as he is with Joy, to preſs for ſomething more.

## IX.

For ſay, fond Lovers, what you will  
 To deſiſe a Kiſs,  
 'Tis but a Pledge, or Prologue ſtill,  
 To the ſucceeding Acts of Blifs.

*A Sapphic Ode in the Valesiana.*

**D**Ulcius quam fit putat eſſe mollis  
 Virgo quod nescit, ſitis inde magna  
 Cognita nondum Veneris puellas  
 Torquet adultas.

At recordantur Vidua peractas  
 Cum viris noctes, ſitis inde major.  
 Cognita dudum Veneris prioris  
 Suscitāt ignes.

Virgini ignoſci, Viduene malis ?  
 Illa quod nescit cupit experiri  
 Hac quod experta eſt, avertit : inde Virgo  
 Aequius ardet.



## A Translation.

*Principio, Cælum, & Terras, Titaniaq; astra  
Spiritus intus alit, totumq; infusa per artus  
Mens agitat molem----*

**I**'LL sing how God, the World's almighty Mind,  
Thro' all infus'd, and to that All confin'd;  
Directs the Parts, and with an equal Hand  
Supports the whole, enjoying his command:  
How all agree, and how the parts have made  
Strict Leagues, subsisting by each others aid.  
How all by Reason move, because one Soul  
Lives in the parts, diffusing thro' the whole.

For did not all the friendly parts conspire  
To make one whole, and keep the Frame entire;  
And did not Reason guide, and Sense controul  
The vast stupendious Machine of the whole;  
Earth wou'd not keep its place, the Skies wou'd fall,  
And universal stiffness deaden all.  
Stars wou'd not whirl their round, nor Day nor Night  
Their course perform, but stop their usual Flight.  
Rains wou'd not feed the Fields, and Earth deny  
Mists to the Clouds, and Vapours to the Sky.  
Seas wou'd not fill the Springs, nor Springs return  
Their grateful Tribute from their flowing Urn.  
Nor wou'd the All, unless contriv'd by Art,  
So justly be proportion'd in each part;  
That neither Seas, nor Skies, nor Stars exceed  
Our Wants, nor are too scanty for our need.  
Thus stands the Frame, and the Almighty Soul,  
Thro' all diffus'd, so turns, and guides the whole,  
That nothing from its settled station swerves,  
And Motion alters not the Frame, but still preserves.  
This God, or Reason, which the Orbs does move,  
Makes Things below depend on Signs above:  
Tho' far remov'd, tho' hid in Shades of Night,  
And scarce to be descry'd by their own Light.

Yet

Yet Nations own, and Men their influence feel,  
 They rule the publick, and the private will ;  
 The Proofs are plain. Thus from a different Star  
 We find a fruitful, or a barren Year ;  
 Now Grains increase, and now refuse to grow,  
 Now quickly ripen, now their Growth is slow.  
 The Moon commands the Seas ; she drives the Main  
 To pass the Shores, then drives it back again.  
 And this Sedition chiefly swells the streams,  
 When opposite she views her Brother's Beams :  
 Or when she near in close Conjunction rides,  
 She rears the Floods, and swells the flowing Tides ;  
 Or when attending on the yearly Race,  
 The Equinoctial sees her borrow'd Face.

Her Power sinks deep, it searches all the Main,  
 Testaceous fish, as she her Light regains,  
 Increase, and still diminish in her Wane. }  
 For as the Moon in deepest darkness mourns,  
 Then Rays receive, and points her borrow'd Horns,  
 Then turns her Face, and with a Smile invites  
 The full Effusions of her Brother's Lights,  
 They to her Changes due Proportions keep;  
 And show her various Phases in the Deep.

So Brutes, whom Nature did in sport create,  
 Ignorant of themselves, and of their Fate,  
 A secret Instinct still erects their Eyes  
 To Parent Heav'n, and seems to make them wise.  
 One at the New Moon's rise to distant Shores  
 Retires, his Body sprinkles, and adores.  
 Some see Storms gathering, or Serenes foretel,  
 And scarce our Reason guides us half so well.

Then who can doubt that Man, the glorious Pride  
 Of all, is nearer to the Stars ally'd ?  
 Nature in Man's capacious Soul has wrought,  
 And given them Voice expressive of their Thought  
 In Man the God descends, and joys to find  
 The narrow Image of his greater Mind.  
 But why should all the other Arts be shown ?  
 Too various for Productions of our own.

Why shou'd I sing how different Tempers fall,  
 And inequality is seen in all?  
 How many strive with equal Care to gain  
 The highest prize, and yet how few obtain?  
 Which proves not Matter sways, but Wisdom rules  
 And measures out the bigness of our Souls.  
 Sure Fate stands fixt, nor can its Laws decay,  
 'Tis Heav'n's to rule and Matter's Essence to obey.

Who cou'd know Heaven, unless that Heav'n bestow'd  
 The Knowledge? or find God, but part of God?  
 How cou'd the Space Immence be e'er confin'd  
 Within the Compass of a narrow mind?  
 How cou'd the Skies, the Dances of the Stars,  
 Their Motions adverse, and eternal Wars.  
 Unless kind Nature in our Breasts had wrought  
 Proportion'd Souls, be subject to our Thought?  
 Were Heaven not aiding to advance our Mind,  
 To know Fate's Laws, and teach the Way to find;  
 Did not the Skies their kindred Souls Improve,  
 Direct, and lead them thro' the Maze above,  
 Discover Nature, shew its secret Springs,  
 And tell the sacred intercourse of Things.  
 How impious were our Search, how bold our Course,  
 Thus to assault, and take the Skies by Force.

A most convincing Reason's drawn from Sense,  
 That this vast Frame is mov'd by Providence,  
 Which like the Soul does every whirl advance,  
 It must be God, nor was it made by chance,  
 As *Epicurus* dreamt: He madly thought  
 This beauteous Frame of heedless Atoms wrought.  
 The Seas and Earth, the Stars and spacious Air,  
 Which forms new Worlds, or does the old repair,  
 First rose from these, and still supply'd remain,  
 And all must be when Chance shall break the Chain  
 Dissolv'd to these wild Principles again. }  
 Absurd and Nonsense! Atheist use thine Eyes,  
 And having view'd the order of the Skies,  
 Think, if thou canst, that Matter blindly hurl'd,  
 Without a Guide, shou'd frame this wound'rous World.

But did Chance make, and Chance still rule the whole,  
 Why do the Signs in constant order rowl?  
 Observe set times to shut and open Day?  
 Nor meet, nor juggle, and mistake their way?  
 Perform their Course, as if by Laws confin'd,  
 None hasten on, and leave the rest behind.  
 Why every day does the discovering Flame  
 Show the same World, and leave it still the same?  
 And ev'en at Night, when Time in secret flies,  
 And veils himself in Shades from human Eyes,  
 Can by the Signs Men know how fast he fled,  
 And in the Skies the hasty Minutes read?  
 Why shou'd I count how oft the Earth has mourn'd  
 The Sun's retreat, and smil'd when he return'd?  
 How oft he does his various course divide  
 'Twixt Winter's Nakedness, and Summer's Pride?  
 All mortal Things must change. The fruitful Plain,  
 As Seasons turn, scarce knows her self again;  
 Such various Forms she bears: Large Empires too  
 Put off the former Face, and take a new:  
 Yet safe the World, and free from change does last,  
 No Years encrease it, and no Years can waste.  
 Its course it urges on, and keeps its Frame,  
 And still will be, because 'twas still the same.  
 It stands secure from time's devouring Rage,  
 For 'tis a God that guides, nor can it change with Age.

*On the Death of Dr. KIRLEUS.*

YE Ghosts of Trigg, old Saffold, and Pontew,  
 Arise! Arise! to meet the Great KIRLEUS:  
 And ye kind Damsels of this sinful Town,  
 Us'd to dispense Love's Joys for Half a Crown,  
 Lament, for now your Trusty Friend is gone.  
 Ye Holborn Bullies strow his Herse with Roses,  
 For to his Heav'nly Skill you owe your Noses,  
 Weep, Cupid weep, nor thy just Sorrow smother,  
 For, Child thou'dst better far have lost thy Mother.



With Rev'rend *Kirle* Love's Power will fall away,  
His Empire lessen, and his Strength decay.

Thy *Pills*, Old Bard, in spite of State and Kirk,  
Ev'n on the Sabbath-day it self wou'd *Work* :  
And Sinners brought, (so Righteous was thy Sentence)  
To Pensive *Stool* of Sorrowful Repentance.  
Since Death on thee has laid her Fingers Icy,  
*Ipsa te Pinus, ipse flevit Myrica.*

And Sympatherick Fits in mournal state,  
With Tears of Turpentine bewail'd thy Fate.  
Thou never did'st reject poor daggled Miss,  
Altho' she Sued in *forma Pauperis*.

Grave Shop-keepers were set up by thy Aid,  
And many a *Sound* Divine by thee was made.

In Term, and out of Term, *Kirle* serv'd the Nation,  
And knew no Intervals of dull Vacation.

Say what you will, this matter of true Fact is,  
That few exceeded him in Chamber-practise.  
Lawyers in Crowds to his fam'd Mansion prest,  
In hopes to have their *cause* by him redrest :  
For none knew better how to make an end on't,  
'Twixt *Plantiff* Counsellor, and Clap *Defendant*.  
Tho' the Disease prov'd ne'er so stiff and cross,  
He soon cou'd check it with a *Noli Profs*.

Young *Clerks*, when stray'd from *Noverint* *Universi*,  
By him were Cur'd ; and was not that a Mercy ?  
He was Loves Shre've, and prove Infection,  
Chas'd Ulcers by a Potion of *Ejection*,  
And as for th' oldest Ills, knew how to scare 'em,  
By marching with a *Posse Pillularum*.

Methinks I still behold Majestick *Kirle*,  
With Solemn Air his *Belgick* Whiskers twirle,  
Wrapt in Blue Rug methinks I hear him Talk,  
And prole for Customers in *Grays-Inn-Walk*.  
But why fond hopes shou'd I thus feed in vain ?  
He's gone, alas ! and ne'er will come again.  
Since then he has left us for a better place,  
Remember, Gentlemen, your Friend *John Case*.

*An Epitaph on Dr. Kirleus of Grays-Inn-Lane,  
occasion'd by his Friends reporting him only gone  
into the Country.*

THE famous *Kirleus*, Collegiate Physician,  
As cheap a Practitioner as you cou'd wish one;  
Who only with Diet-Drink, and a few Pills,  
Cur'd Gout, Stone, and Pox, and a Thousand more Ills;  
Is gone to the Country Infernal with Physick,  
To cure *Rhadamantkus*, they say of the Tislick.

Let not *Nendick* then brag,

Of his *Tetrachymag*,

Nor himself *Fillburg* prize on,

Drinking Bumpers of Poyson.

So useful a Doctor our Youngsters will miss,  
He hinder'd no Business, till Death hinder'd his.  
A Journey thus tedious all Sporters may mourn,  
For 'tis Forty to One that he'll never return.

*The Fable of the Satyr, and the Traveller.*

I.

TO his poor Cell, a Satyr led  
A Traveller, with Cold half dead,  
And with great Kindness treated:  
A Fire Nose-high he made him strait,  
Show'd him his Elbow-Chair of State  
And near the Chimney seated.

II.

His tingling Hands the Stranger blows,  
At which the Satyr wond'ring rose,  
And bluntly ask'd the Reason.

Sir, quoth the Man, I mean no harm,  
I only do't my Hands to *Warm*,  
In this cold Frosty Season.

## III.

The Satyr gave him from the Por,  
A Mess of Porridge piping hot ;  
The Man blow'd o'er his Gruel.  
What's that for, Friend ? The Satyr cry'd,  
To *Cool* my Broth, his Guest reply'd,  
And Truth, Sir, is a Jewel.

## IV.

How, quoth the Host, then is it so,  
And can you Contradictions blow ?  
Turn out, and leave my Cottage.  
This honest Mansion ne'er shall hold  
Such Rascals as blow *Hot* and *Cold*,  
The De'll must find you Pottage.

*The C———'s desir'd that in their next Choice,  
They'd be pleds'd from this Fable to take good Advice,  
For a Man that two Churches at once has in view,  
Shams both in their Turns, and to neither is true.*

*A Dialogue betwixt the New Lotteries, and  
the Royal-Oak.*

*New Lotteries.*

**T**O you, the Mother of our Schools,  
Where Knaves by License manage Fools,  
Finding fit Juncture and Occasion,  
To pick the Pockets of the Nation,  
We come to know how we must Treat 'em,  
And to their Hearts-content may Cheat 'em.

*Royal-Oak.*

It cheers my aged Heart to see,  
So Nnmerous a Progeny ;

I find

I find by you, that 'tis Heaven's Will,  
That Knavery shou'd flourish still.  
You have Docility, and Wit,  
And Fools were never wanting yet.

Observe the Crafty *Auctioneer*,  
His Art to sell Waste-Paper dear :  
When he for *Salmon* baits his Hooks,  
That Cormorant of Offal Books,  
Who bites, as sure as Maggots breed,  
Or Carrion-Crows on Horseflesh feed.  
Fair specious Titles him deceive,  
To sweep what *Sl*——— and *T*———n leave.

If greedy Gulls you wou'd ensnare,  
Make 'em Proposals wond'rous fair.  
Tell 'em strange Golden Show'rs shall fall,  
And promise Mountains to 'em all.

*New Lotteries.*

That Craft we've been already taught,  
And by that Trick have Millions caught.  
*Books, Bawbles, Toys*, all sorts of Stuff,  
Have gone off this way well enough.  
Nay *Musick* too invades our Art,  
And to some Tune wou'd play her Part.  
I'll shew you now, what we are doing,  
For we have divers Wheels a going.  
We have found out richer Lands,  
Than *Asia's* Hills, or *Africk's* Sands,  
And to vast Treasures must give Birth,  
Deep hid in Bowels of the Earth ;  
In fertile *Wales*, and God knows where,  
Rich Mines of Gold and Silver are,  
From whence we drain prodigious store  
Of Silver Coin'd, tho' none in Ore,  
Which down our Throats rich Coxcombs pour,  
In hopes to make us Vomit more.

*Royal Oak.*

This Project surely must be good ;  
Because not eas'ly understood :  
Besides it gives a mighty scope,  
To the Fool's Argument, Vain hope.



No Eagle's Eye the Cheat can see,  
Thro' Hope thus back'd by Mystery.

*New Lotteries.*

We have besides a Thousand more,  
For Great and Small, for Rich and Poor,  
From him that can his Thousands spare,  
Down to the Penny-Customer.

*Royal-Oak.*

The silly Mob in Crowds will run,  
To be at easy Rates undone,  
A Gimcrack-Show draws in the Rout,  
Thousands their All by Pence lay out.

*New Lotteries.*

We by Experience, find it true ;  
But we have Methods wholly New,  
Strange late invented Ways to Thrive,  
To make Men pay for what they Give,  
To get the Rents into our Hands  
Of their Hereditary Lands,  
And out of what doth thence arise,  
To make 'em buy Annuities.  
We've Mathematick Combination,  
To cheat Fools by plain Demonstration,  
Which shall be fairly manag'd too,  
The Undertakers knows not how.  
Beside, ———

*Royal-Oak.*

Pray, hold a little, here's enough,  
To beggar Europe of this Stuff.  
Go on, and prosper, and be Great,  
I am to You a Puny-Cheat.

In obitum Tho. Shadwell pinguis memoriæ.

1693.

I.

**C**onditur hoc tumulto Bavius, gravis esse memento  
Terra tuo Bavio, nam fuit ille tibi.

II. Tam

II.

*Tam cito miraris Bavii fœtere cadaver ?  
Non erat in toto corpore mica salis.*

III.

*Mors uni Bavio lucrum : nam jugera Vates,  
Qui vivens habuit nulla, sepultus habet.*

IV.

*Porrigitur novus hic Tityus per jugera septem,  
Nec quæ tondebit viscera, deerit Avis.*

V.

*Dicite (nam bene vos nostis) gens Critica, vates  
An fuerit Bavius pejor, an historicus.*

VI.

*Militiam sicco Wilhelmus Marte peregit.  
O Clemens Cæsar ! consulis historico.*

VII.

*Tom writ, his Readers still slept o'er his Book,  
For Tom took Opium, and they Opiates took.*

*An Impromptu to Shadwell's Memory by Dr. B--*

**A**ND must our glorious Laureat then depart,  
Heav'n if it please may take his loyal Heart,  
As for the rest sweet Devil fetch a Cart.

In Decretum Parliamenti 1689.  
De non adulterandis Vinis.

**C**Rimen adulterii vetuerunt Biblia frustra.  
Jam quid ages Caupo ? Parliamenta vetant.

Inscriptions design'd for the Dial over the  
Fountain in the new Square at *Lincolns-Inn*.

## I.

**U***T referat gratam mercedem qualibet bora,  
Munificum laudet qualibet bora Deum.*

## II.

*Unde fluit lapsu, quid stas ignave, perenni,  
Carpe Viator iter, sic tibi vita fluit,*

## III.

*Hæc Legum domus est, colit hæc Themis aurea sedem,  
Hospite nec Domus est dignior ulla Dea.*

*Antenor's Speech in the Second Aeneid, appli-  
ed to the Declaration for Liberty of Con-  
science. In the Year 1687.*

*Timeo Danaos, & dona ferentes.*

**Y**OU dull Dissenters, what vain folly blinds  
Your Senses thus, and captivates your Minds ?  
Think you this proffer'd Liberty is free  
From Tricks, and Snares, and Papal Treachery ?  
Think you 'twas meant according to the Letter ?  
Oh that such plodding Heads shou'd know the Pope no  
Trust me, this Kindness either was design'd [better.  
T' inflame our Quarrels, and our Weakness find !  
Or else the Breach was open'd at a venture,  
That at one Hole both Cowl and Cloak might enter.  
Pray Heav'n there be no farther Mischief meant,  
But I'm afraid there's *Roman* Opium in't.  
Be't what it will, the gilded Pill suspect,  
And with a smiling scorn your proffer'd Fate reject ;  
A Papist, tho' ungiving, means you evil,  
But when he scatters Gifts and Mercies, he's the Devil.

*Pro-*

*Prologue spoken before the University of Oxford,  
1683.*

**W**hen *Greece* o'erwhelm'd in the wide Deluge lay,  
 And all the Land was one continu'd Sea,  
 The Muses Hill secure and lofty stood,  
 Above the vain Attempts of the insulting Flood.  
 There good *Deucalion* first saluted Land,  
 Put in his Boat, and touch'd the happy Strand.  
 So when wild Faction all our Land alarm'd,  
 Our Land by the prevailing Jugglers charm'd.  
 When pregnant with dire Seeds the Clouds did rise,  
 Prefaging civil Tempests in our Skies.  
 Here Godlike *Charles* did a safe Harbour win,  
 Here laugh'd at all the Threats of daring Sin,  
 And shunn'd the popular Deluge as it came rowling in.  
 With you no perjurd Bog-trotters were found,  
 With Meal-tub Plots and Armies under-ground,  
 Rogues, that wou'd damn themselves for half a Crown.  
 Rogues, that for one poor draught of middling Beer  
 Wou'd hang a Parish, and for Tripe a Shire.  
 'Tis true, some few you had, but Traytors come  
 Here to receive, not to deserve their doom.  
 So Paradise the Serpent gain'd at first,  
 Enter'd the blest Abodes, but strait he was accurst.  
 This is your Happiness :  
 But we are still alarm'd with senseless noise,  
 Guildhall Elections, and leud frantick Cries.  
 Tir'd with dull Managers of duller Plots,  
 And free-born Slaves, and *Magna-Charta* Sots.  
 Oh wou'd the Town a pattern take from you,  
 Whom the worst times still found to *Cesar* true.  
 Discords wou'd cease, ill-natur'd Jars retire,  
 And every Muse in *Charles's* praise conspire.  
 Peace with her Train wou'd guard our *Halcyon* shore,  
 And *Britain* envy *Satur's* Age no more.

EPI-



## EPILOGUE.

NOT with more Grief the Whiggish herd beheld  
 Their Plots discover'd, their Intrigues reveal'd,  
 And all their Godly Villanies run down ;  
 Than now we feel to leave your happy Town.  
 Now must our Tribe, since we depart from you,  
 Shake Hands with Learning, and bid Wit adieu :  
 With doggrel Rimes the stupid rout appease,  
 And murder *English* perfectly to please.  
 So some to get an Alms a lameness feign,  
 And by pretended halting pity gain.

When to some Town our strowling Troops repair,  
 Leave's to be granted by the worthy Mayor :  
 He with his numerous Train first takes his Seat,  
 Below his Scarlet Brethren fill the Pit.  
 Then ev'n our Women must less gay appear,  
 Leave Painting off, lest they should seem more fair  
 Than the pale Daughter of the Reverend Mayor.  
 If we in acting, as our part requires,  
 Swear by the Gods, and all the heavenly Fires,  
 The Sot pricks up a wondrous pair of Ears,  
 My Zèal no longer such profaneness bears,  
 Twelvepence for every Oath your Hero swears.

Wit here, triumphant, bears an ample sway,  
 And the bright Metal shines without allay ;  
 Nothing is here condemn'd for being good,  
 Nor talk we Nonfense to be understood.  
 But tho' your Learning the whole Isle inspires,  
 Your Townsmen warm not by the neighbring Fires,  
 Born in the happy place, where Wit does rule,  
 They keep their natural Right of being dull.  
 So the rude Nations, where with greatest light  
 The reveal'd Truth was first expos'd to sight,  
 By no Rewards, no Miracles reclaim'd,  
 Wou'd ev'n in spight of Providence be damn'd,

Howe'er our Courtiers do their Fate dispose,  
Dullness the *Charter* is they'll never lose.

*A Catch. By Mr. T. Brown.*

I.

LET the Woman be damn'd, (a mod'rate Fate)  
Or die an old Maid, as grey as a Cat,  
That her Lover refuses for want of Estate.

II.

Let her, that sets Man, like a Beast, to be sold,  
And above metal'd Flesh, loves a Lump of dead Gold,  
Look green when she's young, and be pox'd when she's old.

III.

But let those that are wise, condemn the dull Store;  
Wives chose by their Weight, will be weighty no more;  
If for Gold they will wed, for the same they will whore.

*A Panegyrick upon Col. George Walker.*

*After the Manner of the Irish.*

OUR Gracious King gave him five thousand Pound;  
And out of the Rebels Lands, when they are found,  
He promises him a thousand Pound by th' Year,  
Which in a short time will unquestionably appear.  
Likewise he promises him the Dean'ry of *Londonderry*,  
When that the Dean of *Londonderry* will die;  
But if the Dean of *Londonderry* will not die,  
He promises him the Bishoprick of *Londonderry*.  
More of his valiant Deeds and Worth, what need we  
then to cry-ah,  
Since *Walker George* has made amends for *Walker Obadiab*?

*To Mr. D'Urfey, upon his incomparable Ballads,  
call'd by him Lyrick Odes.*

## I.

**T**Hou Cur, half *French*, half *English* Breed ;  
Thou Mungrel of *Parnassus*,  
To think tall Lines, run up to Seed,  
Should ever tamely pass us.

## II.

Thou write *Pindaricks*, and be damn'd !  
Write Epigrams for Cutlers ;  
None with thy Lyricks can be sham'd,  
But Chamber-maids and Butlers.

## III.

In t'other World expect dry Blows ;  
No Tears can wash thy Stains out ;  
*Horace* will pluck thee by the Nose,  
And *Pindar* beat thy Brains out.

*On Flowers in a Lady's Bosom.*

**B**Ehold the promis'd Land, where Pleasure flows !  
See how the Milk-white Hills do gently rise,  
And beat the filken Skies !  
Behold the Valley spread with Flow'rs below !  
Other Discoveries, *Fate*, let me not share ;  
If I find out, may I inhabit there.  
The happy Flow'rs, how they allure my Sense !  
The fairer Soil gives 'em the noble Hew ;  
Her Breath perfumes 'em too :  
Rooted i' th' Heart, they seem to spring from thence.  
Tell, tell me why, thou fruitful Virgin-Breast,  
Why should so good a Soil lie unpossess'd ?  
Surely some Champion in the Cause of Love,

Has languish'd here—more weary with the Sight,  
 Than vanquish'd quite ;  
 While the soft God took Pity from above,  
 And thinking to reward his Service well,  
 Bid him grow there where he so nobly fell.  
 So when the longing *Cytherea* found  
 The murder'd Boy, who long deceiv'd her Eyes  
 Under a Flow'r Disguise,  
 And pluck'd the curious Posy from the Ground :  
 Fair *Cytherea*'s Bosom look'd like this ;  
 So blush'd *Adonis* in the Seat of Bliss.

*The London Vintners Answer to Mr. Brown.*

IF what thou asserts, dear *Thomas*, be true,  
 It is to get rid of such Chap-men as you,  
 That I and my Brethren have learned to brew.

Whatever Ingredients we put in the Vat,  
 Whether Dogs-turd or Honey, no Matter for that ;  
 For all our Design's but to poison a Rat.

He that dies by bad Wine, and not by the Halter,  
 Departs without Chime of *Hopkins's* Psalter,  
 And that you well know is no matter of Laughter.

*To Mr. HENRY PURCEL.*

LONG did dark Ignorance our Isle o'er spread,  
 Our Musick, and our Poetry lay dead.  
 But the dull Malice of a barbarous Age,  
 Fell most severe on *David's* sacred Page.  
 To wound his Sense, and quench his heav'n-born Fire,  
 Three vile Translators lewdly did conspire,  
 In holy Doggerel, and low chiming Prose,  
 The King and Poet they at once depose.

Vainly



Vainly he did th' unrighteous change bemoan,  
 And languish'd in vile Numbers, not his own.  
 Nor stop his Usage here :  
 For what escap'd in *Wisdom's* ancient Rhimes,  
 Was mured o'er and o'er in the Composers Chimes.

What praises, *Purcell*, to thy skill are due,  
 Who hast to *Judab's* Monarch been so true.  
 By thee he moves our Hearts, by thee he reigns,  
 By thee shakes off his old inglorious Chains,  
 And sees new Honours done to his immortal Strains. }  
 Not *Italy*, the Mother of each Art,  
 Did e'er a juster happier Son impart.  
 In thy performance we with wonder find  
*Corelli's* Genius to *Bassani* joyn'd.

Sweetness combin'd with Majesty prepares  
 To wing Devotion with inspiring Airs.

Thus I unknown my gratitude express,  
 And conscious gratitude cou'd do no less;  
 This Tribute from each *British* Muse is due,  
 The whole Poetick Tribe's oblig'd to you.  
 For where the Author's scanty Words have fail'd,  
 Thy happier Graces, *Purcell*, have prevail'd.  
 And surely none but you, with equal ease,  
 Cou'd add to *David*, and make *Durfy* please.

### On Dr. SHERLOCK.

**R** *Egibus obsequium dum binis obligat unum,  
 Jurat utriq; unam prodit utriq; fidem  
 Quid mirum ? Si sit semper jurare paratus,  
 Cum per quas jurat, tres habet ille Deos.*

The same Allegiance to two Kings he pays  
 Swears the same Faith to both, and both betrays.  
 No wonder if to swear he's always free,  
 That hath two Gods to swear by more than we.

*Upon the taking of the new Oaths.*

OUR Fathers took Oaths as of old they took Wives,  
 To have and to hold for the Terms of their Lives;  
 But we take our Oaths, as our Whores, for our Ease,  
 And a Whore and a Rogue may part when they please.

*Tom Brown* having committed some great Fault  
 at the University, the Dean of *Christ Church*  
 threaten'd to expel him; but *Tom*, with a  
 very submissive Epistle, begging Pardon,  
 so pleas'd the Dean, that he was minded  
 to forgive him, upon this Condition, viz.  
 That he should translate this Epigram out  
 of *Marshal* extempore.

NON amo Te Zabidi, nec possum dicere quare,  
 Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo Te.

Which he immediately render'd into English thus,

I do not love you Dr. Fell,  
 But why I cannot tell;  
 But this I know full well,  
 I do not love you Dr. Fell.

A pensive Thought at the *Rose Spunginghouse*  
 in *Woodstreet*, and left there by *T. Brown*.

Non adversa videns me fractum fata coarctum,  
 Carcer Corpus habet, mens cooperte volat.

LACONICKS; or, New Maxims of STATE  
and CONVERSATION.

**W**E naturally love to Cheat ; 'tis interwoven with our Constitution by the same token we often boast, that we have palm'd false Dice upon others, when we our selves are the Bubbles. Do but hear, says Sir *John Squander*, what a Trick I put upon a Whore last night ! 'Fore *George*, I made the silly Baggage take a *Lewis d' Or* for Seventeen and Six-pence, after the Proclamation.

A Soldier, a Vintner, and a Physician, are the three Degrees of Comparifon ; and so are a Cut-throat, a Backbiter, and a Flatterer : But the Physician is the superlative Murderer, and a Flatterer the superlative Villain.

How is it possible, says Madam *B————*, for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpick'd, when every Rascal has got a Key to't ? Aye, but Madam, the Rascal's Key signifies not a Farthing, unless the Owner of the Cabinet at least goes halves with him.

A Widow and a Government are ready upon all Occasions to tax the new Husband and the new Prince with the Merits of their Predecessors, unless the former Husband was hang'd, and the former King sent to Grass ; and then they bid them take fair Warning by their Destiny.

For a King to engage his People in War, to carry off every little ill Humour of State, is like a Physician's ordering his Patient a Flux for every Pimple.

Scandal is a never-failing Vehicle for Dulness. The *True-Born Englishman* had dy'd silently among the Grocers and Trunk-makers, if the Libeller had not help'd off the Poet.

Merit is not always the Road to Preferment ; some Men get it by resolving not to be deny'd, as *Irishmen* in Town pick up Women, by hunting them as School-boys

boys do Squirrels, 'till they are weary, and fall down before them.

A thousand Actions pass in the World for virtuous, tho' they proceed from a quite different Principle. My Lord released *Arsennus* out of Goal, and paid his Debts. This every one applauded, as an Act of the highest and most disinterested Generosity. They little knew that my Lord, at the same time, lay every Night with *Arsennus's* Sister.

Tho' a Soldier, in time of Peace, is like a Chimny in Summer, yet what Wise-man would pluck down his Chimny, because his Almanack tells him 'tis the Middle of June.

War, as the World goes at present, is a Nursery for the Gallows, as *Hoxton* is for the Meetings, and *Barbomew-Fair* for the two Play-Houses.

A Woman may learn one useful Doctrine from the Game of *Backgammon*, which is not to take up her Man 'till she's sure of binding him. Had Madam C—— and some of our young Ladies, considered this, they would not have made such a Blot in their Tables.

'Tis a Mortification to a Prince to see an old Minister torn from him; but Self-preservation is the first Law of Nature, and any Man in his Senses would sooner submit to part with his Crutch, than his Leg.

The surest way of Governing, both in a private Family, and a Kingdom, is for a Husband and a Prince sometimes to drop their Prerogative.

Could a Woman keep her Failings to herself, as well as she does her Age, *Cheapside* would be the happiest Place in the World, and the House would not be troubled every Sessions to grant Bills of Divorce.

'Tis the most nonsensical Thing in the World, for a Man to be proud, since 'tis in the meanest Wretch's Power to mortify him. How uneasy have I seen my Lord *All-pride* in the *Park*, when the Company turn'd their Eyes from him and his gaudy Equipage!

Gaming finds a Man a Cully, and leave him a Knave.

The Generality of Women would sooner be found in Bed with a Gallant, than in their Undress; and some  
Men



Men in the World would rather be seen with their Misses in the *Park*, than their Wives.

The greatest Men may sometimes over-shoot themselves, but then their very Mistakes are so many Lessons of Instruction.

Examples make a greater Impression upon us, than Precepts. The Sight of Sir *Edward B——b* running after a Coach for Six-pence, will sooner reclaim a Prodigal, than a Sermon.

An old Counsellor in *Holbourn* us'd, every Execution-day, to turn out his Clerks with this Complement; Go, ye young Rogues, go to School, and improve.

Of all our Infirmities, Vanity is the dearest to us. A Man will starve his other Vices, to keep that alive.

How many Fops at *Man's* Coffee-house and *Will's*, have laid out the only half Crown they had in the World upon an Ounce of Snuff, when they wanted a Dinner, and their Lodgings were unpaid?

Young *Cotilw's* Pension for his Weekly Expences, amounts just to twenty Shillings. His Chair-men run away with eighteen of it, and he finds Tea and Chocolate, Essence and Powder, out of the rest.

Vanity is so inseparable from our Nature, that it survives our Ashes, and takes care of Epitaphs and Tombstones before we die. *Clearchus* was as brave as *Hercules*; he had given Proofs of his Valour upon a thousand Occasions, yet once upon a time had a Dish of hot Coffee flung in his Face, and bore it patiently. The Reason was, he had a foul Shirt on, and was loath to die in it.

A Citizen that thinks to compound for forty Years Knavery, by building a lowzy Hospital, and endowing a poultry Lecture, does not offer so much for a good Seat in Heaven as he would do for one in *Middlesex*. He does not bid above ten Years Purchase for Eternity.

In Point of Interest, if there were no more in't, a Man should rather lessen himself, than pretend to too much. A famous Instance of this we had in a late *Quack*: Not content to be the seventh Son of a seventh Son, he must needs call himself the unborn Doctor.

- This

This was too much for the Multitude to swallow, so the Coxcomb starv'd between his two Titles.

The Church of *England* generally preaches *Alcali's*, the Presbyterians *Acids*. Both may do well according to the different Constitutions they meet, but the former seem to operate best with the Men of Sense, and the latter with the Mob.

There's nothing like bearing an Injury or a Jest Heroically. The Town may da——da——damn me for a Poet, says *Cherilus*, but they si——si——sing my Songs for all that.

'Tis in vain to regret a Misfortune, when 'tis past retrieving, but few have Philosophy or Strength enough to practise it. A famous Phyfician ventur'd five thousand *Guineas* upon a Project in the *South-Sea*. When he was told at *Garraway's*, that 'twas all lost, Why, says he, 'tis but going up five thousand Pair of Stairs more. This Answer deserv'd a Statue.

We have different Notions of Providence. What one Man calls a Misfortune, another Man would call a Blessing. Bully *Dawson* was over-turn'd in a Hack, not far from his Lodgings. This fav'd him Coach-hire, or at least the Trouble of bilking poor *Jebu*; and to his dying Day, he look'd upon it as one of the greatest Mercies that ever besel him. A big-belly'd Woman would have miscarry'd upon't.

That which discomposes one Man, and breaks his Rest, makes another laugh.

*Damon* met *Macer* once in an extravagant Heat, railing at the horrid Ingratitude of the Age, and what not. Never was any Man, says the latter, so barbarously and inhumanly us'd, as I have been. There's no Faith, nor Honesty, nor Morals, in the World. Why, what's the Matter? crys *Damon*. That eternal execrable Dog of a Printer, replies the other, has work'd off the last Sheet of my Poems without sending me a Proof.

A Change is not always for the best. We have sometimes seen the Ministry discarded, and a new set of Men brought in their room, ten times worse than their Predecessors; like the Devil in the Gospel, that left the possess'd

possess'd Man's Body, and came afterwards seventy strong.

Well, I must get me a Floor of new Fellows, says the Master of a *Western* Barge, otherwise one Sheepstealing Rogue will spoil all the rest.

What is the Reason that the Clergy-men never forgive an Injury? Why, 'tis because they have better Memories than the rest of the World, and never forget.

All Parties blame Persecution when they feel the Smart on't, and all practice it when they have the Rod in their Hands. For all his pretended Meekness, *Calvin* made Roast-meat of *Servetus* at *Geneva*, for his Unorthodoxy.

When *Moliere's Tartuff* was acted in *France*, all the Church-men complain'd of it. The *Festin de Saint Pierre*, tho' a lewd beastly Piece, went down without he least wry Face. At so much an easier Rate may a Man expose Religion, than Hypocrisy.

I very much question, after all, whether Mr. C----- would have condescended to lash the Vices of the Stage, if the Poets had not been guilty of the abominable Sin of making familiar now and then with the Backslidings of the Cassock.

Hypocrisy may chain up a Man, when he is among Brethren of the same Class, but Nature will certainly break out, whenever it finds an Opportunity. How many *Caledonian* Peers, that can fit out four long-winded Sermons at a time on the other side the *Tweed*, whore and drink, and deny themselves nothing in the *Pall-mall* and *St. James's*? 'Tis a mighty Refreshment, to be out of the Reach of Scandal.

A Whore, in the Business of Love, is what Farthings are in the Business of Trade; only us'd for the Convenience of ready Change.

'Tis the most unpardonable Affront in the World, to tell a Woman, that she's old. My Lord A-----, who was the greatest Courtier in his Time, us'd to say to his Lady every New-years Day; Well, Madam, how old will your Ladyship be pleas'd to be this Year?

The Virtuoso's may talk as long as they please, that the Seasons are inverted, and the Sun decay'd, whatsoever becomes of our Fruits, our Women ripen much earlier than formerly.

Madam S——— last Year brought her Daughter to St. Martin's to be Marry'd. Little Miss look'd so unfit for Business, that the Parson innocently ask'd her Mother, And what, have you brought this Child to be Baptiz'd?

A Man would willingly have it in his Power to oblige the Fair Sex, to the last Moment of his Life. When Sir H——— was to be cut for the Stone, in the Sixty-seventh Year of his Age; Well, but Doctor, says he, this Operation won't make a Man impotent, will it?

Covetousness, like Jealousy, when it has once taken Root never leaves a Man, but with his Life. A rich Banker in *Lombard-street*, finding himself very ill, sent for a Parson to administer the last Consolations of the Church to him. While the Ceremony was performing, old *Gripewell* falls into a Fit: As soon as he was a little recover'd, the Doctor offer'd the Chalice to him. No, no, crys he, I can't afford to lend you above Twenty Shilling upon't, upon my Word I can't now.

When the High-Priest enter'd the Sanctuary, which was but once a Year, the *Jews* have a Tradition, that he begg'd of God not to hear the Prayers of Travellers, who, to have Fair Weather for themselves, don't care what becomes of the rest of the World. Had we any such Custom among us, it would not be amiss if our *Arch-Flamen* pray'd to him, not to hear the different Petitions of the several Sects among us, that, if heard, would not only ruine the rest of the World, but themselves.

What Sect of Men could set up with such Disadvantage as the Quakers, when they were kick'd, and buffetted, and laugh'd at by every body? But their darling Principle sooth'd the Vanity of Men, and made them Judges of every Thing, *Dans le Dernier ressort*. Of late they have lick'd their Cub into some Shape, and are far from making a contemptible Figure. Who knows but



but it may be their Turn to be the Reigning Religion a hundred Years hence ?

A Gigantick Man, and a Book of a monstrous Size, generally fall short of what they seem to promise. An ordinary Soul can more inform an overlarge Body, than an ordinary Genius can enliven a big Volume. 'Tis as if a Gentleman of 200 l. a Year should affect to live in *Hampton-Court*, where the very Repairs would exceed the Income. Is not a Leaf of the *Dispensary*, worth a Cart-load of *King Arthurs* ?

Not only Religion and Law, but even Gold and Silver are falsified, to procure Gold and Silver.

If we must have War with *France* about *Spain*, the sooner the better, before Affairs are settled, and while the Government is young. In *King Charles* the Second's Time, *Jack Ogle*, a very famous Person in his Generation, had got a Clap. Doctor, says he to a Chirurgeon, what wi-wi-will this Business cost me ? Why, some three *Guineas*, Sir. And wha-wha-what Rate does a Pox go at ? About six, Sir. Well then, ho-ho-honest Friend, crys he, I'll e'en let it run up to a Pox, and cure both under one. Pray Heaven there be no *Jack Ogle* among our present Politicians.

How unnatural a Sight it is to see a Parson with a florid Countenance and a double Chin, preach up Abstinence in *Lent* !

Some Clergymen in the Pulpit are such different Animals from what they are elsewhere, that Mrs. K——, when she acts a virtuous Part upon the Stage, is not more different from Mrs. K——, with a Rummer in her Hand, at the *Horse-shoe*.

It has been an old Remark, said a Presbyterian Minister in his Sermon, that *Opinio* is of the Feminine Gender, because Women for the most part are positive and opinionated : whereas *Judicium* is of the Neuter, because in all critical Exigencies Men of Judgment chuse to be Neuters. The Grammatical Observations is not worth a Farthing, but a wholesome Mythology's couch'd under it, which the *Venetians* at present practice.

A Speculative Religion is only Calculated for a few Philosophers, and not the gross Vulgar. 'Tis too thin a Diet for coarse Appetites, as we find Soops and Sal-lads are for common *English* Stomachs. For this Reason the Popish Priests amuse them with Pictures, Shows, and Images; the Presbyterian Parsons with Apish Gestures, Fantastic Expressions, and Sordid Similies that are full as gross as Images: The Church of *England* goes the middle Way to work, and gives it them half in Surplices and Organs, and t'other half in good Sense and Reason.

Tho' a Clergy-man preach'd like an Angel, yet he ought to consider, that two Hour-glasses of Divinity are too much at once for the most patient Constitution. In the late Civil Wars, *Stephen Marshal* split his Text into twenty-four Parts. Upon this, one of the Congregation immediately runs out of Church. Why, what's the Matter, says a Neighbour? Only going for my Night-gown and Slippers, for I find we must take up Quarters here to Night.

A long Reach and a little Conscience are as necessary Qualifications to a Minister of State, as a long Hand and little Fingers are to a Man-Midwife.

A Wit and a Beau set up with little or no Expence. A pair of red Stockins, and a Sword-knot, sets up one; and peeping once a Day in at *Will's*, and two or three second-hand Sayings, the other.

Every Man thinks so well of himself, or so ill of his Neighbour, that he would not change with him in every Respect, tho he would in some. Thousands perhaps may wish they had *Mrs. Abel's* Voice, or *Sir Charles*—'s Estate, yet there's scarce a Man in the Kingdom, I believe, would Change for good and all; that is to say, would have *Mrs. Abel's* good Manners, and *Sir Charles's* Gratitude.

'Tis wisely done, as a Gentleman observ'd, of a Chirurgurgeon to live next Door to a Bawdy-house, of a Shorthand Teacher to a Meeting-house, and one that has a good Hand at Pimping to place himself near the Court; for then they may expect Business.

A Man of Merit may be allow'd to insinuate it modestly. Prince *Maurice* being ask'd who was the greatest General of the Age, handsomly answer'd, the Marquis of *Spinola* is the second.

Well, this Thing call'd Prosperity makes a Man strangely insolent and forgetful. How contemptibly a Cutler looks at a poor Grinder of Knives, a Physician in his Coach at a Farrier a Foot, and a well-grown *Paul's Church-yard* Bookseller upon one of the Trade that sells second-hand Books under the Trees in *Morefields*.

'Tis hard that a Man should go out of the World almost as weak a Wretch as he came into it. *Senes his pueri*, Old Men are twice Children, says, the Proverb. There is an old Drawer at the Baptist's Head in *Chancery-Lane*, that drew Vinegar when the *Scots* came into *England* with their Bagpipes and Covenant, in the Year 1640. Soon after, he was preferr'd a Story higher, I mean to draw Wine, in which Station he continu'd about forty Years; and since the late Revolution, he is a Vinegar-drawer again.

'Tis a very hard Case if a Man can't find some Excuse for his Frailty, let it be what it will. About seven Years ago, when there were such Complaints of the ill Summers, and Mr. *Flamstead* talk'd, that there were *Macule* in the Sun, I knew a Gentleman that us'd to get up about the Dusk of the Evening, and went to Bed by Break of Day, and this was the constant Course of Life he led. His Uncle ask'd him, what the Plague made him such a Sor? Oh, say he, the *Royal Society* say the Sun is sick, and for my part I hate to see sick Folks.

A Man does not attain to the Top of Preferment in an Instant. In one House a young Member generally is initiated by moving for the bringing in of Candles, and in another by snuffing them.

Affiduity is one of the best Qualities in a Courtier, to recommend him to his Master. As Prince *Maurice* was once at Dinner, in came a huge Mastiff, and took Sanctuary under the Table, The Pages beat him out of the Room, and kick'd him, but for all that, *Monfieur Chien* came punctually at the same Hour next Day, and so

continu'd his Visits, tho' they still continu'd the same Treatment to him. At last the Prince order'd them to beat him no more, and made much of him. From that time the Mastiff commenc'd a perfect Courtier, follow'd the Prince where-ever he went, lay all Night at his Chamber-door, ran by his Coach-side as dully as one of his Lacqueys; in short, so insinuated himself into his Master's Favour, that when he dy'd he settl'd a Pension upon him for Life.

If your Friend is in Want, don't carry him to the Tavern, where you treat your self as well as him, and entail a Thirst and Head-ach upon him next Morning. To treat a poor Wretch with a Bottle of *Burgundy*, or fill his Snuff-Box, is like giving a pair of Lace-Ruffles to a Man that has never a Shirt on his Back. Put something into his Pocket.

When a Man has contracted a Habit, 'tis a hard matter to leave it off. A Fellow of a House had got such a Trick of talking *Latin*, that he cou'd not forbear it even to the Scullion-Boys and Bed-makers. One Afternoon, seeing one of the Turn-spit Dogs bask himself deliciously in the Sun, he thus accosted him. *Non Studes, ignave, non Studes, sed toto die otiosus es, & ostendis ingentis tuos Testiculos ad Solom.*

What is Sawce for a Goose, is Sawce for a Gander. When any Calamities beset the *Roman* Empire, the *Pagans* us'd to lay it to the Charge of the Christians: When Christianity became the Imperial Religion, the Christians return'd the same Complement to the *Pagans*.

That which passes for current Doctrine at one Juncture, and in one Climate, won't do so in another. The Cavaliers, in the beginning of the Troubles, us'd to trump up the 12th of the *Romans* upon the Parliament; the Parliament trump'd it upon the Army, when they would not disband; the Army back again upon the Parliament, when they disputed their Orders. Never was poor Chapter so unmercifully toss'd to and fro again!



The *Jesuits* here in *Europe*, in their Disputes with the *Protestants*, have recourse to Miracles, as a Proof of the true Church. In *Æthiopia*, where the *Abyssines* over-number'd them in Miracles, they very fairly deny'd the Argument, and reason'd against them as we do.

The *Quakers* here in *England* won't take up Arms, no, not they, because all War is unlawful. When the *French* attack'd them in *Pensylvania*, the Case was alter'd ; the Drums beat, the Guns fir'd, and Carnal Weapons were not thought sinful.

An *English* Bull-dog, and a *Scotch* Presbyterian, are of a different Species from all the Bull-dogs and Presbyterians in the World.

Not to flatter our selves, we *English* are none of the most constant and easy People in the World. When the late War pinch'd us, oh ! when shall we have a Peace and Trade again ? We had no sooner a Peace, but, Huzza, Boys ! for a new War ; and that we shall soon be sick of

It may be no Scandal for us to imitate one good Quality of a neighbouring Nation, who are like the *Turf* they burn, slow in kindling, but when once thoroughly lighted, keep their Fire.

What a fine Thing it is to be well-manner'd upon occasion ! In the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, a certain worthy Divine at *Whitehall*, thus address'd himself to the Auditory at the Conclusion of his Sermon. In short, if you don't live up to the Precepts of the Gospel, but abandon your selves to your irregular Appetites, you must expect to receive your Reward in a certain Place, which 'tis not good Manners to mention here.

We can't properly call that Man unhappy, who knows nothing of his Misfortunes. *Lisander's* Wife is the most insatiable Strumpet that ever liv'd, yet *Lisander* jogs on merrily, snores contentedly, and believes her honest. T'other Day he made a Visit to *Charephon*, whose Wife denies herself no innocent Freedoms, but is as chaste as a *Vestal*. Lord ! crys *Lisander* to himself, what an unlucky Wretch is poor *Charephon*, to have such a *Viper* in his Bosom !

Con-

Conscience is a Riddle I don't know what to make of; 'tis sometimes Pride, 'tis sometimes Obstinacy, 'tis sometimes Interest, 'tis sometimes Nothing; like a skittish Jade, it will startle at a Wind-mill, and stand buff to a Cannon; it will keek at Pap, and digest Steel.

*Amila* would not let her Husband take the Oaths to the Government, and yet never scruples to try a Fall with the next Comer for half a Crown. Her pious Husband too, tho' he won't swear, will sooner get drunk upon Tick, than go sober to Bed.

In the Time of the last War, a *French* Woman kept a little Bawdy-house in *Ghent*. To ingratiate with the *English* Officers, her constant Compliment was, *Ayez pitie, Messieurs, d'une pauvre Refugee, qui est venue pour la Religion*. Notwithstanding her Religion, she had Harlots always at their Service.

Since this Revolution, a worthy Church-man, that for several Reasons must be nameless, thank'd God that the Majority of the Clergy-men had taken the Oaths, and that others again had refus'd them; for, says he, by taking them, we have secur'd our poor Church, which otherwise had been in danger of falling, as our Sister of *Scotland* has done; and by some of us refusing them, and sacrificing all we had to them, we have shown the Nation there's such a thing as a Conscience still among us. And yet this Reverend Parson chose rather to save the Church, than show his Conscience.

*Melissa* looks as demure as a Nun, goes twice a Day to Church, abhors the Play-house and Players, has always the Catalogue of the *Lent Preachers* by Heart, rails at Patches and Commodes, and yet is a Fury Incarnate in a Corner. I went to pay *Melissa* a Sum, says a Gentleman, last Night, and she was so fond of my Money, that I thought, in my Conscience, she would have run away with the Purse.

Women tax their Gallants of Inconstancy without Reason. Their Humours, their Faces, their Charms, daily change; what makes them then complain?

For a Woman to think to secure her Lover, when her Beauty, that made him so, is gone, is to expect as great a Miracle as Transubstantiation wrought in her Favour, where the Accidents are said to remain, when the Substance, that supported them is vanish'd. But this is no Age for Miracles.

What unaccountable Creatures are Women ! They treat their Humble Servants like Slaves when they see them ; they rail at them, they despise them, they'll hardly vouchsafe them a Look, yet are uneasy in their Absence.

A Minister, by ill advising his Prince, and putting him upon wrong Methods, has often had the Honour to see a flourishing Country reduc'd to Beggery. A Gentleman was railing as fast as his Lungs would give him leave, at Cardinal Richlieu. Don't talk so loud, says his Friend to him, lest some of his Creatures there should over-hear you, meaning a parcel of Beggars that stood by them.

Some Authors are so long a correcting and mending their Works, that, like *Paul's*, they may be said to be old before they are finish'd.

To acquaint a Man with his being a Cuckold, and to preach the 30th of *January* Sermon before the House, are two ticklish Points that one would willingly avoid.

'Tis merry to consider what sort of Reasons some Men give for what they do. A dissenting Parson was preaching a Funeral Sermon in *Morefields* ; he laid about him so powerfully, that all the Congregation wept, except one Fellow, who seem'd not a jot concern'd. Being ask'd the Reason why he did not weep ? What have I done to weep ? says he ; I am not of this Parish.

A good Outside is the best Sir *Ch. Cotteril* in a strange Place.

Servants are careless and impudent and their Masters generally speaking, may thank themselves for't. A worthy Knight near *Twickenham*, had some Gentlemen at Dinner with him ; he calls for a Bottle of Ale, his Boy opens it just under his Nose, by the same token it flew all upon his Face, Cravat, and Periwig. The Knight

nor

not at all disturb'd, and wiping himself, well, says he, this is the wittiest Boy in the World; I warrant you he serves me a hundred such witty Tricks in a Year. Here, Sirrah, says *Tom Otway* to him, who chanc'd to be then in the Company, here's a Shilling for you to encourage you in your Wit.

How glad a Man is when he hears another accus'd of a Fault, which does not reach him! Some People were talking against Pluralists, and what a horrid Scandal and Shame they brought upon the Church. Heaven be prais'd, says a certain Prelate, no-body can tax me with Pluralities. I have but one Beneficé, God knows.

If the Church has a Mind to make any Thing pass for a Sin, 'tis an easy Matter to lug and stretch a Text 'till it fits the Purpose. A Parson would needs prove Dancing to be sinful, and thus he brought it about. *Imprimis*, Dancing is a circular Motion, deny it who can. In the next place, 'tis as plain as a Pike-staff, that a circular Motion is Diabolical; for doth not the Text expressly say of the Devil, *Circuit terram quarens quem devoret?*

The late Ordinary of *Newgate*, Mr. Smith, who was one of the most famous Scruple-drawers of his Time, had one impenitent Clipper once to deal with. Why, says the Fellow, what Harm have I done? A parcel of over-grown Shillings fell into my Hands, and I only par'd off their Superfluities. They would have bought but Twelve Penn'oth of Beef and Turnips at first, and they'll buy Twelve Penn'oth of Beef and Turnips still. Ay, but hark you, my Friend, crys the Ordinary, what is it to clip a Thing, but to pare it round? And what is paring round call'd in Scripture, but Circumcision? And who, under the Evangelical Dispensation dares practice Circumcision, but one that has actually renounc'd the Christian Religion, and is a Jew, a most obstinate perverse Jew in his Heart? Upon this, the poor Clipper threw himself at his Feet, own'd the Heinousness of his Sin, confess'd, That Sabbath-breaking had brought him to't, and wept like a Church Spout.



A jolly red-fac'd Preacher, at the upper-end of *Thames-street*, had a great Mind to prove a standing Army to be *Jure Divino*; and how did he make it out? Why, as plain as you'd wish: God Almighty, says he, keeps a standing Army of Cherubims and Seraphims, to prevent the Incurfions and Depredations of the Devil: And what are Kings, but his Vicegerents? The Man meant all well, that's certain, and the Fraternity at *Young Man's* are bound in Honour to present him with a Silver Bottle-screw and a Tobacco-box.

A Divine ought to calculate his Sermon, as an Astrologer does his Almanack, to the Meridian of the Place and People where he lives. What Stuff it is to Preach against Usury at *Whiteball*, and Fornication in *Lombard-street*? No, invert the Tables; preach against Usury in *Lombard-street*, and Fornication at *Whiteball*.

One Sunday Morning a Shower of Rain drove a Gentleman of my Acquaintance into the College-Chappel at *Chelfea*. The Minister, as he told me, was very furiously inveighing against Covetousness before a Parcel of Fellows that were in no great Danger of being infected with that Sin, or ever seeing a greater Sum than half a Crown. He ought to have preach'd against Swearing, Pilfering, rubbing out of Ale-house Scores, and building of Sconces,

Ingratitude, Perfidy, Oppression, Bribery, and the like, may be preach'd against in every Church between *Berwick* and *St. Michael's Mount*.

*St. Epiphanius*, *St. Theophylact*, *St. Gregory of Nazianzen*, the *Concilium Illiberitanum*, and *St. Austin de Civitate Dei*, rumble well in a Country Church, and make the Parson admir'd by his Flock; but is not one good Argument more convincing than a thousand Citations out of *St. Gregory*?

To quote *St. Ambrose* or *St. Jerome*, or any other Red-letter'd Father, to prove any such important Truth as this, That Virtue is commendable, and all Excess to be avoided; is like sending for the Sheriff to come with the *Posse Comitatus* to disperse a few Boys at Foot-ball, when it may be done without him.

Some

Some Divines make the same Use of Fathers and Councils, as our Beaus do of their Canes, not for Support or Defence, but meer Ornament and Show; and cover themselves with fine Cobweb-distinctions, as *Homer's* Gods did with a Cloud,

Tho' Ignorance is none of the best Qualifications for one that sets up for Director of others, yet 'tis better we should have a few ignorant Parsons, than our Parishes have none to look after them. My Lord *D*— ask'd a certain Bishop, in the late Reign, why he confer'd Orders upon so many Block-heads? Oh! my Lord, says he, 'tis better the Ground should be plough'd by Asses, than lie untill'd.

All Churches, let them pretend what they will, aspire at Power. The *Huguenots* in France, after the Assembly of *Rochel*, in the Year 1623, gave Commissions to their Officers to raise Horse and Foot in nomine Ecclesiarum.

The Presbyterian Divines have been observ'd of late, to preach after the Manner of the Church of *England-men*. Without setting up for a Prophet, I dare venture to affirm, that this will be their Ruin. 'Twas the melodious Twang of the Nose, the dusting of the Cushion, the black Cap tip'd with White, the zealous Toss of the Handkerchief; in short, the Fire, the Vehemence, the Impetuosity of their Action, that gave them all their Authority with the People; which they'll soon lose, if once they quit Show and Grimace, for good Reason and Sense. People then will go to their Parish-Churches.

Singularity of Expression, Habit, and the like, keep up a Sect that would otherwise fall. This, for ought I know, has been the chief Preservation of *Judaism*. Whenever the Quakers part with their broad-brimm'd Hats, little Cravats, and Coats without Pockets before; the Author of *The Snake in the Grass* may e'en leave off writing against them, for their Farthing-Candle, call'd the private Spirit, will go out of it self.

People may talk what they will of the Liberty of *Amsterdam*, but 'tis no where in such Perfection, say I, as in

*London.* A Man in *Amsterdam* is suffer'd to have but one Religion, whereas in *London* he may have two Strings to his Bow.

A Man that splits himself between two Churches, is true to neither, but to his own Interest.

There must be something more than ordinary in the Wind, when a splay-mouth'd Linsey-woolsey Sir *Humphrey*, to qualify himself for a Gold Chain and Scarlet Gown, can swallow so rank a Pill as Superstition, and submit to the Popery of *St. Paul's*.

Sometimes the Church of *England* and Presbytery shall be one, sometimes as different as Light and Darkness, just as the present Juncture of Affairs will have it.

The Ministers of both Churches, that can admit such amphibious Animals by Turns to their Communion, have some invifible Loop-holes to creep out at, which no-body else can see. For Shame charge the Jesuits no more with Equivocation !

A Man that keeps steady to one Party, 'tho he happens to be in the Wrong, is still an honest Man.

He that goes to a Cathedral in the Morning, and *Salter's-hall* in the Afternoon, is a Rascal by his own Confession.

A true Citizen's Conscience makes a Gain of every Thing, even of Godliness it self.

*Mahometanism* came into the World with Teeth and Claws, was nurs'd up in Violence, Rapine, and Murder ; yet, grown up to Man's Estate, generously gives Quarter to those of a different Belief. Christianity, whose distinguishing Character is Love and Meekness, allows cutting of Throats for the Propagation of the Gospel.

A Man in throwing Dirt at his Adversary, does often bespatter himself. Two Country Fellows quarrell'd in the Field, and one pursu'd the other up to his own Village. When he found himself safe ; Now come on, says he, you Cuckoldly Dog, if you dare ; we are four to one of you.

A Woman will suffer any thing, sooner than to see her Husband bestow his Kindness elsewhere. My Lady

B—— found

**B**—— found Sir *John* and her Gentlewoman too familiar together. The very next Moment she turn'd her away. Huffy, crys she at parting, I have no occasion for such as you ; all the Business you do here, I can as well dispatch my self.

*Selfish* never speaks well of any one, and never dines at Home. 'Twas Justly said of him, That he never open'd his Mouth, but at another Man's Expence.

A jealous Man and a Cuckold, says Sir *John Suchlin*, differ like Alderman and Mayor ; a little Time makes one the other. A common Slanderer wants only an opportunity to be a Cut-throat.

What greater Torment can there be on this side Hell, than Desire and Impotence ?

The *Ephesian* Matron, of famous Memory, was an Angel to some of our modern Wives: She had the Manners to stay 'till her Husband was cold, before she disposed of herself. Ours enter into Articles before the old Bond is cancell'd. Dear *Betty*, says a Butcher in *Smithfield*, a little before he dy'd, I am not a Man for this World, therefore I would advise you to marry our Man *Jack* ; 'tis a clever, well-built, strong Fellow, and our Business, you know, requires such a one. Well, Husband, answers she, and so it does ; but if that's all, never trouble your self ; *John* and I have agreed that matter already.

'Tis not a fine Show of Books makes a Scholar ; and yet, crys the *Fleet-ditch* Quack, why should not I know as much as any of the College ? I'm sure I have as good a Library. As if staring upon a Parcel of Books neatly bound, or upon a heap of Guineas through a Gold-smith's Glass in *Cheapside*, would either make a Man learned or rich.

Buying of Books is grown into a Fashion, even with those that can't read them. The aforesaid Quack hearing a *Buxtorf's Hebrew Lexicon* put up at an Auction, cries aloud, I'll have it. When he had look'd upon it a little, he return'd it back to the Auctioneer. Mr. *Milington*, says he, you may e'en keep this Book for your own Use ; I'll have none on't. Why, the damn'd Book—



Book-binder has spoil'd it ; he has made it begin at the End.

In some Grounds every Thing degenerates. Wheat runs into Barley, Artichokes turn to Thistles, Grapes give nothing but Verjuice. And thus the best Subject groes flat and insipid in some Hands, that have the Reverse of *Midas's* Talent, and turn every Thing into Lead.

He that writes abundance of Books, and gets abundance of Children, may in some Sense be said to be a Benefactor to the Publick, because he furnishes it with Bum-fodder and Soldiers ; but 'tis impossible he should bestow enough upon them to make them appear handsomly in the World.

'Tis a Sign of the last necessity in an Author, when he is forc'd to steal for himself. 'Tis worse than robbing the Spittle.

Mr. *Shadwell*, in one of his last Plays, is so honest as to own, that he had stole a few Hints out of a *French* Comedy, but pretends 'twas rather out of Laziness than Want. This Confession, instead of mending Matters, would have hang'd him at the *Old-Baily*; and why it should save him in *Parnassus*, I can't tell.

'Tis strange that an Author should have a Gamester's Fate, and not know when to give over. Had the City Bard stop'd his Hand at *Prince Arthur*, he had miss'd Knighthood, 'tis true, but he had gone off with some Applause.

*Cleander*, don't give your self the trouble to write against *Nevius* ; stay but a while, and you'll find he'll scribble himself out of his little Reputation.

One would almost swear, that some Authors had serv'd an Apprenticeship to a Faggot-maker. A substantial Stick or two on the Outside, a promising Title, a tolerable Preface, and all Rubbish within.

Never was there such a Shoal of Versifiers, and so few Poets.

Some Books, like the City of *London*, fare the better for being burnt.

Plays and Romances sell as well as Books of Devotion ; but with this Difference, more People read the former, than buy them ; and more buy the latter, than read them.

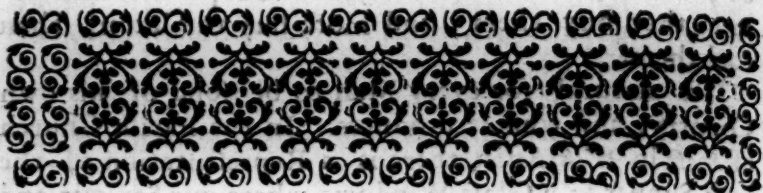
'Tis natural for every Man to be fond of his own Country, and what it produces. In the Parish Church of *Soest* in *Westphalia*, there is a Representation of the Last Supper in a Glass-Window, where our Saviour and the Apostles sit down before a Gammon of Bacon, the topping Dish of the Country, instead of the Paschal Lamb. Two hundred Years ago perhaps, in the Days of *Popery*, an *English* Painter would have made it a Surloin of Beef.

The' Life is so short, we spend it as unprofitably as if we had *Metheusela's* Age to squander away. How many tiresome *Dutch* Volumes, and tedious Nights has Dr. B——y gone through, to acquire all that useful Learning about *Tberiolean* Cups, and *Sicilian* Groats !

'Twas a merry Saying of *Rabelais*, That a Man ought to buy all the bad Books that come out, because they will never be printed again.



Mr.



Mr. BROWN'S

## Dialogues of the Dead ;

In Imitation of LUCIAN.

---

The Scene, HELL.

---

### *The Trial of CUCKOLDS.*

*Lucifer.* **H**Old ! Porter, shut rhe Gates of this our August Court, that we may not be thus throng'd, Let no more come in, till we have clear'd the Bench of these Numbers we have before us already.

*Porter.* Mighty Emperor, your Commands shall be obey'd.

*Lucif.* Now, my Noble Lords, fet we our selves to searh and examine what of late Years brings daily such Gluts and Spring-Tides of Souls to our Infernal Mansions, 'specially at this time, when neither War, Famine, nor Plague, are abroad in the upper World, or at least in that part of it from whence I observe most of this Gang arrive ; *Europe* I mean : If there were War, 'twould be no Wonder so many were damn'd ; the Liberties of the Sword surprize enough in their Sins to throng our Courts of Justice, Nor is the *Plague* with-  
out

out Advantages for us that way; the few that have Spiritual Relief in such contagious and quickly-destroying Distempers, encrease our Crop: And the general Cruelty of Mankind is such, that in Famine, those that have will keep for themselves and their Dogs, and let the rest of their own Species perish, without so much as a pitying Look: And this makes many *Atheists* in their Wants, and does that without our instigation which we could not persuade *Job* to do, that is, *Curse God, and Die.*

But, *my Lords*, when none of these our Loyal Vassals are abroad, 'tis not strange that I am to seek in the Cause of this great Concourse at our Tribunal; and therefore that *Virtue*, for want of Reward and due Praise, may not slacken, we will examine to what industrious Friend we owe this unexpected Success, Wherefore, you *Minor Devils* and *Under-Officers* of our Court, bring them in order to the Bar, and let no Devil of Honour, that has past that inferior Office of touching the Uncleannefs of Humanity, defile himself with too near an approach to any of them.

*Here several Lacquey-Devils and Porter-Devils, with the rest of the Mob of Hell, bring on the first Band to the Bar in Italian Garbs.*

Speak Criminal, whence art thou? Of what Nation, Quality, or Condition in the World? And what's the happy cause of thy coming hither?

*Ghost.* First, *Senior*, adjust some Points in dispute which highly concern the Honour of our Country, and the Decorum of good Breeding, and I shall, for all this noble Train that follow me, answer to your Devilships Queries. Coming to the Confines of your flourishing Empire, we were met by some of the Officers of this honourable Assembly, who gave us safe Conduct to your Royal Presence: But, just now entring into these Lists, confronted us a Company of paltry Scoundrels, and press'd for Precedence, swearing, That as they were *Englishmen*, they ought to take place of all that were  
damn'd



damn'd for Cuckolds. We urg'd our Title in Heraldry, That We ought to take place of all Nations, being the Successors of the once Masters of the Universe; but they were deaf to Reason here, as well as in the World, and one swore *D—me, Bl—d and Z—ns*, another, Oaths all round the Compass; and in this Volly of Mouth-Grenadoes, one very demure Gentleman prest by *Yea and Nay*, that we were in the wrong; and had it not been for this Honourable Devil here, that's a Friend to our Nation, we had been worm'd out of our Birthright by the *Arse and Refuse* of the World: *Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*; as our Noble Countryman has it, Dogs shut out of Doors from all the rest of Mankind. I therefore appeal to this thrice excellent Senate, and you the right and most reverend Doge, to redress this Affront.

*Lucif.* Hey day! What, has not Hell yet brought you to your Senses, that you can think we Devils are such Sots to trouble our Heads about the ridiculous *Whims* of Ceremonious Mankind? But since they were so obstreperous to make a Disturbance in Hell, they shall be the last heard: Therefore proceed to the Question.

*Ghost.* An't please your thrice puissant Devilship, Noble Senior, I was coming to that Point: Therefore to be brief (for I hate Prolixity) I am, Sir, an *Italian* by Nation, and a Nobleman by Quality. My own Vanity and ill Chance gave me a pretty Wife, and my Honour made me chuse her of an *Illustrious House*, but she prov'd *Lewd and Prodigal*, the natural Issue of *Beauty and High Birth*; my dotage on her Charms hath bred in me such a fond, blind, uxorious Vice, (*which my Countrymen are seldom guilty of*) that I was almost ruin'd before I found I was betray'd: But travelling toward *Genoua*, I met the Spark, my pretended Friend, on the Road to my Dwelling; I seemingly pass'd on my way, but in the Night return'd unexpected and surprized 'em all, and therefore as my Honour bid me, I murdered him and baked him in a Pye, and (*ingeniously in my Revenge*) swore she should eat no other Food but her Lover: The Crust she a while did eat, but one day having prepared

a Stelle-

a *Skeleton*, at Supper she dispatch'd me thus, to your thrice Noble and *Illustrious Devilship*.

*Luc.* Very well ! and worthy thou art of such a Punishment, that couldst not forgive Beauty a gentle Slip of that nature thou thy self hadst so often transgressed. Speak the next.

2 *Ghost*. I am also an *Italian* ; and observing a Gentleman often ogling my Wife, which she did not a little encourage, I sent a *Bravo* to dispatch him, ( for we *Italians* do not love to look *Revenge* in the Face our selves ) but the Rogue of a *Bravo*, won by my Wife, and by a great Sum of Money of my Adversary's, comes back to me, and cuts my *Throat*. And this, *most noble Senior*, is most of our cases, our Wives have given us the casting throw for Damnation.

*Luc.* You the rest of the malignant Train, Is this true, that your *Wives* have sent you hither ?

*Omnes.* Yes, yes ; we have all had Wives.——All the Plagues of *Egypt* let us undergo, but no Wives, we most humbly beseech your most *noble Devilship*.

*Luc.* Prayers are in vain, Transgressions are to be punished by the same way they are committed ; nor must you be your own Carvers here in *Hell*, Gentlemen. Away with 'em down into Cuckolds-Cave, ten thousand fathom deeper than the Whore-masters, and next the Keeping-Cullies and let each have two *Wives* to torment him.

*Omnes.* O Wives ! Wives !

[*They are remov'd off, and others brought on.*]

*Luc.* Proceed to the next Band.

Say what were you in the World , and what dear Sin brought you to this place ?

*Spanish Ghost.* Great Prince of *Larkness*, and Lord of the greatest part of *Mankind*, may it please your *Catholick Majesty*, I was by my Worldly State and Condition a *Spanish Grandee* of the first Magnitude, rich as Fortune and an Indulgent Prince well could make me, (for, your *Devilship* must know, our King is but a Sheep for us to fleece when we please, which we do in all places, letting his Soldiers and inferiour Servants starve) happy, till

too

too much Success was my undoing ; for by that I gain'd the Lady I lov'd, and so in one *unhappy Word* was Married. 'Tis tedious to repeat the Injuries I receiv'd from the Ingrateful Fair, who, after all, to make room for another, sent me away (*like an Italian as she was*) in all my Sins, with a poisonous Draught.

*Luc.* Is the same your Fate, you the rest of this be-fotted Crew, that have met with just Punishment from one part of your selves, for preferring your private Grandeur before the Service of your King, and Honour of your Country ?

*Omnes.* Yes, yes ; Thirst of Honour and Wealth made us cheat the King, *that* drew down the Judgment of Wedlock, and that brought us to this long Home and Fiend of Matrimony.

*Luc.* Away with these, and drive 'em out of their Snails pace. [*A tattered Ghost comes forward.*]

*Ghost.* Just may be their Punishment, most Noble Devil ; but why should I be condemn'd to *Winning*, who was so far from cheating the King, that I could never get my Due of him, and being a Gentleman born, never did any thing below my Extraction, and have gone without a Meal many a time, rather than degrade my self to get one ? And tho' I could arrive to it no other ways, yet kept up my part still in stately Walk and my Wallet, tho' I had no Bread for either, or a Shirt to my Back.

*Luc.* Since thy own Folly made thee marry, 'tis now too late to prate you must away with the rest.

[*They are carried off, and others brought on.*]

Bring the next to the Bar : Declare the Cause of your deserv'd Damnation. My Life on't, these dapper Sparks are in for Cakes and Ale too ; the very Air of their Faces speaks them *CUCKOLDS*.

*French Ghost.* Sire, may it please your most Victorious Majesty. *Vostre Esclave* is a Frenchman by Birth, and a Leader of the Most Christian King's most Magnanimous Forces ; and whilst I with my *Comilitones* was reaping *Lawrels* in the Field of Renown, and engaging the Enemy abroad, my Lady Wife (as most of our *French Wives*)

Wives will, for having once tasted the Sweets of Love, they'll ne'er have done till they have undone us one way or other) my Lady Wife, I say, was engaging with a Friend at home, who very genteely gave her the POX, which I at my return, like a gay Cavalier of a Husband, receiv'd of her as genteely without Rebuke, it being no matter of Scandal with us. But *Mademoiselle POX* proving a very *Virago*, gave me a damn'd Thrust in *Quarto*, and sent me hither in *Decimo sexto*, *Monseigneur*.

*Luc.* You the rest, speak.

*Omnes.* We are all *Frenchmen*, and therefore you need not doubt the Cause, the *Pox* and our *Wives*, *Ma foy*.

*Luc.* Away with them: They'll make a Fire by themselves, or will serve instead of *Small-coal*, to kindle others; for they are half burnt out already. Place 'em next the *Spaniard*. The next there speak.

[*They are carried off, more brought on.*]

*Ger. Ghost.* I am by *Nation* a German, and by *Damnation* a Husband, a Cuckold, or what you please, for I hate to mince the matter with a long Preamble, when a Word to the *Wife* is enough.

*Luc.* Very well; you the rest speak.

*Omnes.* Ev'n so, an't please your Imperial Devilship; whilst we drank and fought against the *Turks*, our Wives whor'd with the *Christians*. O Wives! Wives!

*Luc.* Away with these into the hottest, for their Carcasses are so soak'd with Liquor, that they'll put out an ordinary Fire. You the next speak.

[*They are carried off, others brought on.*]

*Dutch Ghost.* Gads Sacrament, I am a Member, or rather two Members, of the *Hogen-Mogen Common-wealth* of Europe. Two Members I say, for I am a Member governed, and a Member governing; for the People with us, and in all such Common-wealths, are both Subjects and Masters, govern Laws, and govern'd by the same.

*Luc.* Your Country's Name then is *Contradiction*. Is it not?

*Ghost.* Contradiction to *Monarchy*, tho' set up by some Monarchs to spite others. But to your Question, old *Tarpaulian*: Whilst I was getting Money and drinking  
Punch



Punch and Brandy, to hearten me for the noble Combats of *Snick* or *Snee*, or some illustrious Sea-fight, or some generous Undertaking at the Island of *Formosa*, (for a true *Dutchman* never fights without his Head full of Brandy) my Wife made it fly like *Suterkins* at home; at last she made me turn Bankrupt, and cheat my Creditors, and so dying, I came with a full Sail and brisk Gale into your Fort.

*Luc.* You the rest, speak.

*Omnes.* For our *Wives*, O *Suterkin* Hogan, our *Wives*, whose broad-built Bulk the Boisterous Billows bear.

*Luc.* Away with them into the Den of Anarchy and Confusion, below the Founders of *Babel*.

[*They are carried off, and abundance of English Bands come forward.*]

*Luc.* Numerous Crew! answer me; what has brought you into this Kingdom; and what you were in the World.

*A Ghost of a Beau speaks to another of the same feather.*

1 *Beau's Gh.* D——me *Jack*, didst ever hear so silly and impertinent a Question? as if *Marriage* was not the only Cause of *Damnation*. [*Aside.*]

2 *Beau's Gh.* R——t me, *Ned*, as thou say'st, I never heard a Country Justice ask more *mala propos*; but, The Devil's an Ass, and so let him pass.

*The first of the first Band answers the Devil.*

I am an *English-man*, who after I had been a notorious Cuckold, was persuaded by my Wife to fight the Man that made me so, and was fairly kill'd for Satisfaction, as all this Band that follow me were; and we are damn'd for *Fools* as well as *Cuckolds*.

*Omnes.* 'Tis true, Honour and Wedlock have been our Ruin.

*Luc.* Away with them into *Fools Paradise*, below the Keeping-Cullies, as the more unpardonable Monsters.

[*They are carried off, and as the next come in, the Beaux speak.*]

1 *Be. G.* D——me *Ned*, didst ever know such *Fools* as they, that could not be satisfied to live *Cuckolds*, but must die so too with a witness. [*Aside.*]

2 *Be. Gh.*

2 Be. Gb. R——t me, *Jack*, if ever I was of that fighting Humour; nor did I ever fight but once, and then forc'd to it; but my *Stays* sav'd my Life, and I wore my Glove that was cut in the Rencounter as long as 'twould hang on my Hand: Therefore tho' I knew Sir Roger *All-fight* kiss'd my Wife, yet as long as I could sup at the *Rose*, and break the Drawer's Head if he made not haste, or brought *bad Wine*, or so, gad I let him kiss her and welcome. [Aside.]

1 Be. Gb. S——k me, *Ned*, I was always of thy mind, as long as I could flutter abroad in my Glass Coach, have my Diamond Snuff-box full of *Orangeree* or *Roderigo*, &c. D——me if I car'd a rush who rode in my Saddle. But mark that formal Coxcomb is now going to speak: Lord! how fine a thing it is to be a Man of Wit, and what a singular Figure he makes! but hark, old Gray-beard begins. [Aside.]

Luc. Speak you the next.

Gbost. I was a Man of Quality, of the same Country, but my Fortune being in my youth run out, in *France* for breeding, and in *England* by keeping; I thought in my riper Years to retrieve all by marrying a *City Heiress*; but she had by Nature so much of the Mother in her, that by Intriguing and Equipage, she soon brought me into a worse Condition than before: So that, as my last refuge, I was feign to turn *Plotter*, and being discover'd was lop'd shorter by the Head, as all this honourable Tribe that follows me were.

Luc. Away with 'em.

They are carry'd off, and as the next are bringing to the Bar the Beaus discourse agen.

1 B. G. D——me, *Ned*, this was a worse Fool than 'other.

2 B. G. R——t me, *Jack*, *vous avez raison*: For I always lov'd to keep my self out of the Jeopardy of *Assi-*on: *Jack*, I'd talk Treason, or so; sort my self with the disaffected, and blow up Coals of their discontent, or so: But for Engagements, Covenants, Conditions, and Unlawful Assemblies, gad they must pardon me. [Aside.]

1 B. G.

1 B. G. Z——ns, Ned, thou and I were always one Man ; I could rail at the Magistrates, pen a *Lampoon*, or at least convey it to *Julian*, give penny Pies to the Mob to make a noise, *Ridicule the Transactions of the Government*, and give squinting *Reflections on the King*, that was my *ne plus ultra* ; for all that I can see, we are in the best case still Ned. But now our Band advances, let us press forward, or our Cause may fail. [Aside.

2 B. G. Hell and Damnation, all's lost ; for look yonder, that conceited Coxcomb my Lord Flippant, presuming on his *Quality*, has taken upon him to be our Chief, and Spoaks-man. [Aside.

1 B. G. S——nk me Ned, so say I : I never knew a conceited Man, but he was a Fool ; but let's hear, we may put in an *Appeal*, or a *Writ of Error* afterward, or award *Judgment*, if our cause be ill hand'd. [Aside.

O ! What an admirable thing it is to be a Man of Parts !

Luc. Speak thou fluttering Fool for the rest of this thy *Peacock-Gang*.

L. Flippant's Ghost. D——me, Sir, I have been a Man of the Town, or rather a Man of Wit, and have been confest a *Beau*, and admitted into the Family of the *Rakebellonians* : And D——me, Sir, I think I am much under that *Dilemma* at present.—— I was learn'd in the ingenious Art of *Dumfounding* ; a Wit I said, dear Devil, I was, and it lay as a Gentlemans shou'd, most in Lewdness and *Atheism*. I married in jest, or a frolick, which you please, but as I thought a Fortune (got by *Cullys*) I was made a Cuckold in earnest ; tho' that was no great grievance to me, since it only made me in the Mode : Nor cou'd I expect any better, since I knew she was a Whore before I had her, but 'twas with my Betters, and so I was contented her Money shou'd pass current with me, where her Reputation would not, but *Sharping* was her best *Quality*, and *Gaming* her greatest *Patrimony* : And she set up a *Basset-Table*, and whilst I was at the *Groom-Porters* throwing a-main, she wou'd be sure to set me at Home a pair of Horns, I seldom coming to my Apartment, but I met some *Cully Nobleman* or other ;

other ; but that which was worst, she still had a *Knave* in her Mouth, or an *Alpue* in her Tail, that carry'd away all the Gain : Whilst I was at *Will's Coffeehouse*, fastned in *Controversy* or *Poetick Rhapsodies*, though I had neither *Religion* nor *Learning*, she was sure of me 'till Play-time, and then too : For at five, come *Dick*, says I (to a Brother of the *Oringe*, and *Cravat-string*) D——me, let's to the Play : R——t me, says he, 'tis a dull one : D——me, says I, I value not the Play, my Province lies in the Boxes ogling my Half-Crown away, or running from *side Box* to *side Box*, to the inviting *Incognito's* in Black Faces, or else wittily to cry out aloud in the Pit, &c, *Bough*, or *Boyta*, and then be prittily answer'd by the rest of the *Wits* in the same *Note*, like Musical Instruments tun'd to the same pitch. And whilst I was thus generously employed, my Consort had her retreat of Quality to be provided of what I fail'd in. From the Play to the *Rose*, where we drank till four or break of Day, from thence to Bed, where we lay till four or five again, so in *infinitum*.

1 B. G. D——me *Jack*, did'st ever hear a Sot spoil a good Tale in the telling so ;

2 B. G. Z——ns, *Ned*, we're undone through this Scoundrels Ignorance and Nonsense : Shall I speak ?

1 B. G. R——t me, if thou wilt, thou may'st ; but I am sure I could make more of it : For tho' thou art a Man of *Wit*, and a good Judge of *Poetry*, and all that, R——t me *Jack*, *Oratory* is thy blind side.

2 B. G. D——me, Sir, don't put upon your Friends ; For I have been bred at the *University*, and think my self as good a Judge as you or any Man alive : And Sir, were we out of the Court, I believe you would not thus have abus'd me.

1 B. G. Nay, D——me, *Ned*, now thou art unjust to thy Friend : R——t me, to Quarrel for't, I acknowledge'd thee a Man of Parts, *Ned*, and all that.

*Luc*. Away with the *Gay Sots*, and because I have no Plagues in Hell equal to their Deserts, let them be a Torment to one another. Away with them.

[As they are carrying off, the *Beaus Discourse*.

1 B. G.



1 *B. G.* Well *Ned*, shall I speak before it is too late? You may depend on my Excellence in *Oratory*, 'tis my Talent, I never writ *Billet-deux* in my Life, but it prevail'd with the cruel Nymph: And do ye think I can't with the *Devil*? I'll persuade him out of his seven Senses Man? D——me, I'll make it appear to him, that he is a God, and all that, Man: R——t me *Ned*, be not obstinate.

2 *B. G.* Z——ns, Sir, no more of that strain. Sir, you'r a Coxcomb. What! doubt my universal Parts? [They are carried off.]

*Luc.* You with such a busy Face, speak, what are you?

*Here abundance of Cits in various Dresses, come forward.*

*Cit. Ghost.* An't please your infernal Majesty, I was a Right Worshipful Citizen of London, that famous *Metropolis* of England, and I have born all the honourable Employments of the same, ev'n to Sheriff and Lord Mayor: I was long of the Court of Aldermen, and one of the chief Spoaks-men of the Common-Council: I made Speeches, and pen'd most of the Addresses; but 'tis not for being a Cuckold alone, or that I was feign to cheat so many to maintain my Wives Pride and Luxury, that I am damn'd with this Right Worshipful Crew here; for those are Crimes common to the rest of our Brother Citizens, as well as us; but we were so mad to marry second Wives, and for their sakes turn our Children out of doors, after we had bred them up in all the Ease and Luxury of the Age, to seek their Fortunes in the wide World, and left our Estates to our Wives at our Death, who will be sure to bestow them on some silly, Hectoring Spendthrift Bully of *Alsatia* or other, and let the Children begot of our own Bodies starve.

*Luc.* Away with that Rank Gang of Fools as well as Knaves, who cou'd so much forget Nature, and it's necessary and known Laws, as to cast off their own Offspring, to give away their Substance to those that will not only misuse it, but condemn the Memory of them that were their Benefactors, with so great an Injury to Nature.

2 *Cit.* May it please your noble *Devilship* to hear me, before you give Judgment upon us; and I don't doubt seriously, but I shall offer such Reasons of our Behaviour in that Matter, as shall sufficiently move that Ignominy your *Devilship* was pleas'd to cast upon us. First then, tho' it be true, that upon my Marriage, I agreed with my second Spouse to turn all my Children out of Door, yet I did it not 'till she or I had found some Cause so to do, for some of them were undutiful, and others put Tricks upon me, (as my good Wife said) and others were lewd and extravagant, and some self-will'd; so that I deserted none of 'em without some Fault. If they were undutiful, was I to blame to punish 'em for it? Or was it my Duty to keep and maintain them, after they were of sufficient Bigness to prog for themselves? The Birds and Beasts take Care of their Young no longer, than 'till they are able to care for themselves; and why should Man be confin'd to more severe Laws in that Point, than his Vassal Creatures? I must profess, on the Word of a Citizen, that I can see no Reason why a Man that gets his Estate himself, may not give it away to whom he pleases; and none so near and deserving, as the Wife of ones Bosom. What tho' she may have Slips, the Witcheries and Temptations of Love are great to their soft Sex; and if we have been so employ'd in getting, that we could not mind that other Business, why should we blame them for easing us by other Supplies, where we wanted Power to give them.

*Luc.* Thou hast spoken as much to the Purpose, as when in the World thou us'd Harange at the Choice of a Sheriff; and therefore I shall proceed to a singular Punishment for you. Your Argument of punishing your Children for their Undutifulness, turns here on your own Head; for when they are little, you encourage their Impudence: And that is a witty Child with you, that can prate faucily and lewdly before he can read, and swear, and catch the Maids

by it before seven Years old ; and then when you have given them their Head without Controul, during their Childhood and Minority, you punish them for the Fruit of that Tree which your selves have planted, which is in it self the Height of Injustice ; but on the contrary, you are condemn'd for breaking the Laws of your Maker, which you were bred in Fear of, and taught to obey ; and you that could punish your own Flesh and Blood so for nothing, without relenting, have a just Judgment for being punish'd here without Mercy. And as for their being lewd and extravagant, that is no Plea for you, since that is the Lesson you have taught 'em both by Example and Precept, from the Time of their Birth, 'till their coming to Years of Understanding ; for you let a Taylor's Daughter with you go in the Garb of the Children of a Duke in the *Country*, and even Miss *Ketch* be call'd away from the Mob : Your Sons must keep their Horses, and their Whores too, before they know the Use of either ; and then you punish them for persevering, when they are better skill'd. And as for the Birds and Beasts, (Examples I think unworthy to be follow'd by a nobler Being, or quoted as a Precedent) they are so far excelling you in that Point, that they educate their Young in the simple Course of Nature, not elevating them above what's necessary, nor leaving them, 'till they have sufficiently inur'd them to provide for themselves all that Nature requires. But just contrary to the Example you quote, you, all the Infancy of your Children, keep them from Hardship, and knowing how to live, and to provide for themselves, and then on the sudden cast them out of their Nest unfledg'd, without teaching them to fly. Nor is your proud Supposition, that you may dispose of your own Gettings, more pious or justifiable, unless you will make your selves Gods, and claim the Propriety of that which you cannot carry out of the World with you, no more than you brought it in. 'Twas Heaven that

gave

gave Success to your Endeavours, to provide for those other Blessings it bestow'd upon you, of fine hopeful Children, and you were in Right but their Tenant for Life, to improve your Substance for their Good. Nor can you in Reason imagine any one deserves it better; for Justice and Reason both will have it, that you that have begot them into the World without their Seeking or Desires, to satisfy your own Pleasure, ought to provide all you can for them, that you brought thus involuntarily into the Maze of Fortune, and the Treachery of Mankind. And of all in the World, you have the least Reason to leave it to a Wife, that not only betrays the Rights of your Bed, prostituting herself and your Honour to Rascals; but shew'd at first so little Respect and Love for you, as to desire so unreasonable a Thing, that you should cast off all the Bonds of Nature, and forsake your own Children, which she could not but love, if she lov'd you: For you know the Proverb, *Love me, Love my Dog*. Having thus therefore shewn the Villainy of your Crimes, 'tis fit I proceed to your just Punishment, for which you are sent hither. You that have thus more than monstrously prevaricated against Nature, shall want all the Benefits of Nature; Fire you shall have, but not to give you gentle Warmth from the Cold of the Season, (as when you liv'd and hugg'd your self in all *Epicurism*, whilst your Children starv'd) but to scorch your wretched Consciences; and continual Fears of burning your Goods, Houses, and Writings, shall attend you; to which shall be added the piercing Fire of Jealousy, that shall prey upon every Part of you; nor shall you be without the Knowledge of your Wife's Transactions on Earth, and see how they mourn in Sack and Claret, and how they marry and whore before you are cold; how they spend that profusely, which you scrap'd together to give them, with so much Injustice to your poor Orphans, whose Injuries shall never let you rest, but with all



the Fury of Hell for ever torment you worse than *Onan* or the *Sodomites* ; Away with them, whose Villanies raises a Horror, even in me the Prince of Hell, and great Source of all Wickedness.

[As they are going off, two Quakers Ghosts speak.

1 Quaker's Ghost. Ah ! um ! ——— *Josiah* ! Verily, who would have thought, that *Rebecca* would have fallen with the Ungodly so, or that your *Tabittha* would have let the Spirit move her to play with the Calves of *Bethel*, the Wicked of *Sidon*, or the prophane Children of *Moloch* ?

2 Ghost. By Yea, and by Nay, *Abadoniah*, as thou say'st, it was more verily than could enter into the Heart of Man to believe. Why, there was my Neighbour *Sad-Face*, and my Cousin *Goggle*, *Nabu*, *Sneak-phir*, and [The Lord said unto Moses, Praise God] was his Fore-name ; had they not holy Sisters, as to the Appearance of the Flesh, for their Spouses ? yet behold with them, and within the *Tabernacles of their Mansions*, instead of raising up Seed to the Lord among the Chosen and Godly, they did sacrifice to *Baal* with the Giants of *Moab*. Oh *Abadoniah* ! what a falling off was there ! What a Backsliding !

1 Ghost. Oh, *Josiah* ! As thou say'st, Verily, and by Yea, and by Nay, that the Spirit should move us to come to the Devil for our *Necessaries*, without a Convenience. But our Lord will remember our Captivity in *Babylon*. [They are carry'd off.

The Lawyers push forward, and speak very urgently.

Lawyers Ghost. Sure, my Lord, if the Decorum of any Place ought to be kept, that of a Court of Justice ought, and not to let a paltry Cit speak before a Man of the Robe. But in these Popish Times, all Law is neglected, and all its honourable Professors condemn'd and postpon'd. However, my most honourable Lord and Patron of all that wear Black, I shall humbly move this honourable Court, that I may at length

length be heard, since my Cause is of so great Importance and Concern; and in which the Wisdom of this Court will be highly interested, if it shou'd be brought in *Billa Vera*, and it wou'd too much reflect on the Impartiality of this Court of Judicature, to be slack in indagating into a Cause of this Weight and Moment. My Lord, before I open, I shall only premise, that I take this to be the *High Court of Equity*; which granted, I shall begin to open.

I will confess, that Statutes in *Banco Regis* may prevail, and Custom in the *Common Pleas*; but humbly presume, with Submission to your Lordships, that this being a *Court of Equity*; it will give the \* Devil his Due. But, my Lord, where a Precedent of the like Nature may happen in a Case decided by the great Council of the Nation, I hope it will not be foreign, if I alledge it here *where it has nothing to do*; the Case is parallel, as I may say, my Lord, considering the Circumstances, that is, in short, *Consideratis Considerandis*, in *Primo Henrici Primi*, according to my Lord Cook upon *Littleton*; and if your Lordships will let us read, you shall find so many gross Errors in the Bill, and the material Objections so fully answer'd, and Costs, if not Charges and Damages. But, my Lord, I do humbly suppose, that Part of this Bill ought rather to have been put into an *Indictment*, and so falls not under the Cognizance of this Court; and that is, my Lord, that we are made *Felo's de se*, the Causes of our own Damnation, by an Instrument call'd a *Wife*, value Two-pence. Therefore, my Lord, if you please to let us try it upon a Jury in any County your Lordships shall think fit. Tho' I think in our Case, your Lordships may decide it without farther Trouble; for thus I prove the † Negative, (hoping your Lordships will let me bring in a *Writ of Error*) To deny, my Lord, that we are damn'd,

He 3

\* The Devil laughs every now and then.

† The Devils all laugh at his negative Proof.

damn'd, wou'd be perfect Nonsense, and against all *Form of Law*; yet that we are damn'd for our Wives, I presume, does not follow. And I will prove, that it does not so undeniably to all that have any profound Insight into the Law, that I question not but your Lordships will acquiesce *Nemine Contradicente*; for tho' it be,

*Mark, Brothers, how I will puzzle the Devil, and all his learned Bench with one Turn, one notable Quirk; mind it well.*

*Aside to the other Lawyers Ghosts that follow him. They look up one another rejoicing, and hugging themselves.*

[*Aloud*] For tho' I say, it be true, that our Wives spent a great deal of Money on our Clerks, *Et cetera que nunc perscribere longum est*, and Cuckold us as often as they pleas'd in spite of our Teeth; and tho' I will not deny that they were as profuse as *He iogabolus*, or *Caligula*, and as proud as *Lucifer*, (with Submission to your Lordships) yet (now comes the *Paradox*) yet, I say, (pray mind this) *we did not get Money to maintain their Luxury, but they maintain'd their Luxury out of the Money that we got*: Which, I humbly conceive, falls not under the same *Predicament*, but brings us within the Act of *Habeas Corpus*, that we may not be carry'd away into the Den of ordinary Cuckolds. For, to give your Lordships yet a more lively Representation of this Matter in Question, be pleas'd to reflect on another very pertinent *Precedent* in my Lord Cook, where *Jahn-a-Noakes* is Tenant only for *Life*, and *John-a-Stiles* Tenant in *Tail*. ———

*Luc.* Heyday! What, is it Midsummer-Moon with Mankind? What have we got here! A Cuckold Horn-mad, prating Nonsense, and salving his Knavery and Folly with a Quirk in Law, a Turn of a Sentence? Those Shams won't take here, where there needs

## The Tryal of CUCKOLDS. 151

needs no Fee for Counfel, nor Bribe for Judgment.  
Away with him, and his villainous Tribe.

*Lawyer's Ghost.* Nay, but my Lord, I humbly move your Honour, that we may not be condemn'd *Causa indicta*, that is not right nor equitable: Wherefore I beseech your Lordships to have some Regard to me, as I am a Barrister of thirty Years standing, and a Serjeant of ten, that you wou'd be pleas'd to reflect, that tho' I cheated the *Ignorant*, and squeez'd and impos'd on the *Neceffitous*. —

*Luc.* Has not Hell yet brought thee thy Senses? Away with this impertinent Fellow, and all this black Gang, among the rest of the most deprav'd Cuckolds, but in the deepest Cavern, for whom they shall plead in *Forma Pauperis*, 'till their Lungs crack without Fees; let the Writings of their ill-got Estates be for their Food. Scoundrels that had no more Sense, than after they had cheated so many wise and honest Men, to suffer themselves to be abus'd by Women! Away with them, away with them.

*Lawyer.* As to that, my Lord, I always fetch'd my Dear home in her Coach from her Gallant, who had pawn'd her in a Tavern. —

*Luc.* Away with them, I say. — What, am I not obey'd!

[As they are carry'd off, they cry, O Tempora!  
O Mores!

*Luc.* Who art thou, with so precise a Grimace?

*A Parson's Ghost.* I was in the World above, most mighty King of the reverend Crew, and having a handsome Wife, as most of us love, who was proud, as they generally are, my Benefice (tho' good) was too small to maintain the Grandeur she affected; but I being of a good comely Port, with a Pair of broad Shoulders, and sufficient Abilities, and the Man of God to boot, (which made an easy and open Way for all the rest) I ventur'd to crack a Commandment with some of my wealthy Parishioners Wives, that



they being so oblig'd, (according to my Text) might prevail with their Husbands to be the more generous to me in *Supererrogatory* Offerings, which flow'd all into the bottomless Bag of my Spouse's Pride and Lust; for that too must be supply'd. [They are carry'd off.

*Luc.* You, the rest of this mad foolish Crew, what are you? and what the Cause of your Damnation?

*Poet's Ghost. Quis Talia fando*

*Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulysssei  
Temperet a Lacrymis?*

Ha! Brothers of the Quill, what Fate for us remains!  
But *Death*, or worse than *Death*, in glorious Chains.

*Luc.* What ragged Regiment are you that lag behind your Fellows? What, are you the Black-Guard of the Cuckolds?

*Poet.* No, Royal *Pluto*, no, (altho' indeed we are the poorest Cuckolds that come hither, I believe) we are of the learned Rout.

*We have on PARNASSUS slept,  
And in the sacred Stream  
(To gild our amorous Theam)  
Of HELICON our Pens have dipt,  
And thro' AVERNUS and Black STYX:  
By which to swear,  
The Gods do fear  
We hither slipt;  
And fairly bilk'd old CHARON,  
As we were wont to do of Yore  
Poor HACK or CHAIR-MAN,  
Or our half-starv'd Whore.  
Wherefore, O Sir PLUTO,  
Since we cannot bilk you too.* —————

*Luc.* Hold, hold, I know your Tribe of old; if you once get to repeating your Works, or into the Jingle

The Tryal of CUCKOLDS. 153

Jingle of your Rhimes, you'll never have done. Away with them to old Sternhold and Hopkins, and the rest of the Crambo-Sparks: Ye senseless Scoundrels, that make Wives of your Muses when single, and Whores of your Wives when marry'd.

Poet. *O passs Graviora! —————*  
*Solamen miseris, socios habuisse dolorum.*

Luc. Clear the Court, and let no more come in: The Fatigue of this Sitting has been enough: For my Part, the Follies of Mankind are such, that the very hearing of them has quite turn'd my Stomach for this Month at least.

Porter. Great Sir, here is a Throng of wild Irish, that will take no Denial, but thrust in whether we will or no.

Irish. Nay, nay, me Deer Joy, Chreest bless the sweet Majestees Faash indeed; poor Teague is St. Patrick's own Country-man, be Chreest, and poor Teague will come into St. Patrick's Purgatory; and if there be no Vacancee, indeed thee must make a Vacancee.

Porter. Nay, but this is Hell, and not St. Patrick's Purgatory: Therefore keep back.

Irish. Boo! boo, boo, boo, oo, hoo! Hell indeed! Say st thou mee Deer Joy; be mee Shoul, and bee Chreest and St. Patrick, ee was think that hee that was in the High-way to Hell, cou'd not miss St. Patrick's Purgatory, since there is but a Wall betwixt them.

Porter. Ouns, stand back, or I'll fend you back to the Boyn, ye impudent Paltroons you.

Irish. Boo, hoo, ooo: Bless the sweet Faash of thee indeed, poor Teague will have Patience till his good Grace will let him in indeed. [A Noise without.

Luc. What Noise is that without?

Porter. Here is a Troop of Scots that sweare and stare to get in, and beg they may but skulk into some

H 5 cold

cold Corner of Hell, (which they wou'd not know from their own Country above) with their *Gargymeds*, from the Fury of their Wives, whom they hear are just following them at their Heels. And then here is some Thousands more from *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America*, push'd on with the same Fear: But I'll keep them here in the *Lobby*, 'till your Infernal Majesty is more at Leisure.

*Luc.* Do so. ——— For the horrid Nauseousness of these Sots have almost put me into a Fit of Vomiting and Looseness. And now, my Lords and Gentlemen, that have given your Attendance at this Court, you may depart 'till farther Orders; but tendering my Health, both for your Sakes and my own, I shall confer the Office of my Deputy on our Right Reverend and well-beloved Cousin *Belzebub*, Prince of the *Flies*; for I am unable to undergo this Fatigue any more.

*Belzebub.* I humbly beg your Majesty wou'd excuse my Age, and give me my *Quietus*. Here is Prince *Satan*, an able and active Devil, and worthy your Choice.

*Satan.* Good Prince *Belzebub*, you might have spar'd your good Word; for I shall beg to be excus'd, if my former Services may be respected; for I had enough of Mankind when I tempted *Eve*, she foil'd me so at my own Weapon; therefore I hope your Majesty will confer that troublesome Employment on some Devil of less Quality than my self.

*Lucifer.* So be it then, and let the Mob of Hell make Choice of one, for I am resolv'd to trouble my self no more about them. But before we rise, let Proclamation be made of a general *Play-day* and *Jubilee* for all the lesser and laborious Rank of Devils, who have been thus long continually employ'd in damning Mankind; let them take their Ease as long as *Matrimony* prevails above; for now our Business is much better done by Woman to our Hands: Or if any are so zealously inclin'd to be still busy for the  
Good

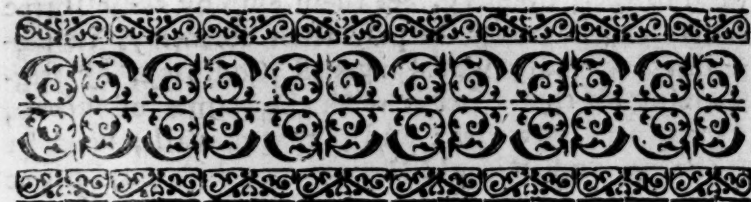
## The Tryal of CUCKOLDS. 155

Good of their Country, let them employ their Time and Talents to better Purpose than formerly, in persuading the easy World against Coel'bacy, by stigmatizing all that affect it with the Names of *Whores, Rogues, and Hypocrites*; and if that prevails, we gain our Point, and *Widow'd Heaven* may bid good-night to Mankind. For if we get them into our Noose, we may be sure of our Purchase. Let none therefore loyter away his Time in tempting the Marry'd; for one Woman will outdo a Legion of you.

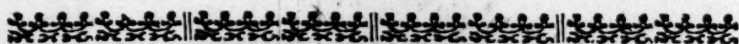
*For since their Grandame Eve in Eden fell,  
The Sex has learnt the damning Trade so well,  
Where e'er that rules, there's little Need of Hell.* }



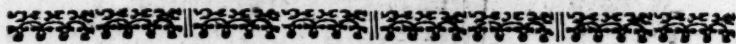




A  
DIALOGUE  
IN THE  
*Elizium Fields,*  
BETWEEN  
LÆLIUS *and* TIMON.



In Imitation of LUCIAN.



Of FRIENDSHIP.

Timon.



O, so, so. — Thanks, ye gracious Powers! that have once more freed me from that sordid Carcase of Mortality, in which I was just now coop'd up, and set me at Liberty again to breath at large in these happy *Elizium Fields*, where Nature appears to the clear Sight of new unclouded Reason, in all her easy Plainness, divested of that Jargon

Jargon of Words, and those gaudy *Robes* and *Trappings*, which the weak Brains and contradictory Guesses of the fond Philosophers have hid in it above. Hail! happy Shades, secure and free from Ambush and Design, where Villainy, Usury, and Treason, and the false Train of inconstant Parasites above, so miscall'd *Friends*, dare ne'er approach, and nothing but what's generous, compassionate, and just, is e'er admitted! all hail! But what noble Man's this comes skimming by? — Those glorious Wreaths that circle in his sacred Head, declare him a true, persevering, and faithful Friend. I see now, 'tis the fam'd *Lelius*; I'll accost him. — Generous *Lelius*, have you forgot your old Acquaintance in these happy Fields?

*Lelius*. Who? — Thrice noble *Timon*! how come you thus soon to us again? You've taken but a short Turn in the frail Walk of Life above.

*Timon*. Not by much so short as I desir'd, I assure you; tho' I rejoyce the damn'd Fatigue is over, and that it will not come to my Lot again this good while. But when, dear *Lelius*, are you for those upper Regions? — If you can persuade your old Friend *Scipio* to accompany you, you'll make a pleasanter Voyage than I did, who cou'd not meet with that divine *Idea*, a Friend, in either of my Visits to Mortality. Nor will you, unless you carry him with you from hence.

*Lelius*. I know not how far the Charms of Friendship might engage me, were my dear *Scipio* to return thither; else I find no great Inclination to quit these calm Retreats, these bless'd Abodes; for the tempestuous Ocean of the World, I lik'd it not so well when I was last there, where every Thing is subject to the blind Governance of Chance, which rarely favours the nobler Beings, but makes the brave Man truckle to the Villain, the Wise and Honest to the Fool or Knave; where none enjoy the Benefits of Life, but such as are not fit to live. If the base World be alter'd for the better, pray inform me.

*Timon*.

*Timon.* Oh! *Laelius*, I find you baulk'd your Glass at *Lethe Lake*, you wou'd not else have remember'd these Inconveniences of human Life, but have been thronging for a new Birth into some of those numerous Bodies, which Mankind above beget Day and Night, without any Fear or Consideration. But to answer your Query: I must confess the World is indeed alter'd, but, by vast and incredible Degrees, for the worse. For if Villainy were sometimes successful in your Age, in this nothing else is. If Honesty and Wisdom were in little Esteem then, now they are in none. If Vertue was then less sought after, 'tis now grown the greatest Scandal. Now, from the Crown to the Cott, from the Peasant to the Prince, there are not the least Foot-steps of Honour, Justice, or moral Honesty. Nay, every individual Man has more Subtilty and designing Cunning in his own private Affairs, than the greatest Tyrant, or the most famous for Dissimulation, (in which there's not a Farmer but excels a *Claudius*) if you're ever understood in administering of the Publick. Stedfast Honour (that generous Idol of Antiquity) veers now with every Wind of Interest or Ambition, as changeable as the *Chameleon*, or the Poetick *Proteus*; and there are as many differing Notions of this plain, this well-known Excellence, as of Religion.

*Lael.* I fear the unparell'd Injuries you receiv'd from the old *Athenians*, makes you speak thus of all Mankind.

*Timon.* No, upon my Word, *Laelius*, (for in these Fields you may believe one on ones Word) my Account reaches not to half the Reality and Truth of the present Villainy of Mankind. No, no: Were *Athens*, with all its Ingratitude, now in being, 'twould be such a Pattern and inimitable Example of Honour and Gratitude, that the present World would never arrive at it. I tell thee, *Laelius*, I cannot give so refin'd a Spirit as thou art, who knew not half the

less

less criminal Vices of your own Age, any tolerable Idea of this, where *Murder*, *Treason*, and *Parricide*, find an *Apoteosis*, and whose greatest Vertues arrive not at an Excellence of the greatest Vices of Old Rome.

*Lelius*. Where's Religion then ; that sacred Tye that bound the World to Vertue ? What's become of that ?

*Timon*. That sacred Name still remains in the World, and nothing but the Name, which makes a mighty Noise and Bustle, and affords as solemn and pompous Shew as the Anti-Feasts of Old, and has no more of Substance.

*Lelius*. Does the old Opinion of the Plurality of Gods prevail with the Vulgar still ? The Vulgar, I say, for it never did with the wiser Sort.

*Timon*. That Opinion, however irrational, prevails very far to this Day ; for if we consider the whole Circumference of the Earth, and all the numerous Nations that dwell on the Surface of it, the old Opinion of Plurality of Gods, takes up the largest Extent ; but if we consider only those Parts where the *Roman Eagles* were known, they are quite of another Opinion, generally all admitting of one only God. But then, they differ again so in Point of Worship, that they make more various Religions for that one God, than we had different Gods for one religious Worship ; and indeed, they make Gods of their own Opinion, every one being ready to spend his Substance, nay, Life and all, to force his Neighbour to be of his Mind. They are divided into three Sorts, *Turks*, *Jews*, and *Christians*. The *Jews* you heard of in your Time.

*Lelius*. An imperfect Account we had of them.

*Timon*. Why, they are the most ancient of these three great Bodies, and draw, as they say, their Original from the first Man, never altering their Opinion of the Unity of the God-head, with whom they us'd to have frequent Converse, and by whom they



they were promis'd a great *Theantropos* that should deliver them from Thralldom, not of Princes, but of their own deprav'd Appetites, their Avarice, Treachery, Pride, and Seditious. And when this great Deliverer came, they very fairly murder'd him; and from this *Theantropos* it is, that the *Christians* derive themselves; I mean their Religion, which is not only compos'd of all the excellent Morals which the old Philosophers found out in the Law and Dictates of Nature, but several wonderful Mysteries that pass'd my Understanding there, and must my Narration here. These *Christians* now possess old Rome, and great Part of Europe, tho' cut and rent into a thousand Sub-divisions, which are more averse to one another, than to the common Enemy of the whole. But notwithstanding all these elevated Precepts of Morality, which they boast are so much improv'd above ours of old, you shan't find one of theirs arrive to the Practice of the worst of us; if indeed they were follow'd, the Life of Man would be so happy above, that all our blest'd *Elizium Shades* below, would be deserted for it; for it would make a large and general Amity betwixt Mankind, banishing all Causes of Strife, diffusing an Epidemick Love through the whole Creation; and whereas you formerly confin'd Friendship to the narrow Compass of two, or a few, this has made it appear it would, if practis'd, unite the whole World in the strictest Bond of Alliance and Friendship. But as it is, it proves but a Pearl cast before Swine, which no Body values or takes Notice of, unless to deceive another.

*Lelins.* Have they no Philosophers and Instructors in this admirable Law, whose excellent Example of the Contempt [of the World, Honours, Interests, Strife, and Enmity, transcend Antiquity, and are a living Lesson of the Good, and Advantage of these wise Institutions?

*Timon.*

*Timon.* O, yes; they have numerous Instructors, but such as least of all follow what they teach; to hear them, would cause a Veneration for them next to a Divinity; but to see their Practice, would breed a Contempt beyond all Expression. There is no Villainy forbid, but they will greedily embrace, if Interest perswade; and no Good commanded, but they will more readily abandon, to gratify their brutal Pride, Luxury, and Revenge. They extol Humility in their Pulpits, but know it not in their Behaviour. They perswade Commiseration for the Misfortunes and Miseries of their Fellow-Creature, as a Duty commanded, and not to be dispens'd withal; but are themselves inexorable to the most moving Object. They defy Obedience in their numerous Elogiums of it; but if it suit not their Ambition and Violence, they run it into endless Distinctions, 'till they have lost it. They inculcate mutual Love and Amity, as the necessary und characteristical Mark of their Profession; yet are the most violent *Boutefeu's*. They enjoin Forgiveness of one another's Injuries as an indispensable Precept, and arraign Revenge as unpardonable, and an Usurpation on the Province of the Deity, yet never forget the least Offence against themselves, but prosecute an accidental Error with all the Malice of an inrag'd Revenge. † Prudence they have none, aiming only at Cunning, under that Name. Justice they think Folly to practise in any Concern where they have any Profit: Fortitude is an antiquated Virtue, which they tell of primitive Gentlemen that were stock'd with it, so as to contemn Life and Torments, rather than to forsake their receiv'd Opinion of Truth; but the Examples are so old, that they look almost like our Golden Age, and are quite out of Use; there being no greater Cowards in Nature,

---

† *Qui summum credere nefas Animam praeferre pudori  
& propter vitam videndi perdere causas.*

ture, as to passive Fortitude, and will rather veer with every Wind that blows, than let their Spouses have a Knot less on their Commodities. And as for Temperance, *Epicurus* was a Stoic to the most Moderate; in their Diet and Ease, they transcend, in proportion to their Capacities, even *Heliogabala's*, or the greatest Gluttons of the old or new World. Thus you see they have no one of those Vertues that were known to the Ancients; nor are they more stock'd with those peculiar to themselves, which they call Theological; as Faith, Hope, and Charity, Words which neither you nor I can understand no more than they possess.

*Laelius*. If their Teachers are thus, sure their Followers must think their whole Pretence a Farce or Cheat.

*Timon*. Truly they generally are of that Opinion, and therefore the greatest Pretenders to it, are most commonly the greatest Villains. For I know not by what Witchery it comes to pass, that none of all the Race, either Hearer or Teacher, have or believe any Thing of the Matter; yet the major Part of those same People shall be gull'd with a pious Cant, a precise Look, or any other religious Visor.

*Laelius*. Dear *Timon*, we have had enough of these Christians, and sure there can be no worse among the other Sex of Mankind?

*Timon*. You are in the Right. For the *Turk*, if his moral Precepts are not so refin'd and excellent, yet he practises abundantly more; and I am persuaded, if they had the Doctrine of the other, without their Commerce, (for that does corrupt wherever it comes) they would arrive to a Pitch of Happiness.

*Laelius*. But I have neglected one Question, which more nearly hits my Humour: Is there no Friendship among any there? Are there no *Pylades* and *Orestes*, no *Theseus* and *Perithous*, no *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, no *Damon* and *Pythius*? Or in short, no *Scipio* and

and *Lelius*, famous for their Faith and Loyalty to one another, which no Fortune nor Distress could separate or destroy?

*Timon*. O, yes, Sir; there are abundance of Friendships in the present World betwixt all Sexes; the Men have their Friends, Male and Female, but with this Difference, they keep neither any longer than their Pleasure or Profit prevails, which is seldom long. If you have Plenty, you shall not want Friends that shall care for and admire you above all Mankind; but then they are like Shadows, they all vanish at the first Cloud that obscures the Sun of your good Fortune; or if any stick to you, 'tis no longer than there is some Hopes that you may once retrieve your lost Glory: Nay, if you raise a Worm, a little reptile Animal, that us'd, like the Serpent, to eat the Dust of the Ground; if (I say) you should raise such an Out-cast to be your Bosom-Friend, and give him all that is delightful or desirable to Mankind, yet, if the least Storm threatens you, he shall betray you to your Ruin. So that though you have never so nice an Idea of Friendship, and reduce it to Practice, either with the Illustrious or Ignoble, with those that Birth and Education should have taught the noble Principles of Honour, or those that have not had the Advantage of great Parents, but might be thought, thro' the Dictates of Nature, to be won by the highest Obligations, you will find there is scarce one in a thousand Millions that is worthy your Love.

*Lelius*. You give me a Character of the present World from the past Injuries you receiv'd, and the villainous Returns the *Athenians* made you for all those generous Services you did them and your Country. But, I hope, in this Turn into the World, you avoided those Inconveniencies which you knew before proceeded from too noble a Temper, and too excessive a Liberality.

*Timon*.



*Timon.* Tho' those incredible Ingratitudes of my old Country-men of *Greece*, might perhaps prevail with another less generous and brave, to condemn all Mankind for ever for their Sakes, as I did in my angry Mood, in my Epitaph; yet I do assure you, that I represent them very short of their Deserts; and the *Athenians* were but Dwarfs in Ingratitude and Selfishness, to the present World. Tho' the Memory of their Villainies to me, render'd my Abode here very uneasy for many Centuries, which made me at last resolve to drink of *Lethe-Lake*, to forget them, that I might not disquiet my self any more about them; but as I had the Water in my Mouth, I began to reflect, that if I should wholly forget them, I might, in my Return to the World, incur the same Misfortunes again, and therefore I let but a Drop or two go down, and spurted out the rest again. So keeping my Resolution to be as selfish as any, and to give nothing, unless I had almost a Certainty of getting twice as much by it, I enter'd at last into a Body that was just come to a Ripeness to receive a Soul, and as 'tis a Lottery to us, you know what Body we are convey'd into; so I found too late that I was born an *English-man*; and as I grew up, I found that Opinion by Experience, verify'd, *That the Organs and Constitutions of the Body form the Inclinations of the Mind.* For, spite of all my former Resolutions, I began to imbibe the pernicious Opinion, That none was born for himself only; and, that there was nothing more worthy a Man, or indeed made nearer Approaches to *Divinity*, than to redress the Misfortunes of my Fellow-Creatures, shielding off Ruin from those in Distress.

Among the rest of my belov'd Follies, reading your Examples, and those of old *Greece*, fam'd in the Schools for Friendship, I fell into a ridiculous Opinion, That it was possible for me to cull out some dear, *Pylades* or *Scipio*, to build up that Chymera

of

of a Pleasure call'd Friendship. Nor could I then imagine I could pursue a surer Tract to find that noble *Phoenix*, then in the Circle of their Sciences, which generally inform'd the Minds of the Adorers with more refin'd and generous Principles than the groveling Souls of the ignorant Part of Mankind ever rise to, believing their elevated Beings to be above those little selfish Tricks of the crafty designing Part of the human Emnets. But in such a one, to shew you the Extremity of the less perfect, I'll give you a short Touch of his Prévarications.

The Agreeableness of our Inclinations I laid for the Basis of our Amity, you allowing no Prospect of Advantage and Interest in these Associations; and as I desir'd and expected, he first stood in Need of me. Liberty is the Idol of all Men; that I gave him with the Hazard of my own; and Life it self he ow'd to my Sword and Purse: Nor could Fortune (envious as she is at the Success of the Ingenious) cast more Distresses on him, than my Friendship did (unask'd) endeavour to hinder him from, as long as my Abilities remain'd: But no sooner had my Generosity to others, reduc'd me to want the Returns of a Friend, but he grew faint in the noble Course, and repay'd my past Services, with odd, long, strange, needless, base Put-offs, monstrous Protestations without any Effect, and Promises without any Preferment. Extravagantly kind in Words when I ask'd nothing, but wretchedly, and beyond Measure, penurious in Action when entreated. An inferior and impudent Fellow should succeed, when the modest Importunities of his Friend were fruitless. Behold, in a Word, the Difference betwixt us: The least Occasion was sufficient for me to throw my Favours without being ask'd, (as you in your divine Rules prescribe) and the greatest and most extraordinary Emergency too little to make him remember a Promise.

*Lelius.*

*Lelius.* By this Account, I find the World is indeed much alter'd for the worse; for in *Athens* of old, the Senate and People had ruin'd and condemn'd *Calicias*, for not assisting his poor Friend *Aristides*, if by the Testimony of him he had not satisfy'd the Publick, that *Aristides's* Poverty was owing to his own abstenuous Inclinations, not his base deserting him in his Distress.

*Timon.* Ah! if *Athens* had been always of that Mind, how many of my *quondam* Parasites had been hang'd?

*Lelius.* But perhaps, good *Timon*, you weigh'd not well your Man before you made your Choice. For as the Offices of Friendship are Reciprocal, so Neglect shewing the want of Love, was a just Cause of a Change, without that ignominious Imputation of Levity. For as I asserted, 'tis no easy Matter to find out one that is fit Matter to make a Friend of.

*Timon.* Oh! during my better Days, none more ready in returning all the superficial and little Offices that cost nothing, or at least no more than he was sure of again; but when Fortune had cut off present Hopes, all his Kindnesses were procrastinated till a more lucky Hour; nor would he part even with Words, to raise me from Distress.

These Faults may perhaps, *Lelius*, seem Villainous enough to you, yet, compar'd with others, the Dog was a *Cherubim*. For tho' he assist'd me not, he would not depress me farther; tho' he prefer'd not my obliging Love and generous Services to a Whore and a Bottle, yet he betray'd me not; and tho' he'd rather let me perish than speak for me, yet he would not cut my Throat himself. Thus, noble *Lelius*, you have seen the *Mirror* of Friendship in the present World above; I desire you would give me some Idea of it, as in your Time, since both my Visits thither have never given me the Delight of half a Friend. I have, indeed, read fine Stories of

them

them in *Romances*, and the Histories of the old *Romans* and *Grecians*; but at last concluded them to be only the gay Children of Imagination, pleasant in Speculation, but never to be brought to use.

*Lælius*. But is the Iron Age so establish'd, that there is no Remains of Friendship, no Acts of Kindness from one to another?

*Timon*. Yes, yes, there is a Temporary Friendship yet in the World, that lasts long, as the hot Blood of Youth continues; but then it consists not in Vertue, nor among vertuous Persons, as you require, but in Pimping for one another; in being in Rake-helly Exploits together, in spending the Day in Gaming and Intrigues, and the Night in Lewdness, and drinking together 'till both are drunk. You may pimp for a Friend, nay, and fight for him; but where it comes to pinch upon your Pocket, there the greatest Friend Money, is prefer'd to the other call'd Man. So that your Sentiment, that Friendship could be among none but the Vertuous, is now quite inverted; for they cease to be Friends, as soon as either takes to Sobriety and Vertue. Of these Friends, every Place swarms; not a Tavern, Coffee-house, or Stews, but is full of them. Nay, there are another Sort of Friends too, that if you have a pretty Wife, shall endear themselves to you, to have the better Admittance to her to make you a Cuckold; or, if you have a fine Daughter, shall omit nothing of the Formalities of a real Friend, 'till he has debauch'd her: If you have a She-Relation that is a Fortune, you will not want Friends that will buy her of you, and stand by you with their Life and Fortune, 'till the Job is done. If you are a young Heir, you will not be destitute of the dearest protesting Creatures, that seem to have learn'd the Dissimulation and Deceit of Harlots, who will never forsake you; and, if short kept, by the Avarice of a Father, will not let you want Money, if you will but pay them for their Kindness in a stiff'd Obligation. So that, Dear *Lælius*, you must



must not mistake me, for the World was never stock'd better with Friends, but those Friends are all Villains, all Sycophans, Cheats, Pimps, and Usurers. Generosity and Honour they understand no more than Arts and Sciences.

*Lælius.* Your Account of the present State of the World, proves evidently what I formerly thought was not without great Reason, that *there can be no true Friendship where Vertue is wanting.* For you give an Account to me of a mere Chaos of Confusion and Villainy, and not of a World, where Men with immortal Souls, and the Light of Nature, improv'd, as they pretend, in Habit; and Greece, with all the Punishments it has plac'd in Hell, has not provided sufficient for the Luxuriancy of the Villainies of this latter World, where Faith, Integrity, and Liberality, void of Avarice and Lust, the solid Basis and Foundation of that Coelestial Prerogative of a rational Being *Friendship*, are no where to be found; but Pride and rapacious Desire, generates continual Feuds, and Anarchical Confusion. No, my unfortunate *Timon*, I'll ne'er forsake these dear Shades, bless'd with the Presence of my noble and generous *Scipio*, for so base and servile a World. But if Strangers have no Friendship for one another, I mean such as are not related by Blood, I presume, among Kindred, there may be found some Pairs of Friends: For Nature, the best Directrix of human Life, has establish'd in her sacred Laws, a Friendship among them, as she has in several Degrees among all Mankind. For our Country-men are nearer to us than Foreigners, our Fellow-Citizens yet nearer, and Relations nearest of all, according to their several Degrees of Alliance.

*Timon.* Perhaps these might be the Sentiments of yours; but now I assure you, the Opinion, or at least Practice of the World, is quite contrary; for you are so much the farther from a Friend, as you are nearer a-kin, and a Stranger shall find Success, when a near

a near Relation shall be deny'd: A Foreigner be courted, admir'd, and caress'd, when a Countryman, or Fellow-Citizen, shall starve with twice his Merits: A Child be turn'd out of Door, for an unknown Vassal to take his Place, and starve, whilst his Father's Servants live like Princes; and *rara est concordia fratrum*, your Brother shall be sure to ruin or destroy you, to make himself: Nay, the Child shall betray his own Father, if he can but get by it; and Mothers, that us'd to dote upon what they bore, and have a tender Regard to their own Off-spring, shall cast them off without the least Compassion, to receive an Address and Gallant. You would imagine, if you beheld the Transactions of every Family, it were a *Bedlam*, or rather a more criminal Place, where every one is catching and propping for himself, with continual Feuds, and eternal Quarrels; and this is that Friendship which you say Nature herself establishes. I pray you therefore, generous *Lelius*, to tell me what Friendship is in your Opinion.

*Lelius*. Friendship I always took to be as I ever practis'd it with *Scipio*; a firm and absolute Consent and Agreement in all Things, both divine and human, join'd with the greatest Charity or Love, and Benevolence or Good-Will, demonstrated in frequent and generous Offices to one another; nor do I think Heaven itself has bestow'd any greater Blessing on Mankind, excepting Wisdom.

*Timon*. That was just the Idea I fram'd of it; but I find by Experience, there is never two in one Age to make up one Pair of such Friends, which if there were, nothing certainly were to be prefer'd to them.

*Lelius*. There were those in my Time too, that did prefer Riches, Health, Power, and Honour to it; nor were we without some brutal Minds, that thought Pleasures more desirable. But certainly, they were not a little in the Wrong; for the first were the Proprieties of Fortune, more than of our

own Industry, and of a frail and fading Nature; and as for the last, they were only Emulators of the Beasts, who enjoy'd those Delights in a more elevated Manner than any of them; not considering that Friendship afforded the most solid and lasting Pleasure. Nor were we without some sceptical Gentlemen, who, for a Cloak to love none but themselves, plac'd all their Delight (as they pretended) in Virtue, as their *Summum bonum*: Whereas that very Virtue they idoliz'd, is the Mother of the Friendship I contend for, since I have laid it for a fundamental Maxim, That none but the Vertuous can be true Friends; nor am I able to set forth the incredible Advantages Friendship has among such Men. For what Man living is there that cannot repose himself in the mutual Good-will of his Friend? What is there so delightful, what so charming, as to have one with whom you can as freely discourse all your Concerns, as in your own Thoughts? Where would be the mighty Fruit of Prosperity, if you had not one that should rejoyce with you, and take as much Satisfaction in it as your self? And Misfortunes would be almost insupportable, if we had not a Friend that should bear them with greater Regret than ones self. In short, all other Goods which we hunt after and desire, are stinted to their several particular Advantages; Riches for Use; Power, that you may be fear'd or courted; Honour, that you may have the Applauses of the Vulgar; Pleasure, that you may rejoyce; and Health, that you may be free from Grief, and perform the Functions of your Body; but Friendship is of general Use; nor can you turn your Thought to any Thing where you will not find it necessary; 'tis never out of Season, nor ever impertinent and troublesome; nor is Water, Air, or Fire, of greater Necessity than Friendship in all Places, and in all Times; for it heightens good Fortune, and alleviates bad, by Communication with a Partner. Whoever beholds a true Friend, receives as it

were

were another Self, and is present with the Absent, has Plenty in Distress, and Health in Sickneſs; and that which is moſt ſurprizing, ſurvives his own Funeral. This was the Bleſſing that made me value Life, nor without it, do I think, ſhould the golden Age return, and the Innocence of Mankind with it, and *Aſtræa* once more viſit the Earth, I ſhould deſire to live again, unleſs *Scipio*, my *Scipio*, were to be with me in the ſame noble Bond of Friendſhip.

*Timon.* As there is little Hopes of the Return of Juſtice and Peace to the World, ſo I conclude you will endeavour to remain where you are; and behold, yonder approaches, on all the Wings of generous Love, your illuſtrious *Scipio*.

*Lælius.* Whom with as much Eagerneſs I will meet, whiſt the mad ſenſleſs World above, are ignorant of our Bleſs, and continue their incorrigible Follies.

*Timon.* He's gone, and now nothing is wanting to compleat my Happineſs, but ſuch a Friend; but yonder I ſee the Ghhoſt of my honeſt old Steward who ſerv'd me at *Athens*, not forſook me with the reſt; him I will ſelect for my Companion, to wear out Eternity with, without adventuring any more into the World.

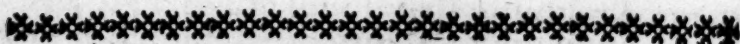




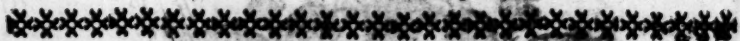


THE  
*Belgic* HERO Unmask'd:  
 IN A  
**DIALOGUE**  
 BETWEEN

*Sir* WALTER RALEIGH  
 AND  
 AARON SMITH.



By Mr. BROWN.



*Sir W. Ral.*



OLD thy impertinent  
 Tongue, I say, thou ever-  
 lasting Babbler, or——

*A. Smith.* Come, come,  
 we Lawyers are not so ea-  
 sily silenc'd as you think.

Liberty of Speech is one of the eldest Branches of  
*Magna Charta*; therefore I will once more maintain  
 it,

it, before all the World, that the Reign of my late *Batavian Master*, was in every Respect equal to that of the famous *Elizabeth*.

*Sir W. Ral.* Not that it's worth my while to enter the Lists with such a petty-fogging Dog as thou art, or the Cause in Debate admits any Manner of Parallel. But since thou hast the Impudence to defend so monstrous a Paradox before all this Company, informs us what noble Things this Hero has perform'd, to deserve all that nauseous idle Flattery, which hardly none but *Sectaries, Deists, Republicans*, and particularly the Rascals of thy Kidney, when he was alive, conspir'd to give him.

*A. Smith.* Why, in the first Place, he deliver'd *England*, then just upon the Brink of being devour'd by *Arbitrary Power* and *Popery*. He won the noble Battel of the *Boyne*, reduc'd *Ireland*, appeas'd the Disorders of *Scotland*, reap'd a new Harvest of Glory every Campaign in *Flanders*, and at last, after an obstinate expensive War, forc'd a haughty Tyrant, who had insulted and bully'd the whole Christian World for almost forty Years, to clap up a Peace with him upon his own Terms at *Ryswick*, by which he was oblig'd to vomit up numberless Provinces and Towns, which he had dishonourably stolen from their true Proprietors.

*Sir W. Ral.* And as for his personal Qualities, what have you to say of them?

*A. Smith.* Whether you behold him at Home or Abroad, in the Cabinet or the Field; in fine, whether you consider him as a King, a General, a States-man, a Husband, or as a Master, you'll find his Character uniformly bright in all these relative Stations: Affectionate to his Queen, merciful to his Subjects, liberal to his Servants, careful of his Soldiers, and providing by his great Wisdom, against all future Contingencies that might hereafter disturb the Tranquility of *Europe*. But as for his Munificence to his Servants and Favourites, I may

venture to say, that few Princes in History ever went so far as he.

*Sir W. Ral.* This last Clause is not so great a Commendation to him as you imagine. — Well, and is this all, for I would not willingly interrupt you, till you have gone the full Length of your Panegyric?

*A. Smith.* 'Tis all I think needful to say upon the Occasion, and enough, in my Opinion, to establish his Reputation to all succeeding Ages.

*Sir W. Ral.* Let us carefully examine the several Particulars; and when we have so done, we shall be able to determine on what Side the Truth lies. — *Imprimis*, You tell me he deliver'd *England* from Tyranny and Popish Superstition: But was there no other Way of accomplishing his Deliverance, but by sending a certain Relation to Grass, and wounding the Monarchy in so tender a Part, which had suffer'd so terribly in the late unnatural Rebellion of 41? If what one of the ancient Fathers says, be true, That the whole World is not worth the saving, at the Expence of a single Lie, surely *Great Britain*, which makes so small a Part of the Universe, hardly deserv'd to be deliver'd from an imaginary Ruin with so much Perjury, Infidelity, and Ingratitude. Besides, he solemnly protested in his *Declaration*, That he had no Intention to make himself King, yet he exercis'd the Regal Power the very Moment he landed: So that unless there had been a Crown in the Case, I am afraid he would hardly have cross'd the Water to rescue the *Church of England*.

*A. Smith.* This is indeed what his Enemies and some envious Peope have objected to him.

*Sir W. Ral.* Nothing of that can be laid to my Charge, who was never known to your Hero either *Beneficio* or *Injuria*; but as I still preserve an invincible Affection for my native Country, my Zeal for the Welfare of that, makes me assume this Freedom.

To be plain with you then, I can hardly believe he had any extraordinary Concern for the Prosperity of *England*, upon whom he threw the greatest Burden of the War; whose Troops he suffer'd to fight without their Pay in *Flanders*, at the same Time when a Parcel of unworthy Foreigners had store of Gold and Silver in their Pockets. Neither can any Man perswade me, he had the least Affection for the *Royal Family*, from which he was descended, who suffer'd such numberless Invectives and Libels to be publish'd against his Royal Grand-father, both his Uncles, and, in short, the whole Family of the *Stuarts*, yet never call'd any of the Authors or Printers to an Account for't, during the whole Course of his Reign.

*A. Smith.* Aye, but a Hero, you know, has other Business to mind, than the *Bagatelles* of the Press.

*Sir W. Ral.* And yet this Hero could condescend to mind these *Bagatelles*, as you call them, with a Witness, whenever they were levell'd against himself or his Favourites. But to proceed, — Can any one in his Senses believe, that this Deliverer ever set the Monarchy and true Constitution of *England* to Heart, under whose Reign all the Democratical Treaties, both of this and the last Age, were not only publish'd with Impunity, but the Abbettors of such villainous Doctrine, thought the only Persons that were in the true Interest of the Nation, and deserving to be preferr'd? Was *England* so utterly destitute of able Generals, that a Regicide, proscrib'd by Act of Parliament, must be sent for over to head our Forces in *Ireland*?

*A. Smith.* You'll never leave off harping upon this String.

*Sir W. Ral.* And lastly, Have we not very violent Reasons to suspect, that he never had any true hearty Concern for the Protestant Interest, whatever he pretended to the contrary, who so notoriously sacrific'd it at the Treaty of *Ryswick*; who, to enable



him to carry on the late Revolution against his Uncle and Father-in-Law, enter'd into a League; one of the first Articles of which, was, to oblige the King of France to do Justice to the Usurpations of the Roman See? And lastly, who, if he had no Aversion, had certainly no Affection for the Church of England, the Support, as well as Ornament of the whole Reformation, which evidently appear'd by his bestowing its best Preferments upon *illos quos pingeret nolo*, a Set of moderate lukewarm Gentlemen, that were willing (good Men) to throw up the Constitution, whenever their Enemies should ask them the Question What shall I say of others, that were advanc'd for no other Merit, but because they had been justly punish'd in former Reigns for their seditious Practices, or descended from *Oliverian* Parents; or lastly, because they held Antimonarchical and Antihierarchical Doctrines, both in Pulpit and Press, which they honestly call'd *Free-Thinking*?

*A. Smith.* Nay, this is mere Calumny; for, can any Thing but the blackest Envy, presume to attack him upon the Score of Religion?

*Sir W. Ral.* For once I'll spare his Religion, yet 'tis certain his Ministers had not the least Tincture of it. To the eternal Honour of his Reign, be it observ'd, all the *Socinian* Treatises that stole into the World in the late accursed Times of Licentiousness and Disorder, were fairly reprinted, and these, together with the modern Improvements of *Deism*, fold in the Face of the Sun, without the least Check or Discountenance from any at the Helm: 'Twas come to that Pitch at last, that a Man might better call the Divinity of our Saviour into Question, than the Legality of that Revolution; and safer insult the Ashes of *K. James the I. Charles the Martyr*, and the whole Royal Line, than attack such a lewd, perjurd, infamous Scoundrel as *Oats*. 'Tis a general Maxim, That the Court always steers its Course *ad Exemplum Caesaris*; and that a shrewd Guess may

be

be made of a Prince's Morals, by those of his Ministers. If this Observation holds good, a Man would find himself strangely tempted to say some harsh Things of your Monarch, which good Manners and Decency oblige me to pass over in Silence.

*A. Smith.* But still you say nothing of Ireland.

*Sir W. Ral.* Far be it from me to detract in the least from any Man's Actions: But this I think I may affirm, without the least Suspicion of Malice, That the Exploit of the *Boyne*, every Thing consider'd, is not altogether so miraculous as his flattering Divines and Courtiers would represent it; for after all, where was the Wonder, that a well-disciplin'd regular Army should defeat an unfortunate dispirited Monarch, with none but a few raw, unpractis'd, naked Troops about him? And then his giving the forfeited Estates there to his Minions, — in open Contradiction to what he had promis'd the Parliament, does not seem to argue so great a Concern for keeping his Word. As for *Scotland*, the Subversion of Episcopacy, and Murder of the *Glencow-men*, (not to mention the perpetuating of the Convention, during his whole Reign, and by that Means, depriving the Country of electing proper Members) will, I believe, look so frightful in future Story, that few of your Heroe's Flatterers will mention the Administration of that Kingdom to his Credit.

*A. Smith.* Well then, but *Flanders*.

*Sir W. Ral.* I thank you for reminding me of it. I am of Opinion then, that bating *Namur*, he might have put all the glorious Harvests he yearly reap'd there, into his Eye, and not have prejudic'd his Royal Sight in the least. However, as I know full well what a mighty Advantage one powerful Prince, that commands by his own single Authority, has over a many-headed Confederacy, where all are Commanders, I scorn to insist upon this Point. For this Reason I will not enumerate, nor enlarge upon the constant ill Success that everlastingly attended him

in *Flanders*, but come to the Peace of *Ryswick*, which was his own proper Act and Deed. And here 'tis worth our observing, that by his leaving the poor Emperor in the Lurch, the City of *Strasburg* unluckily continu'd in the *French* Hands; and that either out of want of Politicks, or a Zeal for their Religion, he made no Stipulations for the *German Protestants*, nor took the least Care to have them restor'd to those Churches, of which they had been unjustly dispos-  
 sess'd in the War.

*A. Smith.* Well, but Necessity, you know, may make a Man sometimes act contrary to his Inclination.

*Sir W. Ral.* Why then did his Parasites give out, That he was the Controller of the Peace, and forc'd the *French* King to accept of it upon his own Terms.

—— But not to mention a thousand other Things that might be said upon this Occasion, for I begin to grow weary of the Subject, to stop my Mouth for good and all, and convince thee how far Superior in all the Arts of Governing, the immortal *Elizabeth* was to thy *taciturn Hero*, I'll first give thee a short Sketch of her golden Reign, and afterwards honestly and impartially shew thee a Prospect of the other.

*A. Smith.* With all my Heart, proceed.

*Sir W. Ral.* As my Mistress had a true *English* Heart, and made the Prosperity of her People the only Business of her Life, she suffer'd none of her Ministers to crave to themselves extravagant Fortunes out of the publick Purse. Tho' Foreigners flock'd into her Dominions as a certain Asylum, yet she never encourag'd them to the Detriment of her native Subjects, nor employ'd them in foreign Embassies, nor admitted them into her Councils: Her Affairs being manag'd with equal Prudence and Integrity, and Encouragements properly distributed, no Wonder she was so fortunate in all her Attempts. Thus we find she supported the Protestants in *France*,  
 against

against the Oppression of the *Guises*; and so well assisted the *Dutch* in the Infancy of their Republick, that *Philip II* of *Spain*, with all his Forces, was not able to reduce them. She was so far from bestowing her Royal Favours upon the Seditious, that she suppress'd their growing Insolence with wholesome Laws, and was as careful to see them put in Execution. She could display all her Father's Magnificence, when there was a proper Occasion to exert it; at other Times, she observ'd a strict Parsimony, equally advantageous to her own Subjects, and easy to herself. The establish'd Church flourish'd so well under her auspicious Administration, that *England* never saw so glorious a Constellation of Reverend Bishops and learned Divines, as in her Reign. She retriev'd the Honour of the Exchequer, and manag'd her Payments so wisely, that her People thought their Money as safe in her Coffers, as in their own.

Now, your Deliverer's Reign was the exact Reverse of this happy Scene. Schism and Faction advanc'd, Hypocrisy and Dullness, under the Disguise of Reformation, promoted to the highest Honours, Deism propagated, the true Genuine Sons of the Church discourag'd, Foreigners admitted into our private Councils, Trade neglected, our narrow Seas daily insulted, the Publick impoverish'd, the Treasury exhausted and pillag'd by insatiable Cormorants, the Reputation of our Arms decay'd and sunk, the Sea-men starv'd, the Soldiers paid with Paper; in short, nothing but ill Management and Poverty at Home, and Infamy Abroad. — And this I think is sufficient to shew you, that you were mightily mistaken, when you compar'd you know who, to the immortal *Elizabeth*.





A

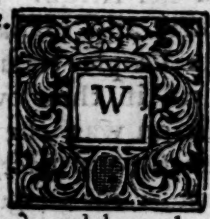
# DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Timothy and Freeman.

Being the *Non-Furor's* Reasons for taking the OATHS.

Tim.



HO's that, my old Friend Mr. *Freeman* è *Comitatu Bucks*? 'Tis the very same, I'll e'en go and renew my Acquaintance with him. Dear Sir, your humble Servant; how have you done this many a fair Day? and how long have you been in Town?

*Freem.* But just come out of the Coach, as you may perceive, where it has been my Misfortune to do Penance all the Way, in such intolerable Company, as never any Man was plagu'd with; Men of no Sense or Reason, yet mighty Politicians, and ten times more troublesome.

*Tim.* Than Damnation-Burges, when he's answering Cases of Conscience, or *Millington* at an Auction, or a *Scotch-man* upon an occasional Sermon: But prithee who had you got with you?

*Freem.* There was a venerable old Gentlemen, that by the Courtesy of the late Reign, was made a Justice of Peace; and he was declaiming perpetually upon the Puissance and heroical Vertues of *Louis le Grand*, whom he fancy'd to be as irresistible as the *Calvinist* Divines makes God's Grace. Then there was a Leash of Country-Attorneys, who took a great deal of Care, I heartily thank them, to stun me all the

the

the Way with their damn'd unintelligible Law-Cases, which I had no more a Mind to understand, than I have to learn either the modern Notions of Government, or the modern Systems of Theology. *Lastly*, To compleat my Misery, we had an ancient sage Matron in the Coach, and she with Tears in her Eyes rail'd very devoutly at the Lewdness of the present Age, occasion'd by the Non-Resistance Doctrine of some Divines: I thank God, says she, I never practis'd it since I was Fourteen: And then she fell as severely upon the Miscarriages of the late fornicating Admiral, (as she call'd him) as a She-Tarpaulin, who has lost her only Husband in the Engagement.

*Tim.* A very pretty Consort, I faith! So I don't doubt, but what between the Politicks of the Justice, and the Impertinence of your Lawyers, and the pious Ejaculations of your Female-Companion, you found your self as uneasy as a blundering Cit amongst the Verse-repeating *Beaux* of *Will's* Coffee-House, or the Chair-man of a Committee amongst his Herd of Country-Petitioners. But setting this Business aside, prithee tell me how thou hast done this long while; for unless I am mistaken, 'tis above three Years since we saw you last in Town.

*Freem.* Why truly, *Tim.* I live after my old laudable Custom still; sometimes I divert my self with a chearful Bottle, and sometimes pass away an Hour or two with an honest old Author; for, to say the Truth, your new Gentlemen scarce deserve a Reading. I pay my Taxes without repining, and do what Good I can amongst my Neighbours; never trouble my self with other Mens Business; and tho' the Duty I owe to their present Majesties, will not permit me to talk so scandalously and disrespectfully of the two late Reigns, as some hot-headed Sots have done, yet I am as well satisfy'd with the present Establishment, and as zealous for the Prosperity of old *England*, as the forwardest Courtier, who has made his Fortune by the Revolution, and consequentially

182 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*

ly is oblig'd to stand up for it, as well upon the Score of his Interest, as his Choice. Thus I have answer'd your Question; and now, prithee let me know what News you have in Town?

*Tim.* A right Country-Gentleman's Question, I 'faith, for the first Thing he generally asks you, is, *What is the News?* As the Country-Ladies, when they come up to Town, enquire in the first Place, *Which is the newest Play or Lampoon? Which is the topping Mistress of the Court? Or the most fashionable Suit of Ribbons at the Exchange?* Well then, to satisfy your Curiosity, you must know, that there has lately happen'd a very remarkable Change, or Conversion, (call it which you please) of a certain Person here in Town, which no Body could ever have imagin'd or expected; and now I leave it to-you, to conjecture what it is.

*Freem.* A Conversion, and that a very remarkable one too! Why then I fancy, *Tim*, that your Friend *Mr. Bays*, is return'd to his primitive Church.

*Tim.* Nay, the LORD knows which is *Mr. Bays's* primitive Church; but prithee why dost thou trouble thy Head about a Poet's Religion? For as we say, a Beggar is never out of his Way, so a Poet is never out of his Religion.

*Freem.* Well then, a discarded *Jacobite* Captain turn'd an humble Retailer of wicked Bottle-Ale and Brandy? the discarded Rector of *Exeter* turn'd a Friend of *Athanasius*? or the never to be forgotten Apostate turn'd a Defender of Passive Obedience?

*Tim.* No.

*Freem.* A Physician turn'd a zealous Expounder of the Bible? or a sworn Friend to *Scotch-Cloth*, reconcil'd to Lawn-Sleeves? or a City-Ufurer turn'd a Refunder of his ill-gotten Estate?

*Tim.* No.

*Freem.* A Son of Slaughter at *White-Chapel* converted to the Observation of Fish-days? or an old inveterate Republican turn'd a stiff Asserter of Monarchy?

*Tim.*

*Reason of the OATHS.* 183

*Tim.* No, but you had best consult *Mr. Ferguson*, to resolve your last Question.

*Freem.* Is *Dr. Oates* reform'd from his usual Way of rascalling People, and return'd to the Use of his Memory and good Manners on the sudden? or has that bloody Swearer refus'd to take the new Oaths?

*Tim.* Why don't you know, that in a late Auction of Paintings, there was a Picture of the Doctor's to be seen, where he was represented like a *Blackamoor*, with a *Gloucestershire* Parliament-Man washing him, in order to make him *rectus in Curia*, by the same Token that it was call'd, *The Labour in vain*?

*Freem.* Is the red-fac'd Chaplain-maker of *Whitehall* reconcil'd to the Choice of honest Divines, and renounc'd taking Money for Places? Or have any of the topping Sons of Schism, by the Bribe of a good Deanry or Bishoprick, been converted to the Liturgy?

*Tim.* No, no; but hark you Friend of mine, you had best have a Care what you say. Sons of Schism! Why, I tell you every Man amongst them disowns the Word, and say, that, Thanks to the new Laws, they are as much an establish'd Church, as you know which was.

*Freem.* Is there then no Difference between tolerating and establishing? After this Rate, the Bear-Garden and Play-House may all, in good Time, pretend to be establish'd Parliamentary Assemblies. — But to go on: Is there any of the new Interpreters of *Daniel* and the *Apocalyps* converted to Sense and Reason? Or any of the modern Comprehension-men converted to a good Opinion of the poor suffering Ceremonies of the Church?

*Tim.* No, not a single Man among them, as far as I can hear.

*Freem.* To conclude then: Is the Vicar near *Charing-Cross* convinc'd there's not so much Bawdry in the Service of Matrimony, as without it? Is any noted *Socinian* turn'd a Friend to Faith? Or any of the  
good



184 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*

good People of *Dollors-Commons* to unlicens'd Marriages? Is any Fanatick Parson turn'd a Friend to Cleanliness? Any Court-Lady to plain Linnehs, and no Back-biting? Any litigious Attorney to References and Arbitrations? Any thrice-marry'd Widow to Impotence? Any of the Town-Criticks to Modesty? Or lastly, any Alderman that was begotten on a Bull, to Heraldry and Pedigrees?

*Tim.* No, you have not hit the Point after all.

*Freem.* Why, then the Devil take me if I am able to guess what is the Matter. To pursue this Point any farther, I find would be as endless a Piece of Trouble, as to reckon up all the dull, stupid, senseless Passages on the Conference at the *Brasier's Shop* in *Long-Acre*, or in *Sh—dwel's* Panegyricks; or to give you a List of all *Dr. Pain's* pretended Reasons for Alterations, or all the *Similes* in the *Plain-Dealer*. Therefore let me, once for all, intreat your, dear *Tim.* to put me out of my Pain, and let me know what mighty Business it is you have to communicate.

*Tim.* Prepare then with Reverence and Attention to receive what I am going about to deliver; for give me Leave to tell you, Sir, now we are *nos inter nos*, as the Saying is, 'tis the most surprizing, unexpected Piece of News you ever heard in all your Life.

*Freem.* Lord! what a deal of insignificant Flourish and Preparation is here, to usher in, it may be, but a foolish Story at last? Why, by and by thou wilt persuade me, that the Monument last Week took a Pair of Oars to go and plead the City-Cause against the Orphans at the *King's-Bench*; or, that the two old Pastboard-Giants at *Guild-hall* have laid their Heads together to confute *Baker's Chronicle*, or *Wood's Oxford-Antiquities*.

*Tim.* Nay, Sir, since I find you begin to be somewhat musty, and all that, like *Father Teague* in the Play, when the Outside of the Door was put upon him, I am resolv'd to ease you of your Trouble immediately.

mediately. Know then, for a certain Truth, that one of the most celebrated Divines we have in Town, (I must not give my self the Trouble to name them to you) who has silenc'd the Papists, confounded the Independants, lately maul'd the Anti-Trinitarians, and, by his zealous Performances for Passive-Obedience, has made little *Atwood* pass for a great Author; has at last, upon mature Consideration, and after a Year and half's chewing the Cud upon the Matter, —

*Freem.* Done what, I prithee?

*Tim.* Why, fac'd about to the Right, and taken the Swear.

*Freem.* And is all your mighty News, which you prefac'd with so much Shew and Ceremony, come to this sorry Issue at last? *Paturiunt Montes, nascetur ridiculus Mus.* To be plain with you, I am not at all surpriz'd with what you have told me; I have heard of it before; but because I hate to behind-hand with you, or any Body else, in Lieu of your domestick News, I'll acquaint you with a very remarkable foreign Story.

*Tim.* With all my Heart, begin as soon as you please.

*Freem.* A certain Dutch Grammarian, (no Matter for his Name, or Place of Abode) in his Commentaries upon *Suetonius's* Lives of the twelve *Cæsars*, when he comes to rake the Emperor *Domitian* to Task, who, you know, took a strange Pleasure in dragooning Prince *Bezebut's* Subjects (the Flies) out of their Lives and Fortunes, with his Royal Needle, —

*Tim.* Very well, I understand you.

*Freem.* Wonders, in the Name of God! how the Emperor could ever find in his Heart to butcher the poor Flies (in the *Pedant's* Dutch-Latin, call'd *Vespas*) after so barbarous a Manner, since his own natural Father's Name was *Vespasian*!

*Tim.* A

186 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*

*Tim.* A very pretty edifying Story this, as I take it.

*Freem.* At last he concludes with this observable Sentence ; *Ingens est hoc profecto Myſterium, nec facile explicandum.*

*Tim.* So, Sir, I am your very humble Servant ; but you'll infinitely oblige me, however, if you'll be pleas'd to think of making an Application to your Story.

*Freem.* Why, then I muſt tell thee, *Tim.* in plain downright *Engliſh*, that I wonder full as much as the *Dutch-man* did at the above-mention'd Paſſage, that thou ſhould'ſt ever have the Assurance to palm the Doctor's Conversion, as thou call'ſt it, upon me for ſuch a ſtrange Piece of News : For to give you my Sentiments once for all upon this Occaſion, I rather wonder that he was ſo late before he reconcil'd himſelf to the Government, than that he was prevail'd with to do it at all.

*Tim.* Nay, now I perceive you are in the Humour of maintaining Paradoxes ; for though you ſeem to make ſo flight of this News, yet, give me Leave to tell you, it has been Matter of Aſtoniſhment. almoſt to every Body here about the Town. But may a Man be ſo happy as to hear you produce any Reaſons for what you have ſaid ?

*Freem.* Aye, with all my Heart. You muſt know then, that ſeveral worthy Perſons, whom I could name to you, if there were any Neceſſity for it, came immediately after the Revolution, to adviſe with the Doctor in that Exigence of Affairs. Some of them he diſſwaded from taking the Oaths, and without Queſtion, furniſh'd them with his own Reaſons for his diſſenting from the Government in that Particular, and I don't hear that he ever ſent for them to come in with him : But when others came to conſult him about the very ſame Buſineſs, he was pleas'd to ſay, he would preſcribe to no Body's Conſcience but his own ;

own; and so dismiss'd them, with bidding them use their own Discretion in the Matter.

*Tim.* Well, and what of all this?

*Freem.* Why, say I, any Man who could deliver himself so ambiguously upon a Question that so nearly concern'd the Security of the Government, and the Welfare, as well as the Honour, of the establish'd Church, either look'd upon it not to be a Thing of that Importance as it really is, or else had not fully determin'd his Sentiments, either to the Lawfulness or Unlawfulness of it. I am of Opinion, that nothing but the Fear of incurring the Guilt of Perjury, could excuse any Man from giving the Government so reasonable a Satisfaction as the taking the Oaths amounted to. Now, that the Doctor was not fully perswaded in his Conscience, that there was any Perjury in such a Compliance, tis very apparent, as I think, from his advising the Gentlemen to make Use of their own Discretion; which he would never have done, if he had really believ'd that so black and scandalous, and cowardly a Sin, would be the necessary Consequence of it.

*Tim.* Well then, granting all you have said, to be true, what Advantage do you intend to make of it?

*Freem.* That the Doctor consider'd the taking of the Oaths to be only an indifferent Thing, and no more, which a Man might either do, or not do, at his own Pleasure; for otherwise, it had been his Duty to dissuade all Persons who came to be advis'd by him, from Swearing. Now, *Tim*, pray tell me, what Miracle is it for a Man to part with his Opinion about an indifferent Thing, when there's nothing but Scandal and Poverty to be had in maintaining it still, and so much Interest and Advantage to balance him to the contrary Side?

*Tim.* To say the Truth, there's no such extraordinary Miracle in such a Case. But then I would have you consider, dear Friend of mine, that the Doctor's Circumstances were perhaps clearly different from the



188 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*

the Gentlemen that came to consult him ; and consequently, what might be either lawful or expedient for them to do, might not be so lawful, at least so reputable, for himself.

*Freem.* Let me desire thee, honest *Tim*, to explain thy self a little farther about this same Business.

*Tim.* You know to what Heights, or rather Extremities, the Doctor has all along carry'd the Doctrine of Passive Obedience ; you know how stiffly and zealously he has asserted the *Jus Divinum* of Monarchy ; and with what Assiduity and Pains he has combated the other Party, who fell upon different Schemes and Notions of Government. And therefore, imagining that several Passages in the late Revolution could not be well reconcil'd to what he had formerly preach'd, what Wonder is it, if he could not at the same Time prevail with himself to give his Assent ?

*Freem.* Nay, if that Reason is worth a Farthing, it holds as well now as it did the last Year.

*Tim.* Prithee let me alone for a while, and afterwards say what you please. — But then this Case, as I told you before, seems only particular to the Doctor ; for the other Gentlemen perhaps never preach'd or printed those Doctrines which the Doctor has, or perhaps never believ'd a Syllable of them, as is evident some of their Brethren never did ; who, in several Treatises and Sermons that have been publish'd since the Abdication, pretend to assert abundance of Things that were not so very current Doctrine in the two late Reigns ; and so the Doctor might excusably enough leave them to use their own Discretion in the Matter, since if they comply with the Government, it would contradict nothing which they formerly preach'd or believ'd. What may be the Reason, do you think, why the Fanatics were so loyally affected to their late Majesties, and were so easily brought over to renounce the last ? As the World knows what a great deal of dutiful Care they took to lull asleep the late King with their ad-

dressing

dressing Opiates, and sacrificing their Lives and Fortunes to him, whenever he should have an Occasion to make Use of them. And yet among so numerous a Herd, unless a very few, and those *incognito*, none have scrupled to take the Oaths, altho' you know they are a People that understand how to make the best of a Scruple, of any Men breathing. Their *Democratick* Principles are still the same, and their Sincerity to this Government, has no better a Foundation, than what they pretended for the last. Therefore, in short, the Business is this; besides the Interest they perceiv'd in crying up their Loyalty now, our last Turn of Affairs could not but be very acceptable to those Persons, who all along plac'd the Sovereign Power in the Multitude; and made their Princes, upon every Transgression and Male-Administration in the State, accountable to the People.

*Freem.* As for what concerns the Fanaticks, I readily own. But then the other Part of your Discourse, *Tim*, is not so well grounded as it ought to be. You say the Doctor might refuse to take the Oaths, because in doing so, he must run counter to several Principles which he had formerly justify'd and asserted. Now, if this be true, he's as much oblig'd at this present Moment to dissent from the Government, as at first. You say likewise, that the Case of those Gentlemen, who consulted him about taking the Oaths, is very different from his; but this I take neither to be satisfactory nor solid. The Question is, whether what the Doctor has formerly preach'd or written, is the true Doctrine of the Church of *England*, or no? If it is not, I am of Opinion he's bound to make a solemn Retraction of it; and if it is, it oblig'd his Brethren, who came to advise him, equally with himself, altho' they never preach'd it, or publickly justify'd it in Print. For Instance, here are two Clergy-men; one of them preaches against Oppression and Covetousness once a Month at least, and perhaps has appear'd in a Term-Catalogue

190 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*

Catalogue upon that Subject; the other, we'll say, never meddled with the Point in all his Life; and yet you'll never conclude, I suppose, that the latter has more Pretence and Plea to cheat the Poor, and trouble his Parish for a single Tythe-Pig, than the former. After all, *Tim*, you seem to make the Doctor's Dissent rather to proceed from a Nicety of Honour, than a Principle of Conscience; for which Piece of Service, I believe, he'll never return you his Thanks. Now, I wonder in my Heart, that you should lay so great a Stress upon that Point, or admire to see one single Man be prevail'd with at last, to make a Sacrifice of his Honour, (if even so much as his Honour be concern'd) when you see so many thousand People in the World, that make no Scruple at all of sacrificing their Conscience!

*Tim*. But prithee, wou'd not you have a Man be careful to preserve his Character and Reputation in the World, and study to give as little Scandal as may be?

*Freem*. Aye, without Question; tho', as the World goes, I don't think a Man's Honour and Reputation are worth the while to be maintain'd at the Expence of starving for them; and some People I could name to you, would scarce put that dangerous Compliment upon their Religion, as to suffer any severe Extremities for its Sake. Besides, now you talk of Scandal, I question whether the Doctor has not given a great deal more Scandal by his late Compliance with the Oaths, than his former dissenting from them. Before, he was generally consider'd as a Person of Conscience and Honour, and now perhaps abundance of ill-natur'd People will allow him a Share of neither. And what may serve to confirm them in such an Opinion, is, the Doctor's Conscience, which has, for this long while, liv'd among the Lawyers, has not been so uniform (if I may use the Expression) as you imagine it at first Sight to be, or I cou'd have wish'd it had been.

*Tim*.

*Tim.* I would desire to know how you make that out, noble Sir?

*Freem.* I call that an uniform Conscience, *Tim*, which proceeds regularly in all its Actions, and never does any Thing in Contradiction to its own Principles. Now, let us see whether the Doctor's Conduct, since our new Establishment of Affairs, can endure the Test of this Definition. Most Men will agree, that the Reason why the Doctor refus'd the Oaths, must be because he apprehended it was sinful to take them; so then, if the Doctor, at the same Time when he judg'd the taking the Oaths to be sinful, nevertheless submitted to do another Thing, which was tantamount to taking them, how can you, or any Man else, excuse him from acting quite contrary to his own Principle?

*Tim.* This is very true, I own; but however, it is not enough to say so, unless you could prove it.

*Freem.* I was in good Hopes you would never give me the Trouble to prove so plain a Point. Did you never hear then, that when some of the Doctor's Council had found out a Loop-hole for him in the Act of Parliament, to enable him to preach at his Lecture in *St. Dunstan's*, how he pray'd very heartily for both their Majesties by Name, when at the same Time he could not prevail with his Conscience to swear to them?

*Tim.* Why, prithee Man, every Body in the Town knows that. The Truth on't is, People discours'd very indifferently upon that Occasion; but all his Friends, who at that Time seem'd to justify his Proceedings, were agreed, that it was a different Thing to pray for a Person, and swear Allegiance to a Person; for you know the Apostle commands us to pray for all Men, but he no where commands us to swear to all Men.

*Freem.* This is a very miserable pitiful Shift, as I take it, when it comes to be narrowly examin'd;

for



192 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*

for prithee tell me, honest *Tim*, what is it to swear Allegiance to any Prince?

*Tim*. To acknowledge, in the Presence of God Almighty, that the Prince to whom I swear, has a lawful Title to the Throne he possesses, and consequently to my Fidelity and Service, as far as the respective Constitution of the Government where I live, commands it.

*Freem*. Well then, and is not praying for a Prince, and recommending him in all his acknowledg'd Titles to the Protection of God Almighty, the very same Thing in Effect with swearing to him? I am sure it is, if your Heart goes along with your Words; and a Church, as far as I understood the Matter, is none of the fittest Places in the World for a Man to prevaricate in. Besides, *Tim*, there's this remarkable Difference between swearing to a Prince, and praying for him, that you may perhaps have Occasion to swear to him but once in your Life, and that before very few Witnesses; whereas you are oblig'd to do the other once a Week at least, in the Face of a very numerous and solemn Assembly.

*Tim*. But how do you know, dear Friend, but this very same Case, which looks so intricate and perplex'd at first Sight, may be made to appear plausible enough with the Help of two or three of the Doctor's Distinctions?

*Freem*. Nay, let me conjure you, *Tim*, to overwhelm me with no Distinctions, as you love me; for the Case is so very plain and obvious, that it will not admit of any. I am certain, that where there are two controverted Titles, if my Conscience would not give me Leave to swear to a Prince, my Conscience would never permit me to pray for him publicly; and I am as sure, that if I could prevail with my Conscience to pray for him under the Title he assumes, and which this Person once controverted, I should never make any Scruple of swearing to him. The Apostle, you tell me, commands us to pray for

all Men. So we do ; and, for my own Part, I can pray very heartily for the *Grand Seignior*, the *Cham* of *Tartary*, or the *Great Mogul*, without any Remorse ; but, at the same Time, I can never pray for any of the aforefaid Monarchs, as King of *England*, and so forth ; or if I could, why then, as I told you before, *Tim*, I should make no Question of testifying my Acknowledgment of them by an Oath.

*Tim*. That may be your Conscience perhaps ; but it were as unreasonable to think that all People are acted by the same Conscience, as to imagine that all People pursue the same End, or think the same Things, or are influenc'd by the same Motives. You see several hundreds of Men flock every *Sunday* to Church, yet one Man goes there to pick a Pocket, a second to make an Assignment with a Girl, a third to take a comfortable Nap, and a fourth perhaps to hear Dr. *Sh*—— contradict himself. Thus every Man has his particular Aim or Design, and so it is in the Business of Conscience ; a thousand Men may do the same Thing, and pretend their Conscience is interested in the doing of it, and yet every particular Man's Conscience may proceed upon a different Motive or *Salvo*. As for an Instance, let us examine the Case of swearing to this present Government : The Dissenters, of all Sects and Denominations, do it to be reveng'd on the Monarchy and Passive-Obedience ; for, tho' the Protestant Religion is the Word with them now, it is not to be imagin'd, that those People who shew'd so small a Concern for it in the late Reign, should heartily entertain any affectionate Regard for its Welfare in this. It would be too tedious a Business to examine the Grounds upon which all the rest have gone ; yet you may be pleas'd to observe, that as all of them have embark'd their Conscience more or less in this Affair, so, generally speaking, every Man's Conscience goes a different Way to work ; for Conscience is a very intricate

194 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*

Thing, and oftentimes is influenc'd by very unaccountable Considerations.

*Freem.* That Observation of yours is very true; and I could cite several famous modern Examples to prove the Truth of it, but shall at present only content my self with one of ancient standing. Is it not a strange Thing, that *Pythagoras*, who had the Reputation of a wise and learned Philosopher, should ever make it a Matter of Conscience to refuse the eating of Beans? or that any of his Disciples should arrive to that prodigious Degree of Stupidity, as to be Confessors for that sottish, unthinking, Bean-renouncing Doctrine? And yet we have one of their Names upon Record, who chose to undergo the Punishment of the Rack, rather than gratify the Curiosity of a certain Tyrant so far, as to acquaint him with the true Reason why *Pythagoras* forbid so innocent a Food; and, at last, very heroically bit off his Tongue, lest the Extremity of his Torment should oblige him to part with so profound a Secret. Here was an odd whimsical Sort of a Conscience, with a Witness; and I believe you'll find it a hard Task to meet with a Conscience in any of the Conventicles about the Town, that would suffer so much for its lawful Prince, as this poor Fellow suffer'd for a Bean; and is very like the Conscience of a certain Person, who never saw his Cathedral, and yet took that Care of his Diocese, as to prohibit them the eating of black Puddings, because it seem'd to contradict *St. Paul's* Admonition about Blood. But all this while, honest *Tim*, as I take it, we have discours'd besides our Matter; therefore, to return to our first Subject again, prithee tell me, how the Doctor's Conversion relishes with you here in the City.

*Tim.* Why, you know there are Store of malicious People in all Communities in the World, and these are hardly to be pleas'd. Indeed, as for the Generality of the establish'd Church, they are well enough satisfy'd with his new Acquaintance with the Oaths,

Oaths, and don't at all question, but that as he had Leisure and Retirement enough to study the Point, so he has, at last, comply'd upon very solid substantial Grounds.

*Freem.* Well, but the Dissenters, I hope, are very well satisfy'd with his coming over to us. They seem, you know, upon all Occasions, to be very zealous and affectionate to their late Majesties, by the same Token, that by their Good-will they could be content to have all the Gentlemen in the Kingdom hang'd out of the Way, or *De-witted*, who refuse to acknowledge them by taking the Oaths. Therefore, I should think it must needs rejoyce the Hearts of all these worthy Patriots, to see a Person of the Doctor's Learning and Character, lay aside his former Prejudices to our Settlement, and voluntarily own it.

*Tim.* No, no, you are quite mistaken; the Dissenters are Masters of too good Memories, to be ever guilty of any Charity towards a Man who had the Boldness to touch the Copyhold of Schism. They rail at him ten times more furiously than ever they did, and challenge him, if he dares, to reconcile his present Compliance with his old musty Notions of passive Obedience; and then they say, they'll get *Euroclydon Baxter*, or one of the *Poultry Divines*, to reconcile *Transubstantiation* to his *Preservative against Popery*.

*Freem.* But are they all so inveterate? What, not one single Man amongst the whole Herd, that congratulates the Government for the great Happiness of his Reduction?

*Tim.* The only Man I hear of, who has been pleas'd to testify his Joy for this Occasion, is that learned Son of *Socinus*, Mr. *Thomas F—rm—n* by Name: He pretends, that the Doctor has effectually answer'd all his other Treatises, by taking the Oaths, excepting his late Book against the *Anti-Trinitarians*; and he comforts himself, that the Doctor will, all



196 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*

in due Time, ruin the Reputation of that Piece; for, says he, the Doctor has got such a pretty Way of answering his own Books, that 'tis a thousand Pities any one else should take the Trouble out of his Hands. Nay, I am inform'd, (continues he) that when he took the Oaths, he desir'd to be sworn upon the naked Gospel.

*Freem.* 'Tis strange methinks that the Dissenters should be angry with the Doctor for what he has done: If their Zeal for the Government is real and sincere, which 'tis a Sin for us in the Country to question, I wonder why they should quarrel with him upon this Score, since the Influence of his Example, for all they know, may be serviceable to reduce the rest of his Brethren, who at present dissent from us.

*Tim.* That does not signify a Farthing; for, besides their particular Pique against the Doctor, as he is a Member of the establish'd Church, they would have neither him, nor any one else, who is not of their Party, be thought loyal: For all their former Bel-lowsings and Cries against the Illegality of Monopolies, yet at present they would willingly engross all the little Honesty and Loyalty that is left in the Nation, into their own Hands; though, by the by, their Loyalty is compounded of such cross, surly, ill-natur'd Ingredients, and is such an odd awkward Sort of Loyalty, that, for all I can see to the contrary, no Prince in *Christendom* is likely to be the better for it.

*Freem.* A Dissenter's Loyalty is like the Officiousness of a Rook at Play, who only lends you Money in order to your Ruin. I pray Heaven it proves of long Continuance; but, for my Part, I am afraid it will last no longer than they find their Religion (I mean their Interest) concern'd in it.

*Tim.* More than all this, they'll tell you, that we owe the Sun-shine of the Gospel, and all the other Blessings of the late Revolution, entirely to their Discretion

Discretion and State-Principles; and, that if these impracticable Doctrines of the Church of *England*, concerning the Civil Magistrate, had taken Place, we had, by this Time, been utterly overwhelm'd with Popery and Slavery.

*Freem.* Why, this is ten times over a more fulsome Plea, than their Pretensions to Loyalty. They preserve the Protestant Religion! Where, or how, or in what Reign, that we may see it register'd in our Almanacks? I am sure they have contributed in all their pious Endeavours, to make the Reformation as scandalous and despicable as any of the Fathers of the Society could have done. They preserv'd it after a fine Rate, by their universal Silence in the late Reign, and their little, low, abject Applications to Popery; and now, when the Enemy is beaten out of the Field, they make a great Pother with a few Gleanings out of our own Authors, and pretend the Victory is owing to their Assistance and Conduct.

*Tim.* Nay, the Dissenters have not been wanting, even in this Reign, to do the Protestant Religion all the good Service they can. One of the Tribe, in his *Modest Enquiry*, as he call'd it, very modestly advis'd the Rabble to knock all the Clergy-men in the Head. And another nameless Rascal, in his *Reflections upon the Miscarriages of our Navy*, that are printed by one of those godly Wholesale-Dealers in Scandal, those Scruple-selling Vermin of the *Poultry*; has this remarkable Passage, viz. That there's more Vertue and Honour to be found among the Rabble, than the Gentry. Rabble is likewise the Word with their dear Brethren in *Scotland*; and you may guess what a brave Religion we shall have of it at last, if we follow these blessed Methods, and suffer it to be modell'd and fitted to the Inclinations of our judicious Rabble.

*Freem.* Why prithee, *Tim*, you need not give yourself the Trouble, at this Time of Day, to acquaint me with any of the laudable Qualities of the Dissenters,

198 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*

and especially of their *Levites*; as for Instance, either with their Wit, which never appears but in their Similes, and in interpreting the Prophets; or with their Charity, which is never extended beyond their own Party; or with their Modesty, which is never visible, but when they wink in the Pulpit; or with their Sincerity, which never appears, but when they own themselves in their Prayers to be a Pack of the damned'st Rogues in the World; or wit their Learning, which never goes beyond a *Dutch* System, and a little Heraldry; or with their Sobriety, which is never admitted to keep them Company at their pious *Friday* Entertainments; or with their Loyalty, which was never shewn, but by their promising to lend this King more Money than they could raise, and abusing the two last Reigns; or lastly, with their Zeal against Popery, which is never to be prov'd, but by their continual Endeavours to undermine the establish'd Church. ——— But let me conjure you, dear *Tim*, to drop this nauseous fulsome Subject; for, as I hope for Mercy, I am as weary of it, as a Presbyterian Splitter of Cases is weary of a poor Brother that constantly comes every *Sunday* with his dozen troublesome Scruples, to be resolv'd, *sub forma pauperis*.

*Tim*. Thus you see, Sir, with what Contempt and Aversion the Dissenters in Town entertain the Story of the Doctor's Conversion; now give me Leave to add a Word or two more concerning them, and then I'll have done. You very well observe, that they pretend to have abundance of Zeal for their present Majesties; so they do, if you'll take their own Words for it; they'll tell you, that no Body keeps the Fasts and Thanksgiving-Days with that Devotion as themselves have done. But for all this, dear Friend of mine, they are angry to see the Number of the King's Subjects increas'd; and if they see a Church of *England-man* come over to the Government, they immediately call him all the Rogues and Rascals

Rascals in the World : The Reason is plain, they'd willingly have his Majesty serv'd by none but themselves, and then they don't question to reduce the French King, and demolish Popery in due Time. Besides, if all the Church of *England-men* had taken the Oaths, they had lost their dearly beloved Topick of railing at them; and I dare swear, (so well am I acquainted with a Dissenter's Tenderneſs) they'd rather sacrifice all the Princes in the Universe, than lose the precious Opportunity of Libelling and Railing. You are infinitely mistaken, if you imagine that the Bishops would find better Quarter from the Fanaticks, if they should ever take the Oaths; no, no, they pray with all their Hearts, that they may refuse the doing of it still, for then they are in Hopes to see their Order abolish'd, and their Revenues divided amongst the Saints, *i. e.* their old *Oliverian* Leases come in Play again : Of all which Expectations they would be miserably disappointed, if those immortal Patriots could prevail with themselves to comply.

*Freem.* I don't pity the Doctor, however, for being us'd after this unmerciful Rate, by those Sons of Schism ; for, if it were my own Case, I should rather chuse to put that sanctify'd Generation to the Expence of a little Seandal, for my Sake, than a little Flattery ; and rather accept of their Reproaches, which are excellent in their Kind, than of their Incense, which is the nastiest courtest Stuff in the World. 'Tis well enough with him, so long as his own Brethren are satisfy'd, as you have before inform'd me, with the Honesty of his Proceeding; or, if they were not at first, I don't question but the Reasons he has publish'd for his own Defence, carry so much Strength and Solidity with them, as to satisfy all the reasonable Part of Mankind as to that Particular.

*Tim.* Why, there you are mistaken, dear Friend of mine ; for tho' the Doctor has condescended to acquaint the World in Publick, with the Reasons of his



200 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*

Conversion, yet he has not been so happy as to satisfy all People.

*Freem.* Who could ever expect that? 'Tis an impossible Thing, you know, to do it; but however, I am glad the Doctor has publish'd his Reasons, for otherwise I should have been a little angry with him. For, could he dissent from the Government above a Year and half, and by his Example hinder so many Country Parsons from taking the Oaths, and keeping their Livings, and yet refuse the World so slender a Satisfaction, as to let them see the Motives of a Change? I ever thought that so inconsiderable a Piece of Trouble was due to his own Reputation and Credit, as well as the farther Instruction of his younger Brethren of the Clergy, who, I am afraid, little consider'd the Merits of the Cause, but rather what a brave Thing it was to be thought of the Doctor's Company, and embark'd in the Doctor's Quarrel, and now have nothing else left them to do, but to starve with as much Decency as they can, and to curse the Expensiveness of their Vanity and Loyalty.

*Tim.* All this you and I cannot possibly help, and therefore 'tis a great Piece of Nonsense for us to talk of it any longer; only thus much I must add, That in my Opinion too, the Doctor lay under all the Obligations in the World to make the true Occasions of his late Reconciliation publick. 'Tis a Debt which was due to the Interest he now espouses, no less than the Party he has forsaken; some of which, as you say, the Temptation of being thought of his Acquaintance or Judgment, has reduc'd to their present mortifying Necessities. And therefore this being so necessary a Debt, as well in Regard to himself, as the rest of the World, I always perswade my self, that the Doctor would take Care to acquit it, as soon as ever he has got his Reasons ready.

*Freem.* Got his Reasons ready, did you say? That's a Jest with all my Heart; as if a Man of the Doctor's Learning and Experience in the World,  
after

after so long a Time too to examine all the Niceties of the Case, could suffer himself to be engaged in an Affair, to which he formerly express'd so incurable an Aversion, without having his Reasons ready by him. Nothing but either Pride, (which I would be loath to suspect in a Person of his mortify'd Character) or the Weakness of his Cause, could engage him to act only on the defensive Part. 'Tis a hundred to one, but a Man's Adversary may say something or other, which will lie a little obnoxious to Censure and Exception; so 'tis but falling, without any more ado, upon the Author's blind Side, and the Business is soon over. There are a thousand Ways for a Man of any tolerable Discretion, to put by his Enemy's Thrust when he is attack'd; nay, 'tis possible too he may come off with the better on't; especially if the Man he has to deal with, plays open, and lies unguarded in any Part. And therefore, if this had been the Doctor's Policy, I should have thought the worse of his Skill in Polemics as long as I liv'd. I remember I was once in a Coffee-House in the Country, where we happen'd to be talking of the Doctor's coming over to the Government, and a Gentleman in the Room was pleas'd to say, he was of Opinion, that the Doctor had got his Reasons ready, much after the same Rate as a Country Inn-keeper, whom he knew, got a poor Fellow's Porcupine ready.

*Tim.* Prithce what Story is that; for, to the best of my Knowledge, I never heard of it before?

*Freem.* Nay, the Story is entertaining enough, that I can assure you, and perhaps will deserve your Attention. You must understand then, that a certain Fellow here about the Town, who gets a sorry Livelihood by carrying some outlandish Beasts about the Country with him, and shewing them for Pence a-piece to the People, had by Chance brought a Porcupine, the only Support he had left him in the World, to an Inn where this Gentleman was acquainted:

202 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*

quaint. The next Morning he calls the Inn-keeper to him, and thus accosts him : *Landlord*, says he, *I must beg one Favour of you, and that is, to get my Porcupine and Room ready by Eleven of the Clock precisely; and in the mean Time I'll step into the Town to see what Company I can pick up.*

*Tim.* Very well, Sir, proceed.

*Freem.* Away goes the Fellow into the Town, and for a while stares about him, to observe all the Curiosities of the Place ; towards Ten he makes a solemn Proclamation of his Porcupine, and so musters up as much Company as he thought would defray the Expences of the Shew for that Time, and carries them to his Inn.

*Tim.* Well, I mightily desire to hear the Issue of your Porcupine.

*Freem.* When the Fellow was got into his Room at the Inn, he knocks for the Landlord, and asks whether he had got the Porcupine ready ? Ay, Sir, that I have, replies the Landlord, I hate to be worse than my Word to any Man ; but I must desire you, Sir, that you'll be pleas'd to tell me what Sawce you'll have for him ?

*Tim.* Why, what a Devil did he mean by that Question ?

*Freem.* You shall hear. Cries the Master of the Porcupine, what do you intend, by asking me what Sawce I'd have for him ? Nay, no Harm in the World, says the Man of the House ; you order'd me to get the Porcupine ready for you by Eleven, and so I have ; for I gave Directions to the Maid to put him in the Pot immediately ; but, Sir, says he, I never boil'd a Porcupine in my Life before, and therefore must once more request you to let me know what Sawce your Worship will order for him.

*Tim.* The poor Fellow, without Question, look'd very simply upon the Matter, to hear his Livelihood was boil'd away so unluckily in one Morning. And now, to come close to you, noble Friend of mine,

was

was it the Opinion of your Gentlemen then, that the Doctor's were boil'd away, like the Strowler's Porcupine, so that there was no procuring a Sight of any of them? You see how much he was mistaken in his Judgment. The Doctor (as I have told you) has been pleas'd to oblige the World with his Reasons; you may have them at any Bookseller's Shop in Town; but I cannot forbear to tell you, that there was never any Book, since the Days of the *Hind* and *Panther*, or the *Letter to a Dissenter*, that has been so universally pelted as this; Lawyers and Divines, *Jacobites* and *Williamites*, though they agreed in nothing else, yet they have all of them agreed to mawl this unfortunate Book. Nay, some of our City-Prenrices, and puny Scribblers, have had the Hardiness to tilt against it, only to make Experiment of their Talents; as School-Boys use to try their Knives, by running them up to the Hilt in a hot Bag-Pudding.

*Freem.* Say you so, *Tim*? 'Tis, I confess, somewhat odd, but who can help it. Come then, since the Doctor has had such ill Luck with his Reasons, and you and I have no other Business now upon our Hands, prithee let us invent some plausible specious Reasons for his Conversion; they'll help to pass away t'other Bottel, and t'other Hour, well enough; and perhaps they'll serve to amuse the World, and entertain the Reader, as well as some of his own.

*Tim.* No, Sir, I desire you to excuse your humble Servant, as to this Affair; I'll never invent any Reasons for another Man, not I, I promise you; he may even do it himself if he pleases; 'tis a very ungrateful Performance, let me tell you; and generally the Person whom you intend to oblige by this Kind of Office, will hold himself as little beholden to you, as a Man in the State of Cuckoldom, forgiving him four and fifty Reasons to support himself under his Afflictions: But what will serve the



204 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*

Turn full as well, to put off half an Hour or so of Conversation, I will acquaint you with the several Reasons that People here in Town, of all Sorts and Parties, have already assign'd for his Conversion. At the same Time I must tell you, that as I don't believe them altogether my self, so I would never oblige you, or any Man besides, to place any great Assurance in the Truth of them.

*Freem.* Come then, honest *Tim*, and begin as soon as you will; for I can assure you, 'twill be no small Diversion to your Friend here, who is just come out of the Country.

*Tim.* Nay, Sir, not altogether so fast, I beseech you. I design my self a little more Sport and Pastime than you imagine; and since you have so admirable a Talent at conjecturing, &c. I am resolv'd to keep your Hand in Play, and put you to the Trouble of guessing what they are.

*Freem.* Well then, since you'll have it so, I'll dispatch them out of Hand; but however, before I make Tyal of my noble Faculty, I must desire you to remember, how, that at the Beginning of our Conference, when you told me of the Doctor's Conversion, I look'd upon it as no Miracle, and that for these two following weighty Reasons. In the first Place, because when some Gentlemen came to advise with him about that Matter, he civilly referr'd them to their own Discretion; which I suppos'd he would never have done, if he had been fully satisfy'd, that the taking the Oaths was a Sin, or had look'd upon it to be any Thing more than an indifferent Action. In the next Place, because the Doctor had long ago pray'd for their late Majesties; which is virtually, and in Effect, the same Thing with swearing to them; and if it is a Sin to swear to a Prince, where the Title is controverted, and under Dispute, I am sure it must be the very same Thing to pray for him. Now then, *Tim*, since I was so bold as to make the Doctor's Conversion no Miracle at all, you are not

to expect that I should assign any miraculous Reasons for it, but only such as are frequent and common in the World; so I will begin with that which ever since the Creation of the World, has had a mighty Influence upon Men of all Countries, and Degrees, and Religions. The greater Part of Mankind, and especially our Dissenters at Home, love to christen it by the Name of Conscience; but, for my Part, the best *English* Word I have for it, is INTEREST. What think you of this now?

*Tim.* To say the Truth, there are abundance of ill-affected Men about the Town, that have trump'd that unlucky Card upon the Doctor; but, for my Part, I don't believe it had any great Share in his Reconciliation to the Government. Therefore you had best guess again.

*Freem.* Nay, but prithee consider, dear *Tim*, what a lovely charming Thing this same Interest is, before we shut our Hands of it: It has all the Ear-marks of Love; and Love, you know, works little less than Miracles. It conquers the Young, and the Old are not able to withstand its Almightyship: It makes those that can see, as blind as so many Beetles; and as for those that are blind, why, 'tis the best Oculist in the World, and recovers their Eye-sight to all Intents and Purposes.

*Tim.* No, no, all this shall not pass upon me, I'll assure you.

*Freem.* Have a Care, *Tim*, I advise you, what you say against five hundred Pounds *per Annum*; name it, you Rogue, with Fear and Reverence, and fall down upon your Knees when you hear it mention'd in Company. Five hundred Pounds a Year is not to be spoken scandalously of, honest *Tim*; it will buy a Coach, and a Pair of *Sunday-Horses*; it will purchase Petticoats and Commodes, the *Polyglot* and *Councils*, and half the *Non-Resistance* in *Christendom*, with abundance of other fine Things, too tedious to be reckon'd up.

*Tim.*

206 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*

*Tim.* Thou keep'st as great a Pother here with thy Interest, as a scribbling Courtier with his last Lampoon, or a School-Philosopher with his newest Set of Distinctions; or what is equally as impertinent, as a Country-Fidler with his newest Set of Tunes. But I can tell you, for your Comfort, that if you do not guess better at your second Essay, than you have done at your first, you are not in any great Probability of finding out the Secret.

*Freem.* To proceed then. Is the Doctor brought to a better Opinion of the Abdication? or, does he go altogether upon the Merits of Forefaulture?

*Tim.* No, I suppose he does not; for if he does, the Lord have Mercy, say I, upon all his poor passive Obedience.

*Freem.* Why, other People, *Tim*, have Store of passive Obedience about them, as well as the Doctor, and yet they don't apprehend that it is a Farthing the worse, or that they have broke it at all. Suppose, *Tim*, you should find Occasion, for Reasons best known to your self, to remove a Bag of your Money from one Goldsmith to another of better Reputation, would you not break that Fellow's Head, who should have the Impudence to tell you, you had broke your Sum? Even so in the Business of passive Obedience, the Doctor, and some of his Brethren, have only transferr'd it from King *James's* Hands, who, you know, is broke and ruin'd, and a Statute of Bankrupt has pass'd against him in Parliament, to King *William*, who can give them better Security for it: And passive Obedience, I can tell you, will be as acceptable to any Prince in *Europe*, as a good Sum of Money to a Banker.

*Tim.* Well, but this is not the Point still, to try again.

*Freem.* Is the Doctor then reconcil'd to us by that Verse in the Psalms; *The Earth is the Lord's, and the Fidelity thereof?*

*Tim.*

*Tim.* Why, No is the Word still ; for I suppose that that Text proves more than the Question, and besides, would serve a *John of Leyden's* Turn, as well as any one's else.

*Freem.* But where there's a plain Conquest, and an honest Cause, as well as a legal Title to support the Conquest, that I believe cannot fail to make a Convert. Come tell me now, have I hit upon the true Reason or no ?

*Tim.* For your Satisfaction, Sir, you are come pretty nigh the Point, or else some of the Doctor's Friends have misinform'd me as to this Particular ; though, to say the Truth, this Reason was every whit as good all the last Year, as it is at this present Moment ; and I don't see that the Reduction of *Ireland* has made it the better.

*Freem.* Now we talk of *Ireland*, what say you if the Doctor was resolv'd to hold out 'till the taking of *Dublin*, and to surrender himself immediately when the Place was surrender'd ?

*Tim.* All as I can say to the Question, is, that the Doctor then may return from us again ; for alas ! Sir, all the World can tell you, that *Dublin* is a Place of no considerable Strength, and cannot hold out long against any Enemy, especially if he have a Female Friend in the Garrison. — But, Sir, you have not as yet had the good Fortune to light upon the most material Move, that makes the greatest Bustle about the Town, therefore, once more, make use of your divining Faculty.

*Freem.* No, I heartily thank thee, dear *Tim*, I shall pump my Imagination no more for the Matter ; I think I have drudg'd long enough 'in all Conscience to find it out ; and to employ my Brains backward and forward any longer upon this Occasion, would be as wise a Piece of Trouble, as to lie waking all the Night in one's Bed, only to hear how the City Weather-Glasses, the Watch-men, vary every Hour in their bellowing out of Rain, Frost, and Moon.



208 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*

*Moon-shine.* Why, prithee *Tim*, what dost thou take me for, a Prophet or a Conjuror?

*Tim.* For neither, I swear; but tell me seriously, dost thou not know what Thing it is that baffles Heroes, spoils Divines, turns the greatest Princes into Milk-fops, makes Admirals lower their bloody Flags, and in fine, breaks all Obligations, and governs all Mankind?

*Freem.* Why, Interest, I told you.

*Tim.* And what, does Interest, mere Interest only, do all this?

*Freem.* Why, then 'tis Conscience, I say.

*Tim.* Conscience do you say! Why, just now Conscience, you told me, was but another *English* Word for Interest. And does nothing but bare Conscience (which *Adoniram Byfield*, of blessed Memory, defin'd to be a Cat-Skin Pouch to put Money in) or bare Interest, do all these fine Things which I just now mention'd to you?

*Freem.* Why, then 'tis a Coach and six Horses, I tell you, and nothing in the World else that I can fancy; for you know, a Coach and Six was Bishop *Parker's* best Body of Divinity.

*Tim.* Worse and worse 'Faith. And does a Coach and six Horses baffle Heroes, spoil Divines, and make Milk-fops of Princes? Come, consider I say, once more upon the Point, for 'tis impossible to miss it.

*Freem.* No, *Tim*, pray excuse me; you see I have no tolerable Luck at Guessing to Day; and besides, to tell you the Truth, I hate this slavish Piece of Drugery, as heartily as *Sir Will. Tem*——, in his last Essays, tells us, he hates good honest Drolery, as a Bookseller hates an unselling Author, or a Jacobite Printer does a surly Messenger of the Press.

*Tim.* Say you so, Sir? Nay, then I am resolv'd to lay it out so open to you, that your must of Necessity perceive it. Dost not thou understand the  
Meaning

Meaning of the Italian Proverb, *Piu tira un pelo di donna, che cento carra di bovi.*

*Freem.* Not I, *Tim*, I no more understand the Difference between *Italian* and *Arabic*, than that learned Protestant Critick *Mr. Rymer*, knows the Difference between the Name of *Callimachus* and *Epimenides*.

*Tim.* Come then, wert thou ever marry'd, my honest Friend? Ha! what say'st thou?

*Freem.* No, Sir, I bless Providence for it.

*Tim.* Not marry'd, say you! poor Rogue, thou art unacquainted, I perceive, with the damn'd Persecution of a Curtain-Lecture. Oh! dull, dull still; I can't imagine how to cure this Stupidity of thine; thou art ten times duller than one of *Sh—dwell's* Men of Sense, or a Smile without a Sting, or an Expounder of the *Revelations*, at the finding out stollen Silver-Spoons, or an old doz'd Fellow of a House at the ingenious Sport of Questions and Commands.

*Freem.* Why, I cannot help all this, *Tim*, if my Stars made me so, it was their Fault, not mine.

*Tim.* Once more then I'll endeavour to relieve the Weakness of thy Apprehension, therefore listen to the following Rhymes about *Adam* and *Eve*.

*When Eve the Fruit had tasted,  
She to her Husband hasted,  
And chuck'd him on the Chin-a;  
Dear Bud, (quoth she) come taste this Fruit,  
'Twill finely with your Palate suit,  
To eat it is no Sin-a.*

Dost thou now comprehend my Meaning?

*Freem.* No, 'faith, *Tim*, I am in the Dark still; you have made me no wiser with your dull Story of *Adam* and *Eve*, than you would make a *Cheapside* Tradesman, by telling him, that an Obstacle is an Impediment; or a walking *Oxford* Dun, that Motion

210 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*  
is an Action from the *Terminis a Quo* of his Habitation, to the *Terminis ad Quem* of the Refractory.

*Tim.* Nay, then I am sensible thou art full as slow of Apprehension, as the famous *Ferry Blackacre* in the Play. I have but one Trick left to bring you to't at last, and if that fail, I must even serve thee as a stale City-Wife serves her dull rustick 'Prentice, when she has a Mind to make him understand her virtuous Inclinations; that is, I must needs name the Thing to thee in plain downright broad *English*. But listen prithee:

*As moody Job, in shirtless Case,  
With Colly-flowers all o'er his Face,  
Did on the Dunghill languish,  
His Spouse thus whispers in his Ear;  
Swear Husband, as you love me, swear;  
'Twill ease you of your Anguish.*

*Freem.* Oh oh! now I begin to smell a Rat; your Meaning is, that the Doctor has been brought to swear at last through the Virtue of a few conjugal Solicitations; is it not so, *Tim*?

*Tim.* Of a few conjugal Solicitations, do you say? No, I am afraid there were Abundance of them us'd in the present Case. ——— Well, dear Friend of mine, not to be tedious with you, I must tell you, that you have made a Shift at last, to hit my Meaning; however, I would not have you report this Matter as from me, though I can safely wash my Hands from the Guilt of inventing it, and all the Town will do me the Justice to own, that 'tis a common Story, and no more a Secret, than the Mole on the Rector of *Exeter's* Foot. Besides, you are desir'd not to lay too great a Stress upon

*Reason of the OATHS.*

211

upon the Truth of it, but to follow that Advice, which the Doctor you know gave upon another Account, and so to make Use of your own Discretion.

*Farewel.*



**A True**

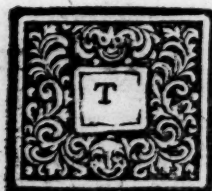




A True  
 C O P Y  
 O F A  
 S P E E C H

Made by

An *Englisb* Colonel to his Regiment, immediately before their Transportation to *Flanders*.



H U S far, Gentlemen and fellow Soldiers, I have conducted you, in Order to your Transportation for *Flanders*. The Honour of the Post I now enjoy, is due only to his Majesty's Goodness ; but the Happiness which I propose to my self in the Possession, is a Gift

*A Colonel's Speech to his Regiment.* 213

Gift which none but your selves can bestow upon me.

Your civil Deportment, and strict Obedience hitherto, I take as an Earnest of my good Hopes and Successes hereafter ; and when I consider you are *English-men*, whose Loyalty to your Kings, and natural Courage, are celebrated all over *Europe*. I once thought I might have spar'd you the Trouble of this Meeting ; but tho' long Speeches are now grown pretty well out of Date, yet having something of high Importance to communicate to you, I am resolv'd rather to be out of Fashion, than loose the Opportunity.

I must acquaint you in the first Place, that notwithstanding our Loyalty and Courage may be at as high a Pitch as any mortal Man can boast of ; yet the greatest Loyalty may be debauch'd, and Courage haunted, by the false Suggestions and cunning Insinuations of our Enemies, which captivating our Understandings, and perverting our Judgments, disarm us more forcibly than the open Assaults of our Enemies.

Honour is such an inseparable Qualification of a Soldier, that when the Honour is gone, the Soldier dies, though the Man perhaps may drag on a miserable despis'd Life. Now, the Justice of the Cause in which we are to engage, has been always esteem'd the first and greatest Motive to Men of Honour to hazard their Lives and Fortunes upon ; and to undergo the Hardships of War, and to appear glorious with all those Wounds, those Scars and Deformities upon them, which still from the Justice of the Cause, have ever been reputed honourable. What Man of Honour then, would appear in a villainous Cause, and venture his Limbs and Life, and perhaps his Soul, among the rest, in an unjust War ? Slaughter in such Cases, becomes Murder ; Plunder is Robbery and Theft ; and Victory it self often times

214 *A Colonel's Speech to his Regiment.*

times ends in the Destruction of the Conquerors.

Having premis'd these Things, I must next observe to you how industriously this War has been misrepresented; and, with Grief and Abhorrence I speak it, some of the great Towns and Places where I have formerly quarter'd, have behav'd themselves with a great deal of Rudeness upon that Account: I think it therefore my Duty to put you in Mind of this, that you may be prepar'd against it. Many of those brave Fellows, that at the first raising of my Regiment, came in Volunteers, have already been bury'd in the Bed of Honour: to you therefore that have never cross'd the Seas, 'tis I am chiefly speaking; it may be of Use to you To know what kind of Reception and Entertainment you are to expect Abroad. You, Gentlemen, and fellow Soldiers, that have been Sharers in our Sufferings, as well as in our repeated Victories, will be inform'd of what has pass'd at Home, and consequently all of you be convinc'd of the Justice of our Cause.

I shall begin at the Fountain and Head of all Justice and Honour, I mean King *William*, and follow the Stream of his most admiral Qualifications, until they are lost in the vast Ocean of noble Thought. First then, he is our natural and hereditary King, and Sovereign Liege Lord, and we his natural-born Subjects. Had I no more than this to say of him, it were enough to confirm our bounden Duty and Loyalty to him. What, Gentlemen, can be more just and honourable, than to observe the inviolable Laws of Nature? And what Man of Honour can forbear to blush, to hear himself charg'd with Disobedience, after such strong and inviolable Obligations.

The Crimes which we commit against Nature, make us degenerate below the Level of brute Creatures, who, even without the Assistance of Reason, preserve

## *A Colonel's Speech to his Regiment.* 215

preserve the Law of Nature ; from the Kid and his Dam, to the Lyon's Whelp, and the fiercest Lyoneſſs. All Creatures by Nature follow thoſe which nourish and preſerve them ; and ſhall we, whoſe Profeſſion and Reward too is Honour, ſhall we forſake our natural hereditary King, who is our common Father, as well as our Protector ?

But to proceed ; were he not our King, yet we have ſo many Obligations to him, that would ſilence all our Complaints. He it is, who at the Hazard of his Life, and at his own Expenſe, for our Sakes only, has conſented to accept of three troubleſome Crpwms, to deliver us from the two dreadful Monſters, Popery and Slavery. He it is that brought in with him Peace and Plenty, and has inſur'd them to us and our Poſterity, beyond the Poſſibility of being again depriv'd of them. He it is that ſo tenderly and compaſſionately loves us, that he holes our Lives in the Palms of his Hands, and is ſo cautious of expoſing them to the common Danger, that he conſtantly heaps up his own Country-men as a Bulwork before us, whiſt himſelf remains in the Rear to favour our Retreat, if there ſhould be Occaſion.

In his Nature, he is affable, courteous, and liberal, even to a Fault ; he is likewise extreamly merciful and compaſſionate, and ſo free from all Ambition and Tyranny, the common and daring Vices of Princes, that he hath divided his Throne with the Conſort of his Bed, and hath entrusted his Power to the Will of his People. But not to dwell too long upon Words, I proceed to Effects, which are more convincing, by how much they are the more ſenſible to us.

First, From the Beginning of his Reign, how free have we been from unneceſſary Taxes ? How do we wallow in Peace and Plenty, and are ſecure even from the Rumours of War ? Is not our Trade increas'd, and our Merchants freed almoſt from the Apprehenſions



216 *A Colonel's Speech to his Regiment.*

sions of Loss by the Seas? Are not the Prices of Food and Rayment considerably decreas'd, and every Thing in a most regular and flourishing Condition? And more than all, is not Justice equally distributed; and are not the Liberty and Property of the Subject as dear to him as his Prerogative? Have the Nobility, Gentry, or Commonalty, known of any illegal Fines or Imprisonments? Have we had any such Thing as brib'd Parliaments? And has not the Church of *England* been always best encourag'd and supported during his whole Government?

Have the Spoils of our Enemies been given to Foreigners, or Honours and Employments bestow'd upon Strangers? Are not our Councils guided by the best of our Nobility, and the Cabinet by the Persons who most love, and are most belov'd of the *English* Nation? Is not the Trade and *English* Interest promoted, almost to the Ruin of *Holland*? And are they not ready to sink to their poor distress'd State again, for want of Traffick, whilst we ride Masters of the Ocean, and import to them all foreign Commodities, upon *English* Bottoms, to the eternal Glory of our King, and our own inexhaustible Profit?

Are we now infested, as in former Reigns, with Swarms of *Hugonots*, that, like Maw-worms in our Bowels, eat up the Bread of the poorer Tradesmen, and starve the Wives and Families of our willing and industrious Natives? Or are our Palaces guarded by Foreigners, to the Dishonour of our Countrymen? Or our Armies commanded by *Hogan Mogan* Generals, that hate our Nation? Have not the *English* the Preference Abroad, both as to Pay and Post of Honour? And are not the Sums given by Parliament constantly imploy'd for the Use of our Country-men only?

My Hearts, are we not always led on to certain Victory by our brave and wise Commander? Or if any of us drop, or are wounded, is not there the greatest Care imaginable taken of us? Are we not

welcom'd

## *A Colonel's Speech to his Regiment.* 217

welcom'd by the Dutch with high Civilities and Respect, and, upon all Occasions, trusted with more than we shall ever be able to pay? Do they not congratulate our Arrival among them with the most sincere and affectionate Demonstrations of Love and Honour, and lament our Departure, as if they had parted with their Guardian Angels? Are not our Sailors paid and encourag'd to that Degree, that there is hardly any Need of Press-Masters?

To conclude; for what Tongue or Pencil can sufficiently represent the inconceivable Vertues of our gallant Commander. Should I compare him with the bravest of his Predecessors, it would raise his Glories to so high a Pitch, that it would blind the Eyes of the Universe, by gazing too stedfastly upon his insupportable Lustre. Comparisons, says the Proverb, are odious; therefore I shall forbear giving my self or you any farther Trouble in that Respect.

To conclude all, Fellow-Soldiers, if all that has or can be said, were omitted, yet is there one Consideration hitherto untouch'd, sufficient of it self to elevate our Courage and Resolution to the noblest Emulation, and fix upon us all the most durable Sentiments of Love and Loyalty. In short, we are now, by the exalted Care and Goodness of our Generals, upon the very Brink of entering upon that Stage of Glory, where the greatest Captains and the Heroes of the Age are proud to bear a Part. We our selves shall be Actors in those famous Tragedies, which will represent us in History as the Ornaments of all Ages.

To us it is granted to be instructed in the noble Discipline of marching and countermarching, which is the Perfection and Consummation of the utmost Art of War. To us it is given to divide the Spoils of our Enemies, and share in the Trophies of desperate and decisive Battels: And to us, and us only, is allow'd the Honour of all the most hazardous Attacks and Enterprizes, by which Means 'tis highly

218 *A Colonel's Speech to his Regiment.*

evident, that we are distinguish'd from the *Dutch*, and all other foreign Troops. All this, and abundantly much more, which might be said, will, I don't doubt, sufficiently satisfy you how great is the Honour, Justice, Equity, Prudence, Piety, and many more innumerable Advantages of our glorious Cause.

Thus far, as I said, Gentlemen and Companions in Arms, I have brought you; and if I have detain'd you longer than I intended, remember the boundless Character of our inimitable Captain, and his wonderful Qualifications have been the Occasion of it. I shall now dismiss you, 'till a fair Gale wafts us over to the *Elizian* Fields of *Flanders*, where, in all Probability, the Fate of War will put a glorious End to the many Misfortunes and Hardships of a Soldier's Life.

*When the Colonel had done, a stout Volunteer addresses himself in the following Manner to his Commander, and the rest of his Fellow-Soldiers :*

**M**OST noble Colonel, your fine Speech has been so pleasant and grateful to us all, especially to my self, that I rather wish you had added much more, than left off so soon; but since your Honour hath been pleas'd to take so much Pains for our Satisfaction, I beseech you, Sir, to give a poor Soldier Leave to mind you of one Point that seems to require a more full and ample Explication.

I had the Fortune to be born the younger Son of an *English* Yeoman, now call'd, forsooth, a Gentleman; my Father had 80 good Pounds *per Ann.* he kept a good House, and we had Beef and Pudding, and Nog, to Content. My elder Brother had the good Luck to be brought up in the Way of his Ancestors, that is, to the Plough, and a quiet Country-Life; but, for my Part, my Father, who was now a Gentleman, resolv'd that I should be Book-learn'd, and

so

*The Voluntier's Speech to his Colonel.* 219

so I was lash'd from School to School, until at last I became a poor Scholar in the University of Cambridge. But the excessive Taxes, Polls, and Prices of all Necessaries, since the Revolution, growing too heavy for my Father's Income, to allow any Thing considerable towards my Support, I was forc'd, *super pedes Apostolorum*, to make the best of my Way back into the Country. I had not been there long, but I perceiv'd my Father's Way of living was entirely alter'd, and our Commons grown so short, that my poor Brains were almost turn'd with Grief and Melancholy; and, to add to my Afflictions, the Vicar of our Parish, who, for a long Time, had been an hospitable good Fellow, had shut up his Shop, and boarded upon mere Element and Barley-Dumplin, at a poor Farmer's House in the Village.

Lord! noble Colonel, had you seen this dismal Revolution in our Town, it would have broke even your own courageous Heart; for my Part, I was not able to bear it any longer, but had fix'd my Thoughts upon seeking my Fortune. In short, I resolv'd to abandon Dwelling, and, saving your Presence, *out I went a Colonelling*: London is the Place I fix'd upon, as the Center of my Hopes; but long I had not been there, when my small Stock being almost spent, I found it absolutely necessary to think of some Employment: I had heard of such, as Knights of the Pad, and of the Post, which, as they told me, these hard Times a great many Gentlemen had been constrain'd to take up with. Others advis'd me to get my self admitted into the united Company of *English and Dutch Clippers and Coiners*; but observing many hopeful young Gentlemen of those Professions solemnly conducted up *High Holborn*, it soon check'd my Inclination against any of those Vocations. I resolv'd then to shere into the City, to try what Luck I could find there, and, if possible, to bind my self out an Apprentice to some honest Handy-craft Trade. But when I look'd into the Shops, instead of being

L 2

busy'd



220 *The Volunteer's Speech to his Colonel.*

busy'd in selling their Goods, and answering Customers, I saw most of the 'Prentices either asleep, or at Play; or else the Shops as empty, as if the House had been infected with the Plague. I easily invited one or two of them to drink a Pot with me, where they told me most dismal Stories of Trade, and generally swore to me, that a Man had better be a Hangman in these Times, than a Trades-man. I soon took Leave of these uncomfortable Companions, resolving to see what was to be done in the remoter Parts of the City; and accordingly I happen'd unluckily to fall into *Spittle-Fields*. But, noble Colonel, had your Honour seen the poor *English* Weavers, Button-makers, &c. sitting at their Doors with their Wives and Children, cursing and railing at the *French* Dogs, as they call'd them, for taking the Bread out of their Mouths. Had your Honour heard them blaspheming the Government, or smell the Hogo of their Onions and Garlick, you must have had strange Ideas of the Misery of those unfortunate People. I soon took my Leave of this Quarter too; and finding that there was but small Prospect of any Good to be done at Land, I resolv'd to try my Fortune in a Sea-Expedition. In order to that, I set Sail for *Wapping*, not questioning, but considering I was five Foot and nine Inches at least, I should find some honest Master that would entertain me on Board.

But would you believe it, Sir, the Seamen were all fled with as much Diligence from thence, as I had taken Care to get thither; so that I scarce found any Body but Shoals of Seamens Widows and Wives, with their Children and Orphans, bitterly exclaiming against Press-Masters, the Navy-Office, &c. I was soon weary of this Place also, which I look'd upon as the Representative of Hell it self; for I found nothing but weeping, wailing, and gnashing of Teeth. Back then I return'd to *Holborn*, where, as my good or bad Stars guided me, I heard a Drum;  
and

*The Voluntier's Speech to his Colonel.* 221

and seeing the Majesty of a Serjeant, furiously marching with his Halberd in the Front of the Rabble, right or wrong I resolv'd to list my self immediately for a Soldier. The first Thing I did, was, to enquire who was the Colonel, who I found to be your Honour; and hearing all People giving you the Character of a good Officer, and an honest Gentleman, I was willing to take on; and now here I am, noble Colonel, at your Service.

And now, Sir, I have troubled you with all this, only to shew you, and my Fellow-Soldiers, that it was Necessity, and not Choice, that brought me hither; and, to be plain with you, I neither regard the Justice or Injustice of the Cause. I neither fight for King *William*, nor against King *James*; but I venture my Life, to preserve my Life by Bread and Pay; and so I believe do most of those that are here present, begging your Honour's Pardon, if I am mistaken in your self.

Your Honour knows, that a lusty young Man's Life is valu'd at seven Years Purchase; and to venture seven Years Purchase against five Pence a Day, is such a scandalous Bargain, that the Devil himself would be ashamed of, if he had any other Way to help himself. Now, if we want our Pay, we want all Things, and by Consequence get nothing but Blows and Starving for all our Hazards; but that I hope will never be our Case, whilst your Honour is at our Head.

And now, most noble Colonel, I only beg the Liberty of one Word more: Since I was admitted into this honourable and beneficial Employment, I have kept Company with many of my own Profession; some serv'd in *Flanders*, under the Duke of *Monmouth*, and these unanimously commend the good Usage and good Pay they receiv'd in that Service. I have also convers'd with others, that serv'd under the late King *James*; and when I enquire of them how they were treated and paid in those Days, they fall a sighing

222 *The Volontier's Speech to his Colonel.*

and sobbing, as if their Hearts would break; and I can hardly get any Thing from them, but, ah, shall we never see those glorious Days again; and shew such Raptures of Grief and Love for their Memories, that they almost amaze me. But tru'y, noble Colonel, when I discourse with those that have made these last Campaigns in *Flanders*, all of them universally, except those of your Honour's Regiment, have given a Relation so contrary to those of the former, and especially as to the main Points of Pay and good Usage, that if your Honour would be pleas'd to give us a satisfactory Word or two in those two grand Particulars, which, I can assure you, Sir, are the principal Motives to us, your Honour may be fully assur'd, that, like true-born *English-men*, we shall all follow you thro' all Sorts of Danger, without any Regard to the Cause. We will follow you, Sir, thro' Fire as well as Water, even to the Gates of *Paris*, if you command us, and pay us well.

*Here the young Fellow ended; and having made a very low Obeisance, the Colonel, smiling, made this short Reply.*

YOUNG Man, I have heard your long Speech with Patience, and forgive many Impertinences in it; and that nothing may be wanting to your intire Satisfaction, take this in Answer to the two main Points you speak of.

First, Gentlemen, I do most solemnly promise, that I will do my utmost, that your Usage in *Flanders* shall be such as shall be worthy of *English-men*, and the Goodness and Justice of your Cause. And next, as to your Pay, I do here give you my Word and Honour, that you shall be, all of you, certainly paid before you return for *England*. In the mean Time, I command you to your Quarters, and recommend your respective Landladies to your Care and good Management.

*Mr.*



Mr. ALSOP's State of CON-  
FORMITY: Or, *An Account of a  
Conversation between a Gentleman of  
Oxford, and Mr. Alsop, the great  
Rabbi of the Dissenting Party, about  
his Majesty's Declaration for Liberty  
of Conscience, in the Year 1687 ;  
as also, whether the Church of Eng-  
land-men, or Presbyterians, are most  
inclin'd to an Accommodation.*



By Mr. THO. BROWN.



ING James had no sooner declar'd for  
Liberty of Conscience, but the Rabbits  
of the Dissenters forsook their lurking  
Holes among the godly Sisters, and  
with their crop-gar'd Sanctimony spread  
over the Land, like the Locusts of  
Egypt, and almost as numerous. Their diminutive  
Habit and Band show'd them the spurious Spawn of  
their good Fathers the Jesuits, who at this Time be-  
gan to parade it in Couples about St. James's, and  
Whitehall, and the Savoy.



## 224 *Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity.*

Tubs on the sudden grew dear ; and I'm told, one Cooper got an Estate by a Cargo of old Wine-Casks, to furnish them with Pulpits. The dying Embers of Schism and Heresy being blown up by this Declaration, it burst out in every Corner ; here started up *Presbyterians*, there *Muggletonians* ; one making God damn all but themselves, and the other saving him the Labour, and doing it themselves. Here pirk'd up *Anabaptists*, there your formidable *Fifth-Monarchy-Men*, who were for beginning the Kingdom of King *Jesus*, from that of King *James* ; and put an End to *Antichrist*, by striking in with the Pope. In short, *Antimonians*, *Socinians*, *Ranters*, *Canterers*, *Brownists*, *Quakers*, and a thousand nameless, and senseless Ring-leaders of Roguery and Heresy, open'd each his Shop of License, which he call'd the *Power of the World* ; and like Quacks, that pretend lying Wonders in their Bills, in such a Plenty of Fools and Knaves as this Country abounds with, scarce a gifted Cobler, but found Contribution of much more comfortable Importance, than his abdicated Last and Awl, so much more gainful it was to stitch Souls, than Soals.

The Bugbear Popery, that at a Distance us'd to raise the Cries of the whole deep-mouth'd Pack, when now it was present, found them the most complaisant Creatures in the World. They were grown so familiar, that in the same Coffee-House you might see a *Jesuit* and a *Holder-forth* join with amicable Spight in running down the *Church of England*.

Well, they gave themselves violent Airs of religious Moderation, Loyalty, and Conscience, and a thousand Things else, of which they formerly abhor'd the very Name, more than a Miser Restitution, a Lawyer the End of a Chancery-Suit, a Sexton a healthy Summer, or an Apothecary the *Dispensary*. 'Twas pleasant to hear the Papists preach against Persecution, and the Fanaticks for passive Obedience, and Submission to the *Royal Declaration*.

The

The Exclusion-Men extol Succession, and deify that very Prince on the Throne, when a known Papist, as the *Restorer of God to his Empire over Conscience*, whom they strove so much to deprive of it, when he was but thought so: To hear them address with Lives and Fortunes, for the Royal Family, who had beheaded one King, and endeavour'd the same to a second; and wish, that they had *Casements in their Breasts for his Majesty to see the Sincerity of their Hearts*. When their after-Conduct show'd what confirm'd Hypocrites they were; but they consider'd first, that it was but a Wish, and next, that they spoke to a Man of abundance of Credulity.

But not to dwell longer on this Preamble, you must know, that *Oxford* it self was not free from the Visitation; for *Alsop*, one of the chief Demagogues of the Schism, was there, and, like another Gentleman in Black, sought whom he might devour; amongst the rest, he attack'd the Tabernacle of a young Gentleman of my Acquaintance, with more than Jesuitical Impudence and Complaisance, and often beat about the Bush, to start a Convert in him; one of their Conferences he related to me in the following Manner.

Mr. *Alsop* and my self being met, and fallen on our usual Dispute; I am surpriz'd, said I, to find those, who us'd always to rail more at the very *Fantom of POPERY*, which they imagin'd to be in the *Church of Eng'and*, than Porters at the Penny-post, should be so fond of *Popery* in its own proper Person. That those very People, who had brought one King to the Block, under Pretence of his invading *Property* and the Laws of the Land, should so zealously address another for doing the Thing in *Reality*. Like a certain Puritan Alderman, that rail'd at the Lewdness of the *Play-House* in a Brothel. For what is this Declaration, but cutting off all Law, Root and Branch, and resolving all *Property* into the King's Will, while you allow him the Power of suspending

## 226 *Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity.*

or dispensing with Acts of Parliament? For if he has Power to dispense with one, he has with all: So that you might as justly have seiz'd your Neighbour's Estate, should the King have dispens'd with that Law that secur'd it, as enjoy'd his dispensing with the *Act of Conformity*.

I have heard you, reply'd Mr. *Alsop*, with as much Patience, as a Court of Delegates a *Bawdy Cause*; but let me tell you, young Gentleman, you're a little too hot in this Affair. Moderation would give you another View; and, with Submission, I will give it you in a fairer Light.

Suppose then here, an honest well-meaning Man, that travelling in the Dark, falls into a Pond, he finds he must either drown, or get out of the Water, by clambering up the Side of a fine inclos'd Garden, do you think the Owner of it could reasonably plead Damages, or sue the drowning Man for a Trespass? Thus it is with us; our Cause must sink, or we must take hold of this Opportunity, to escape with our Lives. Pray which is most reasonable for us to consider, our Deliverance from hasty Destruction, or the Fences of your fine Garden? Oh! but why would we close with the *Papists*, for this Advantage? A drowning Man would not refuse to catch hold of a Cord, tho' thrown out by an Enemy; and since you, who pretend to be our Friends, use us like Enemies, certainly we should be look'd on as Fools in Grain, to reject an Ease, tho' offer'd by those you call our Enemies.

Alas, Sir, said I, you have set the Matter in a very wrong Light; for this Fellow you mention, was so far from an honest well-meaning Man, or his Fall into the Pond accidental, and in the Dark, that he jump'd in purely out of Spight, and that in the full Force and Light of the Mid-day Sun, only because he had no other Way of destroying the Fences of the fine Garden you speak of, as you may know by the whole Story. — On the Borders of the

famous

famous *Tweed*, there liv'd a Gentleman of a very large Estate, and a larger Mind; he was not for racking his Tenants, but allow'd them the full Enjoyment of a certain Manour, on Condition that they should manage it well, and pay him a Pepper-Corn a Year Quit-rent; nor could he suppose those hard Conditions, when they were to reap the Benefit and Fruit of their Labour. But in Process of Time, this good Landlord had Occasion to go a Journey into a far Country, and so calls all his Tenants together, and tells them he's leaving them for a little while; but advises them, as they tender his Love, to mind their Plantations, keep up the Fences, and watch for one another, with a mutual Help and Love; for they were near scurvy Neighbours, who would continually be endeavouring to ruin them, either by Fraud or open Force, by carrying Stories, sowing Dissention, and perswading them, that either this Care of your Ground is superfluous, or that you take not Care enough of it, or the like; but do you mind what I say, and when I return, I will bring an ample Reward for those who have observ'd those Directions. This being said, and all Things prepar'd, the Landlord goes his Journey. Their pilfering Neighbours understanding he was gone, whose Wisdom and Power they stood in awe of, make many a Trip over the *Tweed*, now and then catch a straggling Cock or Hen; but often, by the mutual Vigilance of the Tenants, they went Home by Weeping-Cross, with broken Heads and bruised Sides. At last, the wily Kerns finding it in vain to attempt on their Hen-roosts and Hedges by open Force, while they were thus united, contrive to set them together by the Ears. First, they divided their Bands, and insinuated themselves into the Families of the poor good-natur'd Tenants; then they carry'd Pick-thank Stories from one to another; and being naturally cunning and mischievous, they began to perswade some one Way, and some another, in the Ob-



228 *Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity.*

servation of the Landlord's Commands, 'till in short they had set the whole Manour together by the Ears! Then instead of Brother and Neighbour, Son of a Whore and hang-dog was the best Words they could give one another; but yet they pretty well minded the main Concern, and the Poultry was not so come-at-able as their Neighbours desir'd. To compleat their Roguery, therefore, they found one among the rest who had the largest Farm, and perswaded him, that the Landlord had left him Steward, and that all the rest ought to be guided by him, and pay him the Pepper-corn Quick-rent, and, in short, all that was due to the real Landlord; and tho' the Impudence exceeded all but a *Scots*, yet I know not how, by the subtle Insinuations of the black Guard that broach'd it, in Time he reduc'd the whole Manour under his Jurisdiction; but, to their Cost, they found the Difference betwixt their *old* Master and their *new*. In short, all Things went to wrack, that is, they were all rack'd so by their Steward, and his ragged Regiment, that at last some, more stout than the rest, began to enquire into his Authority, and, with equal Resolution, exerted their Liberty; the *Jacks* and *Scots* were driven out of their Farms, and they set themselves to reduce Things into the former Order;—among these, there were two were more exact, and came to a juster Regulation of this, than all the rest, and enjoy'd a while the Sweets of it; but o'th' sudden, one of them takes a Freak to pull down all the Fences, and lay all their Ground in common. The other admonish'd him often, and mended them up again. At last, it came to a Breach; for *Jack* said, it was contrary to the Landlord's Will, that there should be any Enclosures, but all should be common and confus'd. *Harry* he was for keeping it in the same Order he had always had it, and after several Tryals in vain to mollify his Neighbour's Obstinacy, he set himself to dig an handsome Trench about his Farm, to keep obstrepe-

rous *Jack* out. But *Jack* vex'd to the Heart at this, coming drunk Home one Night, and as full of Malice as Liquor, (for he would take a cherupping Cup off in a Corner) the Moon shew'd him an agreeable Prospect of his Neighbour's Enclosure on one Hand, and the very Dunghil his own was grown on the other; what does he me, but leaps into the Mote, and scrambles up the Bank, demolishes the Dam, and lets the Water into the lower Grounds. But *Jack* was too top-heavy to escape undiscover'd: *Harry* sues him for a Trespass, *Jack* swears it was Accident, that falling into the Mote, he endeavour'd to save his Life, and this ensu'd. But the Judge finding this was owing to *Jack*'s Malice, more than Danger, gave *Harry* Damages. The Scots, who were always sculking about, having found out this Feud betwixt these two Neighbours, inform the rest of the Manner of it, who were all mortal Enemies to *Jack* and *Harry*, who at last enter into a Compact with *Jack*, every one to join together, and fill up the Mote that *Harry* had made to secure his Enclosure; no sooner said but done. Had not *Harry* just Cause of Complaint against *Jack*, for striking in with both their Enemies, merely to destroy his Enclosure? This is the Truth of the Story, and you have been told it only by Halves. I need not make the Application, the Pope, the Devil, and the Fanatick, will appear thro' the Disguise of the Fable.

But Sir, said Mr. *Alsop*, your Fable does not reach the Case; you make *Jack* an obstinate Fellow, and a mischievous Invader of his Neighbour *Harry*'s Enclosures; whereas the Dissenters are Men of tender Conscientes. Hold, interrupted I; methinks that's an odd Plea; for what has a Dissenter to do with Conscience at all, while he holds Predestination? I think of frugal Men they are the most prodigal alive, to throw away so many thousands a Year among you Gentlemen Holder-forths, when by their fundamental Doctrine they don't know but 'tis a Limb

230 *Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity.*

Limb of the Devil that's preaching to them a God's Name.

Well, well, said Mr. *Alsop*, we had no other Way of keeping up our Party, but by accepting the Benefit of this Declaration; People daily and daily moulder'd away; their Purfes touch'd them more than their Zeal, and they lov'd Ease and three Meals a Day, better than *Newgate*, or any other Gaol in all his Majesty's Dominions. So that if we caught hold of this Opportunity of retrieving our selves, and make the best Use of it, you may thank your selves for it, who would open no Door to let us into your Communion, but one so very small, that we could not thrust out Heads into it, much less draw in our Bodies. You are a little apt, reply'd I, to assert very odd Positions; for we have often invited you to return to your Mother, and she with open Arms expected to embrace you: Your Scruples were answer'd to the nicest Point, and Compliances offer'd, if you can but agree where you would stop, and what would content you. That you shall be Judge of, said he, by a Story I'm going to tell you.

There was a Gentleman (says he) of ancient and honourable Extraction, one Col. *Stiff-rump*, that made Love to a grave and vertuous Lady in our Neighbourhood, of whose Character I will tell you more anon; but in the mean Time, I must be more particular about my Colonel. As for his Age and Person, there was no Exception to be made to them; but his Temper was somewhat imperious and fierce, easy enough to those that would submit to him, but impatient of being contradicted. Some thought him too affected and formal in his Carriage; and what was the worst, he was not content to practise these Formalities himself, but would oblige others to do the same; however, in the main, his good Qualities over-weigh'd his bad. So much for the Colonel. And now to give you a short Account of the Lady, whose Name was *Good love*; her Fortune was very considerable,

*Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity.* 231

considerable, which drew abundance of Suitors upon her; yet she rejected them all: She did not delight in gaudy Liveries, and what the World calls a magnificent Equipage; but every Thing about her was plain, and shew'd a well temper'd Frugality; and as she had not been bred up in Musick and Dancing, she seldom appear'd at any publick Assemblies, but kept for the most Part at Home, and visited none but her Relations: This may suffice to let you see what the Lady's Disposition was. 'Tis now high Time to proceed to my Story: The Colonel finding it for his Advantage to make an Alliance with her, if possible, very fairly courted her; and, to do the Lady Justice, she receiv'd him with more Respect, and heard his Address with more Complaisance, than she had done any of his Predecessors. In short, Matters went on the Colonel's Side as favourably as a Man could wish; when coming one Morning into her Parlour, *Well, Madam, and what Demonstration do you require I should give you of my Affection? Tell me, I am ready to execute it this very Moment.* Colonel, (says she) *I require none, I always took you for a Person of Honour.* Come, come, (replies he) *that shan't serve your Turn; I have told you an hundred Times I love you, and yet I find you continue still an Infidel, and won't believe me; therefore I am resolv'd to give you some extraordinary Proof of my Passion, such as no Lover gave his Mistress before me. Now, Madam, if you'd have me trot it to the East-Indies, and bring you the Emperess of Japan's Favourite Paroquet, or six of the great Mogul's Fore-teeth, or the huge Diamond that hangs in the Sophy of Persia's left Ear; either a y of them, or all of them are at your Service; or if you'd have me mount up to the Top of St. Laurence's Steeple, take out my Heart, and broil it there upon the Grid-iron, 'tis no sooner said than done.* Thus the Colonel gave himself these Rhodomontado Airs, when the Lady taking him up short: *No, no, Colonel, (replies she) I expect no Impossibilities from you; but since you have made so*  
*free*



232 *Mr. Alfop's State of Conformity.*

free with me upon this Point, I will put you to the Tryal; but you shall find me very easy in my Proposal. Know then, I have only one Thing to ask of you, the doing of which can neither call your Life nor Honour in Danger; and which if you comply with, I promise to be yours, and only yours. — And pray, Madam, what may that be? (cries the Colonel in an Extasy) I am sure I would sacrifice my Life, my Reputation, my all, to oblige so — Talk not of Sacrifices, (answers she) I am content with lesser Services; and, to convince you of the Truth of this, behold all I demand of you, is, that you would send immediately for the Barber, and cut off your Whiskers, because they hinder me from having a full and perfect Communion with your Lips. — But, Madam, will nothing under my Whiskers satisfy you. — Why, can I possibly ask you an easier Instance of your Love? Any well-manner'd Gentleman would part with them at the Request of a Friend, but much more at that of his Mistress. And unless I part with them, must I never hope to be happy in you? — Never upon my Word. — Why then, Madam, farewell: I'll see all the Women in the Universe, pil'd up like so many Faggots to make the Devil a Bonfire, before I'll cut off my Whiskers to please the best of them. With that he took his Leave of her abruptly, and has never been seen since. To apply this Story. Now the Church of England, whenever she pleases, may marry, or incorporate the Dissenters, provided she would part with her Whiskers, that is to say, a few foolish idle Ceremonies, which neither contribute to her Beauty, nor her Security; by which Means she would render herself impregnable, for the subaltern Sects can never injure her; yet with the untoward Obstinacy of Col. Stiff-rump, rather than part with these Whiskers, Trifles upon so valuable a Consideration, she chuses to lose a great Part of the Kingdom, not contemptible either for their Numbers, Piety, Learning, or Wealth.

When Mr. Alfop had done his Story and Application, he finish'd as if the Day were his own; but to

pluck

*Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity.* 233

pluck him down from his imagin'd Conquest, Sir, says I, whoever told you this Story, deserves to have his Bones broke ; for, to my Knowledge, he has mis-led you not only in the Names and Characters of Persons concern'd, but almost in every Particular ; therefore to set you aright, I will recount the Story to you, exactly as it happen'd, and that in as few Words as may be. " I knew the Fellow singularly well, and so I did the Lady ; the Man was " a Tallow-Chandler by Trade, his Name was Jonathan Schism, and he liv'd at the Sign of the Calves-head in St. Swithen's Lane, over against Salters-Hall : He was a mighty Frequenter of Morning-Lectures, and the like Exercises ; but his *Watching* bearing no Proportion to his *Praying*, that is, his Zeal swallowing his Concern for his Family, Things were run to Sixes and Sevens ; in short, Affairs were come to that pass, that he durst hardly show his Nose over his Hatch ; tho' at the same Time he was as proud as a gifted Quaker, as full of Malice as an exploded Poetaster, censorious to the last Degree, glad of any Misfortune that befel his Neighbours, and never mannerly but in his Distress. To this odd condition'd Soul, was tack'd a Body that nick'd it like two Exchequer-Tallies ; his Hair was greasy, and curl'd like a Pound of his own Candles, his Shirt of the same Complexion with his Hat, and the rest of his Equipage was suitable to this. I beg your Pardon, Mr. *Alsop*, for dwelling so long upon so nauseous a Subject. To come to the Lady, her Name was *Conformity*, and liv'd at the fine House yonder, perhaps she had not her Fellow in the Universe, her Temper always chearful and easy ; joyful when she heard of the Happiness of others, and afflicted at their Calamities ; she never preach'd up her own Vertue, nor cry'd down that of her Neighbour ; no Raisher, nor second-hand Reporter of malicious Stories ; good-natur'd, but discreet ; humble, but careful

" to

234 *Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity.*

" to preserve her Authority : In the Management of  
 " of her Family, she neither affected a ruinous Mag-  
 " nificence, nor a fordid Oeconomy ; but every  
 " Thing was so decent, and so regularly order'd,  
 " that there was not the least Confusion or Disorder  
 " to be seen. Thus she liv'd happy, and in the  
 " universal Esteem of all that knew her, when all  
 " on the sudden, either mov'd by the superior In-  
 " fluence of the Stars, or touch'd by an extraordi-  
 " nary Fit of Compassion, with which her generous  
 " Temper abounded to a Fault, or some other Rea-  
 " son, best known to herself, she sent for this slo-  
 " venly Wretch to come to her House. Our Friend  
 " *Jonathan* immediately waited on her, and the  
 " Lady thus unbosom'd herself to him : I am no  
 " Stranger, says she, to your Circumstances, and  
 " know with what Difficulty you keep the Wolf  
 " from your Door ; now, if you will comply with  
 " a few easy Proposals I have to make to you, I will  
 " not only free you from the Apprehension of Gaols,  
 " and living a constant Tributary to those Vermin  
 " the Bailiffs, but I'll pay your Debts, and, what is  
 " more, settle my Person and Fortune upon you.  
 " This is a Happiness, cries our splay-mouth'd Tal-  
 " low-Chandler, in a Transport, which I could ne-  
 " ver have expected : But may I make so bold with  
 " you, Madam, as to enquire what you have to pro-  
 " pose to me ; for if you command me to crawl up-  
 " on all Four to *Berwick* upon *Tweed*, or travel to  
 " *Rome*, and convert the Pope ; there's nothing you  
 " can propose, but I'll cheerfully comply with, to  
 " attain so much Felicity. Why, Mr. *Schism*, says  
 " she, I have observ'd, that you are none of the  
 " cleanliest Men in the World ; now I abominate a  
 " Sloven, and therefore, to fit you for my Bed, I  
 " expect you should immediately consent to the fol-  
 " lowing Articles. First and foremost, I require you  
 " to comb your Hair, and clean it ; that you put on  
 " a clean Shirt, and be not hence forward such a  
 " mortal

Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity. 235

mortal Foe to clean Linen; that you go to the Bagnio, mundify your Tabernacle from the filthy rank Fumes and Scents of your Trade and Person; that for the future you watch as well as pray; and that you be not so proud, but that you shew your Neighbours the common Civility which is their Due. On these Terms, said the Lady, I, and my Fortune are at your Service. Will no other Conditions serve your Turn, reply'd *Jonathan*? Can you desire any more agreeable, than what would make you cease to be a Monster, and make you like the rest of your Neighbours, to whom now your Singularity and Pride render you a perfect Nuisance? Alas! Madam, if nothing but this will do, you and I can never dance betwixt one Pair of Sheets. What! you're a perfect Woman, nothing but a Beau will please you! I love my self too well, and know my Judgment too infallible to let any Considerations alter my Course of Life: Tho' my Hair be lank and greasy, my Pores something frowsy, my Linnen on the Melancholy, and my Behaviour something obstreperous; yet it is my Fancy, Madam, and my Fancy is my Law and my Conscience; and if you don't like me rough as I run, fare you well, Madam; I am not to be alter'd! Wherefore, tho' I like your Habitation very well, your Person better, and your Fortune best of all; yet were you Mistress of the Universe, I would not cease to be that very numerical, greasy *Jonathan*, to have you. But Decency, Mr. *Jonathan*. ——— Hang Decency, tho' finical. You say, perhaps, I stink among my Neighbours. I answer, to me the Smell's a perfume; you call me a Sloven, I am transported with my negligent Air; you think my Trade a Nuisance, I like it better than a Powder-Shop. As for my being like other People, I laugh at it; no, let other People be like me. — So, Madam, adieu; for I am old positive *Jonathan*. — Away flies *Jonathan*, as full  
“ of



236 *Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity.*

" of Indignation as Nastiness. — The Lady still  
 " full of Compassion for his Frenzy, makes Use of  
 " the Mediation of Friends, pathetick Perswasives  
 " Tendernefs, and the like Endeavours, to reclaim  
 " him to his Senses, and to make him cease to be  
 " the Jest and Scandal of his Neighbours; but all in  
 " vain; for he remain'd positive, unless she would  
 " grow as filthy a Slut as he was a Sloven, he would  
 " have nothing to say to her.

The Application, said I, *Mr. Alsop*, is not difficult  
 to make; the venerable and decent Worship of the  
 Church of *England*, and the irreverent and scandalous  
 Meetings of the Dissenters, are visible enough to be  
 seen without the Help of a Parallel. The Dissenters  
 might, when they please, be marry'd to, or incor-  
 porated with the Church of *England*, if they would  
 quit their Singularity, Pride, indecent Worship, and  
 the like, which they derive neither from Scripture  
 nor Reason, and which contribute neither to their  
 Beauty nor Strength, and so united to a greater Part  
 of the Kingdom, very considerable for their Num-  
 bers, Piety, Learning, and Wealth.

Phoo, said *Mr. Alsop*, this will prove like all o-  
 ther Controversies, both Sides triumphing, and nei-  
 ther Side convinc'd. For I must tell you, that I  
 cannot but think your Adoration of the Churches  
 Antichristian and Idolatrous. Why, reply'd I, don't  
 you think there is a decent Respect due to the Place  
 that's set apart for the Worship of God? — No  
 more, than to my Kitchen, or my Stable, built of  
 same Brick or Stone. — Well, well, *Mr. Alsop*,  
*Alsop*, you and I won't differ for Trifles; I shall be  
 glad to see you when I come to *London*, which will  
 be very suddenly, and will there confute a Bottle or  
 two with you. With all my Heart, reply'd *Mr. Alsop*;  
 for tho' you're a Church-man, you seem to be  
 a good honest Fellow. Where shall we meet, said  
 I? — Where you please, at what Tavern you  
 frequent. I abominate a Tavern; but I'll tell you  
 what,

## Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity. 237

that, I can procure two Gallons of excellent Burgundy, and you and I, and another Friend, will meet and fuddle our Noses at your *Meeting-house*; where under the Pulpit, as under the Rose, we may say what we please against either State or Church. Hold, hold a little, interrupted Mr. *Alsop*, my Meeting-house is set apart for the Worship of God, and it would sound oddly to turn it into a Bibbing-House. Not at all, reply'd I; why not into a Bibbing-House, as well as a Dancing-School, a Buttock-Ball, or the like? Besides, if it be no more than your Kitchen, or your Stable, how can a Bottle of good Burgundy prophane it?

Mr. *Alsop* was here at a Stand; and while he was puzzling his Noddle with a Salvo, Company came to his Relief, and so adjourn'd his Conference, *he die*.

\*\*\*\*\*

*The Widow's Wedding: Or, A true Account of Dr. Oat's Marriage with a Muggletonian Widow in Bread-street, London, August the 18th 1693. In a Letter to a Gentleman in the Country.*

SIR,



THE only News of Importance I have to communicate to you at present, is, that the famous and never-to-be-forgotten Dr. *Oats* was marry'd the Beginning of this Week. You know for a Person of his Constitution, that always express'd, and perhaps inherited, an Aversion

to

to the fair Sex ; and besides, had found out a Back Door to bestow his Kindness and Strength elsewhere, to confine himself at last to the insipid Duties of Matrimony, is as unnatural and unexpected a Change as for an old Miser to turn Prodigal. And this perhaps was the surprizing Revolution, which most of our Almanacks, both at Home and Abroad, threaten us with in the Month of *August*. I remember I happen'd to be at *Garramay's*, when a Gentleman came in and told us the News. Immediately all other Discourse ceas'd, *East-India* Actions, the Price of Pepper, and rising of Currants ; not a Word of our Army in *Flanders*, or the Siege of *Belgrade*, the *Turkey* Fleet, and the Battel of *Landen*, were not mention'd in two Hours after. Nay, the Duke of *Savoy*, who is now working Miracles for us at *Piedmont*, was wholly laid aside. Every Body stood amaz'd, and it was a considerable Time before they could recover themselves out of this Astonishment. At last an old Gentleman, at the upper End of the Table, broke the Silence, and made himself and the Company very merry at the Doctor's Expence. I remember, says he, I have somewhere read, that when *Erasmus* heard that *Martin Luther*, of blessed Memory, was marry'd, he would say in a jesting Manner, That if, according to the old Tradition, Antichrist was to be got between a Monk and a Nun, the World was now in a fair Way to have a Litter of the Sort. Not that I would (continues he) apply this Story to the Doctor ; for God forbid that we should live to see a Brood of sucking Antichrists come out of the Doctor's Loins. My Meaning is only this, that since the Saviour of the Nation has join'd his saving Faculty with a damning Talent, (for you are to understand his Lady is a Muggletonian, and those People pretend to have the Power of Damnation) we may now expect to see a Morley Race of half Saviours and half Damners. Hold you there, cries another Gentleman, you ought to have said half Damners

and half Saviours; for since the Mother's is the surest Side, if the Doctor lives to have Children, they'll damn in all Likelihood before they'll save

The Doctor (as I have been acquainted by several of his intimate Friends) had two Reasons to incline him to marry in his old Age. The first, was, his great Concern to see the noble Army of Evidences defeated; *Bedlow, Dugdale, and Dangersfield* sleeping with their Fathers, viz. the Witnesses that swore against *Susanna*, and those that ston'd *St. Stephen*; *Fuller*, who, with good Management, would have made a clever Fellow, bury'd alive in a Prison, *Et cetera*. *Young*, his vertuous Companion, routed past all Hopes of rallying. Others, at the Sight of a Pillory or Whipping-post, utterly discountenanc'd, and asham'd of their Profession. So the Doctor finding the whole Hopes of the Family of the *Evidences* centering in himself; and that if due Care were not taken, the Species would be intirely lost, resolv'd, as far as in him lay, to prevent its utter Extinction, and to raise up Seed to the Popish Plot himself.

In the second Place, the Doctor was touch'd in Conscience for some Juvenile Gambols that shall be nameless. It seems, tho' he had pity'd the other Corruptions of Popery, yet he still fancy'd Cardinalism. Now, all the World knows Conscience is a sad terrible Thing. What says the Doctor's Friend *St. Austin*? Why, *Conscientia mille Testes*, Conscience is a thousand Witnesses. Is it therefore to be admir'd if the Doctor, who, make the best of him, is but one single Witness, and scarce that, found himself forc'd to yield to a thousand? So then, as I said before, his Conscience perpetually alarming and disturbing him, the Doctor, merely at last, for his own Ease and Quiet, made a Vow to sow his wild *Oats*, and not to hide the Talent which God had plentifully given him, in an *Italian Napkin*. No sooner was this pious Resolution communicated to his Friends, who

were



were mightily pleas'd at the News, but they look'd out sharp to find him a proper Yoke-fellow. It was represented to him, that a Maid was by no Means for his Turn; the Doctor was fat and purfy; a Maidenhead was not to be got without much drudging for't; and besides, 'twas now just the Dog-Days, and who knew but the Doctor's Reins might receive great Damage, in Case of a violent Encounter. At last an independent Minister advis'd him to Mrs. *Margaret Wells of Breadstreet*, (whose former Husband was a Muggletonian, and she continu'd of the same Perswasion) urging this Argument in her Behalf, that in her the Doctor might have open and free Ingress, Egress, and Regress, as oft as he pleas'd. That as he might enjoy her without the Sweat of, so he might eternally live with her without the least Peril of his Brows, she being no Charmer, and consequently would not equip him with a Pair of Horns, which he knew the Doctor abominated, as being Marks of the Beast, and altogether Popish. The Doctor lik'd the Proposal; and, at the first Interview, was so extremely smitten with the Gravity and Goodness of her Person, that he could neither eat (which was much) nor drink (which was more) 'till the Business was concluded.

A comical Passage happen'd at the *Commons*, which I think very well worth sending you: The Doctor going thither for a Licence, two scurvy Questions were ask'd him; the first was, Whether he would have a License to marry a Boy or a Girl? The second, Whether he would have a Licence for behind or before? At this the Doctor lost all Patience, held up his Cane, and thunder'd out, *You Rascal*, as thick as Hops, 'till upon the Proctor's crying *Peccavi*, the Sky clear'd up again.

*The Articles of Marriage were as follows,*

*Imprimis*, The Doctor promises, *in Verbo Sacerdotis*,

to keep ne'er a Male-Servant in his House under Sixty, and to hang up the Picture of the Destruction of Sodom in his Bed-chamber, *ad refpicandam Memoriam*, and to teach his Children to swear as soon as they can speak.

Item, The Doctor promises, that he will never offer to attack, either in Bed or Couch, Joint-stool or Table, the Body of the aforefaid Mrs. Margaret Wells, *a parte post*, but to comfort, refresh, and relieve her, *a parte ante*; giving the aforefaid Mrs. Margaret Wells, in Case he offend after that Manner, full Leave to make her self Amends before, as she pleases. As also on a second Trespass, to burn his Peace-maker; however, with this Proviso, that whenever the aforefaid Mrs. Margaret Wells happens to be under the Dominion of the Moon, that is to say, whenever it is Term-Time with the aforefaid Mrs. Margaret Wells, then the above-mention'd Doctor shall have full Power, Liberty, and Authority to enter the Westminster-Hall of her Body at which Door he pleases. This last Clause was not obtain'd, till after a stiff Dispute on the Doctor's Part, who threaten'd to break off; if it were deny'd him. The other Articles, as less considerable, I pass over, to come to the main Business in Hand, the Marriage.

On the 17th of this present August, the Doctor being new wash'd and trimm'd, with a large sacerdotal Rose in his Hat, and all his other Clergy Equipage, came to the House of an Anabaptist Teacher in the City; where, in the Face of a numerous Assembly, consisting of all Sorts, Divisions, and Subdivisions of Protestants, he was marry'd to Mrs. Margaret Wells. The Doctor was observ'd to be very merry all Dinner-time; and the largest Part of his Face, meaning his Chin, mov'd notably. There stood right over against him a mighty Sirloin of Beef, to which he shew'd as little Compassion as he did the Jesuits in Time of the Plot. After Dinner, six Fifth-Monarchy-Men, larded with as many

Kanters, danc'd a Spiritual Jig, and twelve Sweet Singers of *Israel* employ'd their melodious Quail-pipes all the while. But Madam *Saiamanca* (for so we must now call her) seem'd not to be much affected with this Diversion, but look'd very disconsolate and melancholy. One of the Sisterhood ask'd, why on a Day of Rejoicing she express'd so much Sorrow in her Looks? To which Madam *Oats*, after a deep Sigh or two, answer'd,

That she very much doubted, like the *Staffordshire* Miller that mounted King *Charles* after the *Worcester* Fight upon one of his Mill-Horses, whether she should be able to bear the Weight of the Preserver of three Nations.

Thus the Time was agreeably spent 'till Ten, and then the Bell rung to Prayers; and then his Spouse, after the laudable Custom of *England*, being gone before, the Doctor resolutely march'd to the Place of Execution. There was no Sack-Possét, nor throwing the Stocking; both those Ceremonies being look'd upon as superstitious, and Things of mere human Invention. The Bed continu'd in a trembling Fit most Part of the Night; for 'tis not doubted but the Doctor acquitted himself manfully, since the good Woman has already assur'd her Midwife, that the Doctor fought out all his Fingers, and she began to find an Alteration in her Constitution. An Astro-nomer in *Moorfields* has been consulted upon this Occasion, and he foretels it will be a Boy; which has made the Doctor very busy among the *Hebrew* Roots, to find out a proper Name for his Son.. I am

Your Servant,

THO. BROWN.

A Sup.



A SUPPLEMENT to the *Works* of  
Mr. THO. BROWN, Prose  
and Verse, the greatest Part  
never before printed.

To Sir John Sands, against keeping  
of Mistresses.

From the Crown.



**W**E are at the Tavern, and have your Case under our present Consideration. 'Tis concluded on all Hands, that you can neither justify your present Way of living to your self, nor yet to the Publick; which ought to be of some Regard with all Lovers of their Country. You are got into the modern Foppery of Keeping; and behold what are the Sentiments of this honourable Board about it.



Mr. ——— who you know is a Poet, deliver'd himself in the Language of his Profession. He maintain'd, that whatever the wicked World thought to the contrary, a Miss was as much inferior to a Wife, as the *Pindaric* Muse is to the *Epic*; that one is a Whore without Stays, whereas the other is a civil well-bred Person, that always wears them.

Mr. ——— who is likewise a Son of *Parnassus*, desir'd me to tell you, that a Miss and a Wife differ only as a single Epigram, and a large Collection of Poems, viz. that a Man sooner rids his Hands of one, than the other. But that, as *Martial* has long ago declar'd his Opinion in the latter Case,

*Quid prodest brevitās, dic mihi, si liber est.*

That is to say, what the Plague is a Man the better for the Shortness of a Distich, if he obliges himself to read a whole Cart-load of them; so he desires to know where lies the mighty Advantage of a Whore above a lawful Spouse, if the Spark keeps constant to her; and if he does not, where is the Sense of keeping her in Pay.

Mr. ——— express'd himself against the predominant Sin of Keeping, to this Effect. Of all the Vices the present Age is to answer for, nothing comes near it; and yet the Sots make merry with Marriage; which is full as ridiculous, as if Dr. Chamberlain should laugh at the Bank of England for paying People in Paper. If Marriage is expensive, Keeping is certainly more, and with less Pretence. I knew, says he, a Gentleman that lov'd Gaming as he did his Eyes. One Night he lost a hundred and fifty Guineas at the Groom-Porter's: When he came Home, he found his Lady in the Parlour, with two Candles burning before her. Lord! Wife, says he, what a strange Extravagance is this; two Candles lighted at a Time, and House-keeping so chargeable? But he forgot, it seems, what his shaking of his Elbow

Elbow had cost him that Evening: This is the Case of all Keepers: What our Church-men charge the Dissenters with, is actually true of them; they stare at a Gnat, but they can swallow an Elephant.

Right, says Harry —, Keeping is the greatest Solecism a Man of Pleasure can commit: If the Gallant is true to his Mistress, it has all the Phlegm; and if he is fond of her, all the Expence of Matrimony. In short, I have an equal Aversion to Marriage and Keeping. They differ only like *Holborn* and *Cornhill*: Both are Streets. But to do Sir John Justice, the latter is nothing near so long as the former.

That is as it happens, cries virtuous Mr. —; for I can shew you several Persons about the Town that parted fairly with their Wives before the first Month was over, and yet could endure to cohabit with their Harlots many Years. But Imagination governs all these Matters. For my Part, I think of Women as I do of Books, the finest of both Sorts will hardly endure a thorough Examination. If they find more Favour than this, they may thank the courteous Reader for it, who sees more in them, than they deserve. I remember I took Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham last Vacation down with me into the Country. I read them over; and what was a Consequence of that, I was weary of them. You may laugh at me for a Man of a vicious Palate; but I can't help that. Before I came to Town, I was glad to borrow Wesley's execrable Poem of the Parson of the Parish, only for Variety.

Tho' I am not wholly of your Opinion, says Mr. — to him, yet I agree with you, that Keeping is Nonsense all over, and that for a Reason which none of you have yet assign'd. Sir Henry Wootton's Definition of an Ambassador in Part belongs to him. *Legatus est vir bonus ad mentiendum foris Reip. gratia.* And a Keeper is a good Man, to maintain a pretty Woman in fine Cloaths, handsome Lodgings,

and all that, for the publick Benefit of the Commonwealth.

Mr. ——— the Merchant is in our Company, who has travell'd Abroad, and seen the World: He says, that a Whore in the Civil State, is what Farthings are in the Business of Trade, only to be us'd for the Convenience of ready Change. But that a Man that makes a Whore, if not his constant Wife, yet his constant Companion, and a Government that makes Farthings their only current Money, will soon be convinc'd of the Vanity of their Politicks. And he said *Ireland* was lately a sad Instance of the latter.

What vexes me most, says ———, is to hear these Keeping-Coxcombs magnify themselves upon their Discretion. I save Charges by it, cries one ———.

Yes, replies his Neighbour, they are as much Savers by the Bargain, as one that goes down to *Tunbridge* or the *Bath*, to save his Expences in Town: But since this Point has been spoken to already, I will say no more to it. Only give me Leave, Gentlemen, to cap the Story of the two Candles, with another like it. A Brace of Country Attorneys went into a Tavern one Morning to take a Whet; and because they had not seen one another for a Term or two, they drank to the Tune of eleven Pints. At last, one of them call'd for a *French Roll*: Why, Brother, says the other, are you not asham'd to inflame the Reckoning? Let the Keepers apply this.

Well, but I 'scape Confinement by it, says another ———. I don't know that, says Mr. N——; for I think a Man is as much a Prisoner by a Gout or Rheumatism of his own begetting, as if the Government had confin'd him. What signifies it a Farthing to one in this Case, whether the Priest ties the Knot, or he does it himself? 'Tis true, the Confinement of Keeping does not last so long as that of Marriage, but it devours more in a Month, than the other does in a Year. It's like falling into the Hands

of

of the *Black Rod*, or a *Sergeant* of the *Honst*, where the Fees run so high, that you spend more in a few Weeks, than would handsomely maintain you in another Prison all your Life. But to see by what Chimera's the World is manag'd: Matrimony is Hell in Folio, because it's a Charm that can't be dissolv'd when a Man pleases. At the same Time, those that keep, can sometimes submit to a Confinement full as long and severe; yet bear it easily, because forsooth 'tis of their own ordering. This puts me in Mind of the famous Citizen of *Paris*, who had pass'd threescore long Years within the City-Walls, and never had the least Inclination to make a Step into the Country. So soon as he heard that his Prince had commanded him never to stir out of it, he discreetly dy'd with the Thoughts of being a Prisoner. There are Penitents in *Spain*, who on certain Days of Mortification lash themselves as heartily as any of our *Newgate-Rogues* are whipp'd by the publick Executioner. 'Tis certain the Pain and Anguish are the same; but one does it voluntarily, and the other cannot help it. What pretty Salvo's a fruitful Imagination can find out!

Thus far, Sir John, we have given you our Thoughts of Keeping in general, without descending to Particulars; but now we come to consider your own Case more nearly. To the Surprise of all your Friends, you have pitch'd upon a Daughter of the Stage, upon an Actress, to shew your particular Favours to; and pray be pleas'd to hear what the Company thinks of it.

Mr. —, who, next to Mr. Rymer, is the best Historian about the Town, says, that this Transaction of your Life, will be bound up with the Annals of *Goatam* in the next Age; because to pretend to confine a She-Player to one's self, is altogether of a Piece with hedging in a Cuckow.



Mr. ———, the Poet first mention'd, prov'd out of the ancient Records of *Parnassus*; that all Actresses belong to those of his Profession; and that if a Lay-Person pretended to lay his unhallow'd Hands upon her, he was guilty of making an Impropriation, and ought to be indicted in *Apollo's* Spiritual Court.

Mr. ——— of the *Temple*, who, tho' he never goes to *Westminster*, is nevertheless an Oracle of the Law, pretends that your Case comes within the Statute of Monopolies; that you have done as bad as inclos'd a Common; and that all the Lovers of *Magna Charta* ought to break down the Fence.

'Tis but fit it should be so, cries another; for he that pretends to confine a *Damofel* of the Theatre to his own Use, who by her Character is a Person of an extended Qualification, acts as unrighteous, at least as unnatural a Part, as he that would debauch a Nun: That after all, such a Spark rather consults his Vanity than his Love, and would be thought to ingross what all the young Coxcombs of the Town admire and cover.

Captain ——— ended this serious Debate. He said, that whoever gave Pay to a Woman, or a Soldier, expected they should prove faithful to him. Now, continu'd he, to expect Fidelity from a Female that has been rais'd up in that hot Bed call'd a Play-house, is to expect Honesty from an Evidence. 'Tis a Folly not to be excus'd. 'Tis to bottle up Air, like *Shadwell's* Virtuoso. 'Tis to wash a Blackamoor. 'Tis to make Dr. *Oates* *rectus in curia*. 'Tis, in short, to grasp at more than attaining an Impossibility; for 'tis impossible to secure any other Woman to your self, but much more an Actress.

Thus we have sent you, Sir *John*, the Opinion of the Committee of our whole House upon this Occasion. You are desir'd to consider of it coolly by your self; and when you have so done, if 'tis possible,

possible, repent; otherwise do like some of our Divines, when they contradict what they formerly asserted, and stand buff to it.

Tom: . . . . would have you meet us to-morrow Night at the Rose, where he pretends to attack you with so many Arguments against the Female Sex, that he does not question to make you a Profelyte to the Bottle.

\*\*\*\*\*

*The Answer of Sir John Sands, in Defence of keeping a Miss, rather than a Wife.*

Gentlemen,

I Find I have a whole *Posse Comitatus* to encounter; but I rely so much upon the Goodness of my Cause, that without calling in the Assistance of my Brother-Keepers, without giving my self the Trouble to repel Numbers by Numbers, I don't question but that I am able, in my own single Person, to maintain the Field against you.

You are divided, Gentlemen, like all other Assemblies, in your Opinions: Some of you seem to favour Marriage, but declare against Keeping: Some of you denounce War equally against both, and consequently must set up for Fornication at large. I make this Inference, because my Charity won't suffer me to believe that any of you are such rank Infidels, as to discard the Sex by Wholesale. If I thought you had any of that Complexion among you, yet I should not think it worth my while to dispute them into better Sense. 'Tis an old receiv'd Axiom, you know, that *contra negantem Principia non est disputandum*.

As for the former Gentlemen, I mean those that have some Respect for Marriage, but are utter Enemies to Keeping, they would oblige me to prove, that lying at an Inn, where a Man stays no longer than he finds himself well us'd, and the Place agreeable, is half so chargeable or foolish, as staying there all one's Life; let the Entertainment be what it will. There are certainly Degrees in Confinement, and the Fleet is not altogether so Pagan and uncomfortable a Place, as *Sally*, or *Algiers*. Oh! but Imagination governs all these Matters. If, as we have frequent Instances of it in History, Imagination can kill as effectually, as a Blunderbuss loaded with a dozen Bullets, deliver me, I say, from the Hands of that Tyrant Imagination. But tho' this is Answer enough to so trifling an Objection, yet, Gentlemen, I will prove, that there's something more than bare Imagination in the Case. A Miss's Patent runs *durante bene-placito*, and she lies eternally at the Mercy of her Patron. A Wife has a Lease of your Body for Term of Life, and has no such Obligations upon her to keep within Bounds. One, like an open Town, can make no Resistance, and consequently has no Temptation or Interest to rebel. A Wife is a Sort of a Garrison, fortify'd by Law and Act of Parliament, which the Sovereign can't dismantle when he pleases. She lies secure behind that unrighteous Bulwark call'd a *Settlement*, which is made as strong as the *Westminster-Hall-Engineers* can contrive it; and tho' she's never so plainly convicted of revolting from her lawful Master, and holding an Intelligence with the Enemy, she forfeits neither Life nor Limb; nay, she can challenge a Substance as long as she lives. This, I think, shews, with a Witness, that there's a vast Difference between Marriage and keeping: But, to dismiss this Point, were a Wife never so sincere, and never so submissive, yet there's a Duty in the Case. Consider what I say, Gentlemen, there's Duty in the Case, in which single Word there's Dulness and

Im-

Impotence, Death and Desolation, and, in short, every Thing that inspires Horror, and casts a Danip upon Pleasure. 'Tis as bad as the *Mene Tekel* on the Wall, the very Name carries a Palsy with it. It puts People upon unlawful Evasions; it makes them think on other Folks, when their Thoughts should be at Home; and leads them to commit downright Adultery in the Nuptial Sheers.

Even that Pink of Courtesy, Sir John Falstaff in the Play, who never was a Niggard of his Laughs, yet would not answer one Word when the *Muss* was put upon him; *Were Reasons* (says that affable Knight) *as cheap as Black-berries, I would not give you one upon Compulsion*, which is but another Word for Duty. And now we are upon this Chapter, Gentlemen, give me Leave to copy from you, and tell you a short Story. A Nobleman, who shall be nameless, in K. Charles the 1<sup>st</sup>'s Time, kept a Chaplain that was a Rake-hell enough in all Conscience. He would break Windows, kick and cuff, get drunk and swear, and do all the boisterous things you can think of, as uncanonically as any of his Cloth. This Fellow had not liv'd a full Month with my Lord, by the same Token, that they kept him as hot as a Glass-house all the while; but weary, it seems, of his Reception, he came staggering into the Room where my Lord was drinking with some Friends: Fairly, my Lord, says he, you and I must part, before George we must. Why so, Doctor, have not I us'd you with all the Civility — You mistake me, my good Lord, I love Drunkenness as well as ever a Peer of you all; but, a Plague, I hate the Thoughts of being forc'd to mount the Guard every Night, I hate to be confin'd to it, You make Drunkenness a Duty, my Lord, and consequently a Virtue, and, I'd have you know, I hate all Virtue — Pray let me advise you to think of this at your Leisure.

I come now to those worthy Gentlemen, who are against Inclosures of all Sorts, and fall upon the first



Game they can start. Not to call their Judgments in Question, which they never put to the Expence of choosing for them, I would fain be inform'd why a Man should be so fool-hardy as to expose himself to the *fortune de la guerre*, when there's no Occasion for it; or what mighty Satisfaction there is in coming off with the Loss of an Arm or a Leg, when he might have kept himself safe. Were there no such Things as Diseases in the World, and had *Columbus* never discover'd the *Indies*, perhaps I might be reconcil'd to this sort of Life; but as I am a profess'd Disciple of *Epictetus*, I would, by my good Will, husband every Moment to the best Advantage: For this Reason I scorn to take up Pleasure, as young Prodigals do Money, at fifty *per Cent.* Interest; and 'tis for this very Reason that I abominate Drunkenness, the only Pandar that can make you swallow intriguing in common, because a Man gives half an Hour's seeming Satisfaction, and two or three Days real Sickness.

I am now arriv'd to the last Part of my Indictment, where you play all your small Shot at me, because I have thought fit to be particular with an Actress. Some of you pretend, that such a Choice has more Vanity than Love in it. Admit it has, yet I shall never be asham'd to act upon so honest and universal a Principle. What first set up a Coach and Six, but Vanity? My Lady might shew herself to as much Advantage in a Chariot and two; and if my Lord would condescend now and then to beat the Hooff, as his Predecessors did before him, it would not be the worse for his Honour's Health. What introduc'd Perriwigs as big as Hay-cocks, when the Border, of venerable Memory, would have serv'd the Turn as well; or what justifies those gigantick Grievances call'd Commodities, but Variery? In short, what furnishes Luxury, and sets off Magnificence, what plunders every Corner of the World, and puts us upon ransacking every Element, but this very same Inspirer of all our Motions, for which you wisely con-

denu

damn me? You may rail at Variety as long as you please; but I would not give a Farthing for a Woman, whom all the Town does not desire to lye with. For this Reason I would have her frequently seen by all the young Fellows, and my self, that enjoy her, pointed at in the Streets, and envy'd by all that know me. This sets an Edge upon a Man's Inclination, tho' it flagg'd never so much before, and makes his Mistress still new and charming, because still desir'd by others. Indeed some of you are pleas'd to call the Play-house a Hot Bed. If this were any Reproach, so are the Exchanges and the Boarding-Schools; and so, in short, is all London, and ten Miles about it. I was in my Passion going to say all the Island; and if I had said it, I think in my Conscience I had not been guilty of Scandal. After all, if the Play-house is a Hot-bed, so much the better, for I have a mortal Aversion to Coldness, and every thing that resembles it. But to expect Constancy from a She-Player! I always thought them made of the same Ingredients with the rest of their Sex; and if they have not their Hypocrisy to answer for, I think 'tis a Sign of their Discretion at least. 'Tis an Article of my Creed, that no Woman is constant, but she that finds it her Interest to be so. If that cannot keep my Damosel within due Bounds, I shall never break my Heart for the Matter.

And to conclude this Letter, if I must be cheated, which I am afraid is the Case of us all, I had rather it should be done by a Jew, from whom we expect it, and whose Profession it is, than by a sniveling pretense Villain, that has a Text for doing it. Gentlemen, I am

Your most humble Servant

From

*From a Vintner in the City, to a  
young Vintner in Covent-Garden.*

*By Mr. BROWN*

*Cousin JOHN,*

**Y**OU have done two very adventurous Things of late: You have taken a new House, and a new Wife, and all in the Compass of a Week; nor having the Fear of some late Acts of Parliament before your Eyes, which have made House-keeping so very chargeable. After this convincing Proof of your Boldness, should you take a Lyon by the Whiskers, it would not surprize me. For, Cousin, to deal plainly with you, you have set up in a very perilous Time, when 'tis Fall of the Leaf with poor Tradesmen all the Year round. The Taxes run high, but never was there such an Ebb of Money since the Creation. Drunkenness, the Lord be praised, notwithstanding all that the new Reformers have done to it, still makes a Shift to maintain its Ground: If it leaves one Liquor, it takes up with another, like the Sea, which, what it loses in one Place, gains somewhere else. All the Nation, to give them their Due, would be drunk, if they could, to forget their Sorrows; but, alas! not one quarter of the Nation can afford to be at the Expence of it. The Situation of Things being thus at this present Writing, you ought to manage your self with more than ordinary Discretion, if you intend to make a Figure in this transitory World.

In

In the first Place, lay it down for a fundamenral Rule, never to trust, or at least as seldom as you can. But when you commit that Folly, let it not be with Men who are protected by their Dignity or Character, or (what will not be unseasonable Advice to one that lives in Covent-Garden) with the Wits, who are protected from paying by their Poverty. The less Faith you have for other People, the more Charity you shew for your self; for let the Persons say what they will, I never knew a Man of any Profession justify'd by Faith. Rather than venture that, cheat as much as you can, I mean in a lawful Way; and when you have got an Estate, then 'tis time enough to think of compounding your Sins with Heaven, by building of an Hospital, according to the laudable and ancient Practice of the City. If you have a Mind to be sav'd by your Faith, take my Advice, do it by wholesale, but never by small Parcels. In the mean Time, get Money, and promote Trade; for that (as a wise Alderman long ago observ'd) is the Law and the Prophers.

Secondly, consider, that the Trade of a Vintner is a perfect Mystery; (for what is the Term the Law bestows on it) now, as all Mysteries in the World are wholly supported by hard and unintelligible Terms, so you must take Care to christen your Wines by some hard Names, the farther fetcht so much the better; and this Policy will serve to recommend the most execrable Strum in all your Cellar. A plausible Name to an indifferent Wine, is what a gaudy Title is to a Fop, or fine Cloaths to a Woman; it helps to conceal the Defects it has, and bespeaks the World in its Favour. Men naturally love to be cheated, particularly those of our own Nation, for the Honour of old England be it spoken; and provided the Imposition is not too bare-fac'd, will meet you Half-way with all their Hearts. I could name several of our Brethren to you, who now stand fair to sit in the Chair of Justice, and sleep in their golden Chains at Church, that had been forc'd



forc'd to knock off long ago; if it had not been for this Artifice. It has sav'd the Sun from being eclips'd, the Crown from being abdicated, the Rose from decaying, the Fountain from being drawn dry, and both the Devils from being confin'd to utter Darknes. If your own Invention is so barren, that it wants to be assisted, or you have not Geography enough to christen your Wines your self, I advise you to buy a Map of Spain, Portugal, France, and Italy, and there you will find Names of Places fit for your Purpose, and the more uncommon they are, they'll be the more taking. Neither is this piece of Policy only practis'd in ours, but in most other Trades. A Bookseller, to help the Sale of a dull Pamphlet, will spruce it up with a most glorious Title, and tell you the Edition is almost sold off, when he has five hundred lying dead upon his Hands. A Perfumer will pretend, that his Essences came from Montpellier, or Florence, when he made them at Home. The Gloyer talks of Urdora, and the Mercer of Naples, till their Lungs are sounder'd, when both their Commodities were of London Extraction. And what Harm is there in all this? If the People cannot be pleas'd otherwise, we must in our own Defence act as the Nonconformist Divines do, and humour them in their Folly. *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur*, was the saying of a Church-man, who understood the World so well, that he would have made an admirable Winner, had he thought it worth his while.

Thirdly, don't forget to commend your Wine for those very Qualities that your Customers find Fault with it, like the Poets of the Town, who always justify those Passages in their Plays, for which the Critics condemn them. For Example, If they say 'tis sower or harsh; why, Gentlemen, 'tis the Nature of true French Wine to be so; if they tell you 'tis small, you must reply, that it has a conceal'd Body; and if they quarrel with it for being heavy and strong, you may stop their Mouths, by saying, 'tis so much the fitter for our Climate; and that a French Goat is

not false *Latin* in *England*; whatever it may be in a warmer Country. At other Times it will not be amiss to shift your Sails, and use another Conduct: As for Instance: A Company of well-drest Gentlemen come to your House, and in respect to their Quality and gawdy Outfides, you draw 'em the best Wine in your Vaults. Pshaw, says one, what the Devil have you brought us here? Damn it, cries another, this Stuff is not fit to be serv'd at a Porter's Burial. Then you may harangue them to the following Tune. Why Gentlemen, this Wine, an't please you, tho' it displeases you so much, has the good Fortune to be lik'd by other Palates. There's Sir *John Squander*, and my Lord *Topewell*, and twenty more I cou'd mention, Senators, and Men of Understanding, that drink their Gallons of it every Night: But, to say the Truth, 'tis not, between Friends, true Orthodox; I find your Palates are extraordinary, so I will go down my self, and bring you the Flower of *Europe*, tho' I say it; a small Parcel of it came over t'other Day; it only grows in one Vineyard belonging to the *Monks*, a Plague on 'em, I have forgot the Place; the greatest Part was bought for the King's Use, against a publick Entertainment, and the Merchant befriended me with the rest: But for God's sake, Gentlemen, speak not a Word of this to any of my Customers; you shall have of it for your own Company as long as it lasts; but if ever this should be known to my Lord, and Sir *John*, and the W — Country Par — nt Men, that come to my House, I am undone for ever, therefore I hope you'll be secret. Then fly down Stairs like Lightning, bring up a Flask of the worst Wine you have, take off the Oyl nicely, and present the Glass to one of these judicious Gentlemen. Now observe how the Scene is alter'd. A Plague on't, why this will do, says the first. Do? cries the second, spirting it critically upon the Floor, this is fit for Angels, and not poor sinful Mortals. Why, *Jack*, says the third, this is exactly the same  
Wine

Wine you and I us'd to make merry with on the other Side of the *Alpes*. An't please the Lord, cries the fourth, I'll get my full Dose on't to Night. Master, we are oblig'd to you. Here, Drawer, bring me up a Napkin; and then a good Supper is bespoke, and Drunkenness ensues. A certain Brother of the Quill, that does not live full an hundred Miles from the *Exchange*, has got a brave Estate by this very Trick, therefore see you put it in Practice. There are a thousand other Stratagems to be us'd in our Profession, but should I pretend to recount but half of them here, I should make this more tedious than a Pastoral Letter. A little Time and Experience will soon bring you acquainted with them.

I have nothing now left upon my Hands to do, but to answer the Scruples you propos'd to me in your last, which I will dispatch with all the Brevity I am Master of. You desire to know whether a Vintner may take Advantage of People when they are in their Cups, and reckon more than they have had. To which I answer in the affirmative, that you may, provided it be done in the Way of Trade, and not for any sinister End. This Case has been so adjudg'd many Years ago in Vintner's Hall, and you may depend upon't. Don't you see how in all other Trades they never scruple to make a Penny of a Customer's Ignorance, (else how could the Bookseller in *Paul's Church-Yard*, have palm'd *Ogilby's Fables* with Cuts upon a Country Wench, for a Common-Prayer-Book, and told her, that *Æsop*, with his Beasts about him, was *Adam* in Paradise) and is not Drunkenness, while it continues upon a Man, a State of Ignorance? Besides, is it not a Sin, a heinous Sin? And ought not we, that are in some Measure accessory to it, to mortify and punish it? And does any thing more disturb the Conscience of an *Englishman*, than to make his Pocket do Penance? After all, if the Fraud is discover'd, (and 'tis ten to one whether it be or no) the Master of the House is not at all affected by it. A

Vintner.

Vintner, like the King, can do no Wrong. The Bar indeed may mistake, the Drawers may be Sons of Whores, and mis-reckon; but a Master is not to be damn'd for the Transgressions of his Servants. Even General Councils, with the Pope at the Head of 'em, are not infallible. *Humanum est errare*. The poor Woman at the Bar is but just come out of the Country, or the Noise of the Bell, or the Hurry of Business, distracted her. Gentlemen, to make you Amends, I'll call for my Quart; I'd not do an ill thing for the Universe. And thus the Farce concludes.

In the next Place, you would know how you ought to govern your self in relation to lewd Women that Gentlemen bring to your House: To which I reply, That as Men, that have Wives, are commanded to live as if they had none; so, in this wicked Town, a Vintner that has Eyes, must behave himself as if he had them not, and sometimes too he must have no Ears, otherwise, *damn'd Rogue*, and *Cuckoldly Villain*, would make but ill Musick in them. So long as all this serves for the promoting of Trade, for my Part, I think there's no great Sin in it; this I am sure of, that if it were not for this Practice, our Neighbours the Apothecaries and Surgeons would fairly starve; and, you know, we should love our Neighbours as our selves. The worst Effect it produces, is in respect to our Wives and Daughters; it sets their Mouths a watering, and often makes them wish to be in the Harlot's Place. I once knew a Vintner's big-belly'd Wife, that having taken Notice of a painful Whore, who by the Sweat of her Brows had earn'd fifteen Pints of White Wine one Night with fifteen several Men, went ill from the Bar, and nothing would serve her Turn, but she must be deliver'd in the very Chair that had assisted so much Fornication. But you'll say 'tis against your Conscience. Cousin John, you are a young Beginner in the World, therefore follow my Direction, and clap a Muzzle upon your



your Conscience. When you have got twenty thousand Pounds in your Pocket, you may take off your Muzzle, if you think fit, and leave it to it self. Then you may shut up your Doors at Nine, look as discreetly as the gravest Hypocrite in the City, forbid singing of Catches in your House, deliver a Gill of Wine through the little Wicket only on the Lord's Day, call the *Sunday* the Sabbath, strut to the Parish-Church at the Head of half a Dozen norch'd Drawers, juggling a *Geneva* Bible between them, and take the Sermon in Short-hand, as many of your Predecessors, when they thought they were wealthy enough to deserve Damnation, have done before you. This is all, from

Your affectionate Kinsman,



To my Lady ----- that marry'd  
an old decrepit Widower.

Madam,

YOU have us'd your self with greater Cruelty than the most barbarous Tyrant durst have done, had it been your ill Fortune to come within his Power. *Algiers* it self inflicts no such Punishment upon its vilest Slaves, as you have voluntarily and freely impos'd upon your self. *Mezentius*, so execrable in History for tying the living to the Dead, reserv'd this Inhumane Usage only for his Enemies; as brutal as he was, he never dream'd of using his Friends in that manner, much less himself. Yet you, Madam, have thought fit to practise it upon one, who, to my Knowledge, deserv'd a better Treatment at your Hands.

All the Town was melancholy upon the News, but especially those who are in the Interests of Beauty, lamented as heartily, as some pious People do, when they hear of a Christian Town fall'n into the Hands of the Infidels. And that we fear is your Case; for if a Man has no other Way of shewing his Faith but by his Works, 'tis concluded by all Sides, that your Lot is fall'n upon a Person who is as nearly related to an Infidel, as an Informer is to a Villain.

I have lately read over some of the old Martyrologies, where innumerable Instances are to be found, of Persons of both Sexes, who, in a Fit of Devotion, practis'd strange Austerities; but none of them come up to you, even of those, who, for the singular Mortification they enjoin'd themselves, have been advanc'd to the Kalendar by Holy Church.

We meet with frequent Instances of young Virgins, that have leapt into the Flames to make Profession of their Belief, and courted Death in its most terrible Mien, as eagerly as other Women do a Coronet and a Title. Some have attended the Sick in Hospitals, and in the Midst of Affluence and Plenty, have deny'd themselves the Conveniences of Life, and mortify'd in Sackcloth. Some after the Priest has done his Office, have refus'd to receive the lawful Tribute of Matrimony, and some have oblig'd themselves to a perpetual Silence, which is certainly Self-denial enough in a Woman. Others have injur'd their own Beauty, to preserve themselves from the Courtship of their Lovers, or from the Lust of Tyrants. But, alas, what Proportion does this bear to what you have done? Death puts a Period to all our Miseries; but you have given a greater Proof of your Constancy, by resolving to live. You have confin'd your self to a walking Infirmary, and nothing but Providence can give you a Discharge. You have sacrific'd your Youth and Beauty to one that can enjoy neither, nor will suffer others to do it for him, like the modern Library-keeper of St. James's; he will  
neither

neither peruse your Manuscript, the fairest in the World, nor lend it to others, who can make a better Use of it. In short, there's never a Ghost in *Glauville* or *Aubry*, if he met him in a Church-yard, but would take him for his Brother Spectre. You, and your Husband between you, really undergo two of the severest Punishments which Antiquity believ'd to be in Hell. He, like *Tantalus*, sees the Fruit everlastingly before him, which he is not in a Capacity of tasting. You, like *Sisyphus*, take an infinite deal of Pains to no Purpose, to roll a Stone every Night; which is no sooner up, but it falls down of it self, and will do so to the End of the Chapter.

Tho' I need not exaggerate your own Torments to you, who are so well acquainted with them; yet as a Divine sometimes explains the Effects of Drunkenness to his Parish, that know them as well as himself, give me Leave to lay down Part of the Persecution you undergo before your Eyes, that through you the World may know what you endure.

The Night approaches; but the Night which bountifully rewards the Pains of other Lovers, proves but the Beginning of your Misery. Even the Bed, where all the marry'd World besides find Happiness, or at least a Relaxation from their Pain, is the Scene where you suffer most emphatically. That old solemn Piece of Antiquity, call'd your Husband, leads you to this Place of real Martyrdom, but no Execution, with his Head muffled up in an Infinity of Caps; and his Lungs, lest Musick should be wanting to the Entertainment, are sure to serenade you all Night long. Thus he disturbs your Repose; but has nothing about him to reward you for keeping you awake. If he has got his Cargo of Wine in his Guts, he snores by your Side as heartily, as *Gargantua* and the Monks in *Rabelais* do, after they have rock'd themselves asleep with singing the penitential Psalms. But if in Spite of Impotence and Age,

he

he pretends to disturb you with his Vigor, his Shot scarce reaches the Walls of the Fortrefs. Thus your Fate is just the Reverse of *Semeles*; she generously expir'd in the Arms of the Thunderer, whereas your Fumbler chills you with his warmest Embraces; his very Flames give you an Ague-Fit, and, like the Weather we have had of late, his Summer has a Spice of Winter in it. The Mischief on't, is, that every Day will leave him a worse Practitioner than other; and Time, which uses to soften other Hardships, will daily make yours more insupportable.

What is it then that could induce your Ladyship to pitch upon so rigorous a Penance, which your very Enemies (were it possible for you to have any) would never have impos'd upon you? Since your Body can be no Gainer by this wicked Match, one would imagine you did it for the Benefit of your Soul; but Religion produces no such Miracles in this Age, whatever it has done formerly. 'Tis enough now if People stick to it while they get by the Bargain; for few, very few, even of those that wear her Cloth and eat her Bread, will be Losers for her.

'Tis, in short, the Desire of unrighteous Mammon, that has drawn this Servitude upon you. You took this nauseous Pill only for the sake of the gilding. That pale-fac'd Metal, to purchase which our Merchants ransack every Corner of the World, make you take up with this leaky batter'd Vessel; but with this Difference, that whereas they are at Liberty to shift their Climate as they see fit, you have confin'd your self to the Latitude of 70, and have settled in a Country, which is eternally cover'd with Snow, and affords no Prospect of a Spring. All that your humble Servants can do, is, to wish that your Tyrant's Reign may be but of short Continuance; which is the daily Prayer of——

*Lyfander.*

A





*A Consolatory Letter to Mr. H---,*  
*on his being a CUCKOLD.*

SIR,

I am none of the best Comforters in the World; however, yours is so common and easy a Case, that any one may set up for a Doctor, and pretend to prescribe Remedies for it. You send me Word, you are a Cuckold, and desire my Advice upon the Matter: Why, is this a Time to complain of Cuckoldom? You ought to have reconcil'd your self to that Point long ago, before you ventur'd into the holy State, and not to mortify with the Thought on't now, when you can't help your self. A Soldier should consider before he lifts himself, how he can bear the Loss of an Arm or Leg; if he meets with an unlucky Shot, 'tis but the Chance of War; and if he comes off in a whole Skin, 'tis more than he could expect, and Providence us'd him better than he deserv'd. The Oracle in *Rablais*, to which you are no Stranger, long ago declar'd, *That every marry'd Man either has been, or is, or will be a Cuckold*; and could you ever hope to elude an Oracle? For my Part, 'tis no more than what I expected to hear of you every Post: You have been long jealous of your Wife, and now it comes Home to you; for Jealousy does as naturally ripen into Cuckoldom, as a Caterpillar into a horn'd Insect, call'd a Butter-fly. However, you have got this by the Bargain,

that

that it has cur'd you, God be thank'd, of your Jealousy, which is one of the worst Tormenters a Man can have; and who would not bear with a ~~lawyer~~ Companion, to get rid of the Devil? But after all, what you complain of, is no Disgrace; you share in common with the *Cæsars* and *Pompeys*, and most of the Hero's of former Ages, and with the *N* — and *M* — of this, besides an infinite Number of Dukes, Marquisses, Earls, Bishops, Knights, Aldermen, Deans, Arch-Deacons, Heads and Governors of Colleges and Halls; and who would regret to be join'd in so good a Company?

But your Family's dishonour'd, and so, perhaps, it has been twenty times since the Conquest. I told you before, I had no extraordinary Hand at comforting. A thousand other Families have been subject to the same Calamity; and why you should expect to fare better than your Neighbours, I don't understand. But if I had deserv'd it from my Wife. Why, so much the better still: Other People use to comfort themselves in their Misfortunes, by reflecting upon their Innocence, and why should not you? If your Wife has a Fancy to go to the Devil, let her ne'er lose her Longing: Rather than that should happen, do by her as *Charles* the Fifth is said to do by a flying Enemy, build her a Bridge to go thither.

Well, but what would you have me to do? You say, *Job*, and *Plutarch*, and *Seneca*, have been so often prescrib'd to People in your Condition, that I won't offer them to you. My Advice is then, that you'd come to Town as soon as you can, and take a Lodging in *Cheapside*, or near *Whitehall*, and there, I'll pass my Word for't, you'll be thought no Monster; tho' you unmannerly Folks in the Country stare at a Cuckold, as much as here we do at a King's Evidence just after a new Plot; yet *London's* a civil Place, and we think him no Prodigy here. But if your Affairs won't give you Leave to come to Town,

my next Advice, is, to retaliate upon your Neighbours, plant Cuckoldom as thick as you can in your Hundred; and, for that End, get in with the Aunts, the Nurses, and Midwives; but above all, secure the Church, and get the Clergy on your Side. When your Numbers are grown pretty considerable, make a Descent into the next Hundred, and so on, 'till you have made the whole County of a Piece. When you have effected this, you'll be above the Reach of Scandal; your Multitudes will protect you, and then you'll live as comfortably as we do here in London. But what shall I do with my Wife? I have already told you: Build her a Bridge, and lose no Time. I am

Your loving Cousin,

T. B.

To W. Knight, Esquire. Written  
in the Time of the Frost, Jan. 22.

Dear Sir,



IS a Sign I am never weary of keeping a Correspondence with you, since I can afford to do it at this terrible Juncture, when the Ink freezes as I write: But you must expect nothing else from me, but what you would hear in every Coffee-house, were you in Town, and that is, to be entertain'd about the Frost. The common People here are of Opinion, that the Northern Monarch, who has done us the Honour of a Visit, has brought his own Country Weather along with him, and they confirm it with a very good Instance;

Instance; for they remember, that when the *Morocco* Embassador was here, we had the hottest Summer that ever was known. Thus, according to these merry Philosophers, every Foreigner that comes to see us, takes Care, like *Nicholas* in the *Virtuoso*, to bottle up some of the Air of his own Climate, and retails it among us here.

It has been a general Complaint, that all the Seasons, but Winter, have been of late inverted. Mr. *Flamsted*, you know, has pretended, that the Sun has been out of Order this good while; and a Friend of yours, who loves dearly to sit up a-Nights, being ask'd what was the Reason that he never saw him, reply'd, that he could not endure to see sick Folks. 'Tis no Wonder that he can do no more in *January*, since for eight Years last past, he has not been scarce able to maintain his Summer-Quarters, and Winter has had the Impudence to bully him even in his own Dog-days. Indeed, if he decays in Proportion to what he has done of late, the Lord have Mercy, say I, on Dr. *Burnet's* Hypothesis of the *Charter-house*; for he'll be no more able to cause a general Conflagration, than *Parr* was to get a Bastard in the hundred and fifty second Year of his Age.

But to leave off these metaphysical Contemplations, ——— If this severe Season lasts many Days longer, it will as effectually try the Orthodoxy of Peoples Constitution, as the new A ——— concerning K. *James*, will shew who is *stanch* to the Government, and who not. We us'd to say in the late Reign, that if Popery prov'd to be long-liv'd, 'twould soon be found who were in the Interests of the Whore of *Babylon*. But this Frost, I conceive, will make truer and juster Discoveries; for a Man, if he's wickedly inclin'd, may play a thousand Tricks with his Faith, and no Body be the wiser; but the Devil is in him, if such searching Weather (which penetrates deeper than the Inquisition) does not extort very unlucky Confessions from his Carcase,



case, especially if in his younger Days he study'd natural Philosophy in *Covent-Garden*. I can't tell how it fares with you in the Country; but here in Town, Water is scarcer than its opposite Element, Fire.

A Friend of mine happen'd Yesterday to be in a Tavern-Kitchen; near the Custom-House, and complaining of the Cold; Lord, says a Sea-Captain to him, this is nothing, Sir, to what I have felt; no more, as God shall judge me, than a Tooth-picker is to the Main-mast of the *Britannia*. I made the North-East Voyage with Captain Wood, and have been in a Country, Sir, where they don't bury between *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day*. What, said my Friend, don't the People die all that Time? Yes, a Pox on them, they die fast enough; but the Ground is as hard as a Flint, and they are forc'd, in their own Defence, to pile up their dead Folks in the Belfry, as we do Faggots in a Wood-yard, and tie Pieces of Paper about their Necks, for all the World, Sir, (as your good Housewives in the Country do about their Cordial-Bottles) to know them again; and so they bury them at Spring of the Year. Sir, says my Friend to him, you seem to be an honest Gentleman, and I don't doubt but what you tell me, is true; for I, in my Time, have been a Piece of a Traveler, and have pass'd a Month or two among the *Sarmoeids*, where it is so excessive cold, that, as in *Italy*, and other hot Countries, they forbid the Priests to preach out of the *Canticles* during *July* and *August*, for Fear of putting some odd Whimsies into the Heads of the People: So here, the Patriarch of *Mosco* forbids all the Clergy, under Pain of Suspension, not to make the least Mention of the Roasting that is us'd in the other World, lest they should set all their Congregations a longing to be there. In short, noble Captain, the Parsons take as much Care to conceal the Doctrine of H—ll Fire, for the Reason above-mention'd, from the poor Inhabitants of this Country, as

they

they do the Bible from the Laity in Spain. The Captain graciously thank'd my Friend for his News, and so they parted.

One would be apt to imagine, 'twas in such Weather as this that *David* penn'd the *Psalms*; where he advises People to look to their Ways. The Streets are so excessive slippery, that a Man runs through half the Dangers of an *East-India* Voyage, in passing only from *Temple-bar* to the *Change* in a Coach; and if he ventures it on Foot, he's oblig'd to walk with the same Precaution upon the King's High-way, as your Fellows in *Bartholomew-Fair* manage themselves upon the high Rope. For want of observing this Direction, a Country-Gentlewoman, t'other Day met with a sad Mischance at the Corner of *Fetter-lane*; for up flew her Heels, and off came her Commode, and she unluckily discover'd a hideous Breach in her Fabrick, at which two Foot-Soldiers ran away in a Fright, and a grave Citizen that pass'd by, was exceedingly scandaliz'd. The Physicians and Chirurgeons, however, are no Losers by this Season; for what between Phthisick and Fever, (which really make a handsome Figure in the weekly Bill) and those providential Blessings, call'd broken Arms and Legs, both Professions find as much Employment, as Dr. *Carter* will tell you the Pimps had at *Whitehall* in the Reign of King *Charles II.* Our Divines need not be over-nice as to what they preach; for there is such everlasting barking in the Churches, that tho' the Parson had the Lungs of twenty Trumpeters, yet 'twere impossible to understand a Syllable he says. Some Phthisicky old Gentleman leads up a Cough, his next Neighbour immediately takes the Hint from him, a third pursues it, and so the Snow-ball rowls merrily on, 'till at last the whole Congregation joins in the Chorus, and one Side of the Church answers the other as regularly and harmoniously, as two contending Nightingales in a Hedge, or the Vicars in the new Choir at *St. Paul's*. The

*Thames* is in great Danger of being made a Captive, and of wearing Fetters, which he generously endeavours to throw off every Tide; and never was so true an Emblem as now, of that noble-spirited Island, of which he is the Defence, as well as Ornament, which can never have Chains put upon it of any Continuance.

I am sorry to find by your last, that your Neighbour Mr. H—— grows fat upon Marriage; for I don't see how he can answer it to his Conscience. Marriage is a lean, hungry, craving Soil, on which he that can fatten, may raise an Estate in *Scotland*, or recover from an Ague, by removing into the *Hundreds*. Ecclesiastical History tells us of a Bishop that suspended one of his Priests for no Crime, but because he had a double Chin. That Prelate could not be perswaded, that his Curate preach'd and pray'd, and minded the Business of his Parish, so long as he carry'd such an unapostolical Badge about him. Pray acquaint your Friend Mr. H—— with this Adventure of the double Chin, and tell him from me, that neither Canon, nor Civil, nor Common Law, will justify him in making a *Sine Cure* of his Wife. I am

Your most humble Servant,

THO. BROWN.

Some



## Some Remarks upon MARRIAGE.

By Mr. THO. BROWN.



*M*arriage being the Port, or Haven, at which most of the Sons and Daughters of Eve design to touch sooner or later, 'tis no Wonder that People are universally curious to know how this ticklish Ceremony is perform'd in other Countries. We find here at Home, that the first Place in the Common-Prayer-Book, that young Maidens generally dip in, is the Service of *Matrimony*. I once knew a raw Girl, that could readily make all the Responses in that Office, before she could answer to one Question in her Catechism; which occasion'd her Father, who was a grave old Gentleman, to wish, that those of her Sex would take as much Care to prepare themselves for their latter, as for their first End; for so it proves to most of them.

It has been frequently said, that *Marriage* and *Hanging* go by Destiny; but, for my Part, I am no Predastinarian; neither do I believe, with the rest of the World, that *Matches* are made in Heaven, any more than I believe that all Oxen are bought and sold there, before they come to *Smithfield-Market*.



ket. But tho' I am no Admirer of Destiny, as I said before, yet I would not have any one infer from thence, that I believe there's no Manner of Resemblance between *Hanging* and *Marrying*: For *Hanging*, with Reverence be it spoken, as well as *Marrying*, is perform'd by tying a Knot, which Death only dissolves; and they agree too in this Particular, (which is more suitable to the Occasion of the Book) that all civiliz'd Countries in the World observe different Fashions in one no less than the other.

The Roman Catholicks make a Sacrament of *Matrimony*, and, in Consequence of that Notion, pretend it confers Grace. The Protestant Divines don't carry Matters so high; but say, this ought to be understood in a qualify'd Sense; and that Marriage so far confers Grace, as, generally speaking, it confers Repentance, which every Body knows is a Step to Grace.

It must be confess'd on all Hands, that *Marriage* is the most serious Action that a Man can engage in, and therefore we ought to think of it, as we do of our latter End, with Fear and Trembling. For this Reason, I cannot endure to hear People pass their ill-natur'd Jest upon so holy an Ordinance. If it is a Man's good Fortune to meet with a good Wife, he ought to date his Happiness in this World from that very Moment; and if she proves not as he desires, he ought to look over the Catalogue of his Sins, and interpret it as a Visitation, or at least to take it patiently. For my Part, commend me to that Gentleman, who having marry'd a Lady of an extraordinary Capacity, never complain'd of his Fate, nor made his Spouse uneasy, but honestly thank'd God, that now he had a Hole to put his Head in.

The Ladies that read a Book call'd *Marriage-Ceremonies*, will find sufficient Reason to thank Providence, that they were born in so good-natur'd an Island as ours is, where the Preliminaries to Marriage are nothing near so morose and severe as they

are

are in some Places in the World. To give an Instance of this, our Author of the *Marriage-Ceremonies* tells us, p. 51. *Among the Sabrians, (a Sort of mungril Christians, that live on the Confines of Persia next Turkey) the Parties meeting together at Church, the Minister makes the Bride swear before the Women, that she is a Virgin.* As ill an Opinion as the World unjustly entertains of our Females, I am very well satisfy'd, that there are above forty thousand conscientious Wives, within the Bills of Mortality, that would have lost all, before they would have taken so rash and insnaring an Oath. How is it possible that a Woman should positively swear to an imaginary Thing, which may be lost (the Lord knows how) between sleeping and waking? This I am sure of, that no Husband was ever a Jot the securer for prescribing arbitrary and unlawful Oaths.

Yet, as great a Hardship as this may seem to be, it is nothing in Comparison of Hardships practis'd in some Countries, even after the Nuptial Ceremonies are perform'd. Thus we find in the said Book, p. 42. *That among the Greeks, if the Women find in the Bed the next Day any Sign of a lost Virginity, they make a great Feast; but when that is wanting, they say nothing, the Bridegroom sending back the Bride to her Relations and Friends.* The same inhuman Custom is likewise observ'd by the *Persians*, as the Reader may see, p. 64, by the *Moors of Morocco*, p. 73, the *Inhabitants of the Kingdom of Fez*, p. 75, by those of *Algiers and Tunis*, p. 79, by the *Spaniards*, who retain this Custom from the *Moors*, p. 22, and lately by the *Jews in Barbary*. As for the latter, I don't wonder at it to find such Usage among them, because they were a stiff-neck'd People, that was always demanding Signs and Tokens; nor among *Infidels and Mahometans*; but that any *Christians*, that are happily freed from the Levitical Bondage, should still hanker after the old superstitious Leaven, is a Matter of the greatest Astonish-

ment to me. I cannot but reflect with Horror, how many Ladies in *England*, that now live comfortably with their Husbands, and are blest'd with a numerous Issue, had been shamefully discarded, and sent Home, if ever such an unrighteous Fashion as this had got footing among us. It seems to argue a great deal of Cruelty in the Men, that they should relish no Pleasure, but what comes at the Expence of their dearest Consorts. But it is my daily Prayer, that Providence will protect the free-born Women of *England* from such bloody-minded Husbands.

But tho' the greatest Part of the World are so extravagantly fond of Virginity, yet we find there are some People that have no other Notions of Things. Our said Author, p. 88, acquaints, *That when one of Conchin marries, whosoever he is, he may not lie with his Bride the first Night, but is oblig'd to give her to a Bramine, who lies with her; and that they believe this to be a Favour, and a good Omen.* I hope their Parishes in this Country are not of a large Extent, otherwise the Priest has more Work upon his Hands, than he will go through with, unless he keeps a Curate or two to relieve him, when Marriage comes in thick. The Holders-forth of our Conventicles affect to be thought great Pains-takers, and really deserve the Name, for their Bands will testify for them, both in the Dog-Days, and out of the Dog-Days, that they sweat exceedingly. But, alas! what is this, if consider'd in the same Scales with the Drudgery that these Priests undergo in their Ministry. I have often wonder'd that the Popish Clergy, that stand up so stiffly for the Divine Right of First-fruits, don't troop in Shoals to this Kingdom, when they voluntarily pay such an extraordinary Tribute to the Church.

'Tis observable, that in most Countries of the World this Ceremony is perform'd by the Priesthood, who, if they equally pretended to the Power of *Loosing*, as they do to that of *Tying*, they would have more Business upon their Hands, than they could well dispense with.

with. Only in *Turkey* marry'd People are join'd together by the *Cadeys*, or Civil Magistrate, and here in *England*, in *Oliver's* Time, by a Justice of Peace; the Reason alledg'd for it then, was, that none was so well qualify'd to marry others, as he, who, by his Office, was empower'd to lay People by the Heels, and put them into the Stocks.

As I have already taken Notice, *Virginity* is reckon'd so essential to Marriage, in several Countries, that the poor Bride is inhumanly dismiss'd, and sent Home to her Relations, if she be found defective in that particular; but in this Author we shall find, that all the World is not of this Humour; in *Pegu*, of the *Marriage Ceremonies*, p. 96, *The King*, and those of the greatest Quality, lie not the first Night with their Wives, but admit others, and pay them bountifully that will give themselves the Trouble. With all due respect to our Women be it spoken, I humbly conceive, that one half at least, of the marry'd Men in this Kingdom, if they would speak their Minds freely, must do their Wives this Justice, as to own, that they sav'd this *Porters Drudgery*, as a Monarch (not inferior to *Solomon* for Wisdom) rightly call'd it. Our Neighbours of *Scotland*, before they came to be civilis'd, us'd to lie the first Night with the Bride, their Vassal; but now they have flung up such a troublesome Piece of State, and make their Tenants drudge for themselves.

We rail at the Church of *Rome*, and not without Reason, for exacting implicate Obedience from her Sons, but, alas! what signifies it, to take a few Articles upon the Credit of the Priest; but to take a Wife, as our Author tells us they do in *Muscovy*, and other Places, without seeing her once, or knowing what Defects she may have, is somewhat hard upon the Subject. Heaven be prais'd, that here in *England* we are not forc'd to buy a Pig in a Poke; nay, there are some marry'd Men in the World, that were as intimately acquainted with their Wives before



Marriage, as ever they were after. See now what it is to live under a free Government, and to have *Magna Charta* on one's Side.

To conclude these Reflections, it is my hearty Advice, That all unmarried Persons would chuse themselves proper Spouses by the first Opportunity, in order to recruit those Numbers that have been destroy'd in the Wars, and not suffer their Talents to lie bury'd in a Napkin, for which they must severely answer one Day. And as for those that are marry'd, the best Way they can take, as I presume, is, to live as easy as they can; and, following the good Counsel of *Hobson* the Carrier, so to manage themselves, as not to tire before their Journey's End.



**Another LETTER to Mr. H---,**  
*being a farther Consolation on his*  
**CUCKOLDOM, &c.**



By **Mr. BROWN.**



Find by your Answer, that my Advice had not that good Effect, upon you which I expected. You still complain of your Unhappiness, and disturb your self and your Friends with Chimera's of your own creating. If I thought complaining would make you a Farthing the better, I would out-weep a Church-spout, and



out-

out-lament a Widow that has bury'd three Husbands, and now laments for a fourth : Or if I thought you wanted any spiritual Cordials, I would send you a Cart-load of Sermons, to teach you that Patience which the Preachers of them could never practise. But you are a *Malade imaginaire*, and *Moliere* would sooner bring you to your self, than a Divine. In short, think no more of the Viper that stung you, and you are well.

You talk much of what People do in *Spain* upon these Occasions; but what have you and I to do with them? Are we to regulate our eating by the Sots of *Lapland*, or to go naked, in Complaisance to the Salvages under the Line? Had you liv'd in *Spain*, perhaps I had preach'd Revenge to you; and out of great Concern for your Person, advis'd you to venture the Gallows, because forsooth your Wife with the Sweat of her Brows had earn'd Damnation. But since you live in a Country where the People are wiser than to be enslav'd by such foolish Notions, pray suffer your self to be govern'd by the Maxims of it. I tell you once more, Cuckoldom is no Scandal in our Nation; and if you were the first and ancientest — in *England*, I could say no more to you. If 'tis the Rarity that makes the Monster, you'll never come within the Number of them. 'Tis only the marry'd Men that are not Cuckolds, that, properly speaking, are the Monsters here, as in *Guiana*; 'tis not those that have huge Lips and flat Noses, but those that have them otherwise, are really the deform'd.

The old *Romans*, who may be suppos'd to have had as just Sentiments of Honour, as the nicest *Dons* of *Cassile*, were guided by wiser Maxims. In Case of Infidelity, the Wife was sent Home with Infamy to her virtuous Relations; but no Manner of Disgrace reflect'd upon the Husband. *Pompey*, the Conqueror of so many Kings; *Cicero*, the Father of Eloquence; and *Cesar*, the Master of the Universe, had all of them

them Wives that prov'd as errant Recreants as yours; yet we don't find that they thought themselves a Farthing the worse for it, or that they rail'd at their Stars, or flew into such Extravagances as you do. Cicero in particular, that has written so many consolatory Treatises, to relieve a Man under all the Misfortunes and Accidents of human Life, as Banishment, Poverty, the Loss of Friends, old Age, Disgrace, and the like, yet never thought it worth his while to part with one single Drop of Comfort out of his philosophical *Aqua Vita* Bottle, to cure the Heart-burning of a Cuckold. And, *Jack*, shall it ever be said, to the Infamy of old *England*, that Heathens, uncircumcis'd Heathens, could practise that Patience, which you that, God be thank'd, live under a meeker Dispensation, cannot reconcile your self to?

You'll tell me, perhaps, that the *Romans* bore this with the greater Resignation, because they could make themselves Amends out of the Sex, and marry another Wife as soon as they had dismiss'd the former. On the other Hand, I think 'tis happy for you that you live in a Christian Country, where they won't let you cut your Fingers the second Time with a Knife, as long as the Instrument that wounded you last, is in being. There's a Fable in *Aesop* that fits your Case exactly; therefore pray listen to it with due Attention and Reverence. A Shepherd kept a Flock of Sheep near the Sea, and observing it to be wonderful calm for a long Time, had an Itch upon him to turn Merchant-Adventurer; that is to say, in plain *English*, a Gentleman liking the Outside of the fair Sex well enough, picks out one to his Purpose, and resolves to marry. So he converts his Sheep and other Moveables into a Purse of Money, buys a Parcel of Dates, and puts to Sea; that is to say, furnishes him a House, provides a fine Suit of Cloaths, goes to *Dukes-Place*, and marries. A Tempest ruffled him cruelly there, (this Tempest, *Jack*, by the by,

is Cuckoldom) that he was forc'd to throw his Dates over-board, to lighten his Ship; that is to say, his Wife was so damn'd a Thorn in his Side, that he was forc'd to drink her to Death, to get rid of her. And thus, with much ado, escapes to Shore, and returns to the old Place, to follow his old Profession; that is, breaks up House-keeping, and lives privately, as he did before. A few Days after, finding old Father Ocean to look merrily about the Gills; that is, some of the Sex smile and simper, as if they had a Design to hook him into Matrimony again; a Plague take you, says he, for a Dissembler: What, your Chops water for more Dates, I warrant; but I'll see you hang'd before you shall have any. I don't question, *Jack*, but that there are twenty and twenty Women in your Neighbourhood, that long to be fingering your Dates; but if you'll follow the Shepherd's Example, they shall all lose their Longing.

Well, we have got over this troublesome Point, and now nothing vexes you, but that your Wife should run away with a Soldier, (a confounded Ensign I think you call him) and an ugly Fellow too. But this is the most fantastical Complaint that ever was heard. It puts me in Mind of an *Irish-man* in the Civil Wars, that when he was going to be hang'd, set nothing to Heart, but that he must be truss'd up in a Halter, and not in a Withe. If your House was robb'd, I suppose it would be all a Case to you, whether it was a Beau or a Chimney-sweeper, that did you the Honour to rifle you: And in your present Misfortune, what Relief would it be to you, that a blue Garter planted your Horns, any more than a blue Apron, the Duce take me if I can see. But you, I find, are somewhat of *Bessus's* Humour in the Play, who comforted himself after a good Kicking, that his Honour had not suffer'd, because in the first Place 'twas a Lord that kick'd him, and secondly, 'twas done with a *Spanish-Leather* Slipper.



Slipper. In your next Letter I expect to find you lamenting, because the Fact was done under a Hedge, or upon a bare Floor, and not with the usual Accommodations in a Bed. Once more, *the Fellow was ugly*: Why, so much the better still; the Cockatrice of your Bosom will have the less to say for herself another Day, and that ought to be no little Comfort, *Jack*, to one in your Case. Besides, it justifies the old Saying, *That Subjects and Wives, when they revolt from their lawful Sovereigns, seldom chuse for a better*. As for her pitching upon a Soldier to be her Gallant, I don't wonder at it. The Gentlemen in Red, and their Brethren in Black, have for several Ages been in Possession of the Sex; the latter upon the Account of their Secrecy, which may be the Reason, perhaps, why they wear the Rose, the Bidge of Silence, in their Hats; and the other, upon the Score of the mighty Performances which the Women expect from them. The Ladies imagine them all to be Hero's; and as the Lairy formerly believ'd, that Black conferr'd Grace and *Greek*, so they vainly think, that Red gives the Wearers of it Courage and Vigor above their Neighbours. If we may believe Antiquity, *Vulcan* had a broader Back than *Mars*, and was the stronger made of the two; yet the latter, with the powerful Charms of his embroider'd Coat, and *Steenkirk* Cravat, so won the Goddess's Heart, that she was easily temptred to Cuckold the poor Blacksmith. In short, Women are like Mackarel, bait but a Hook with a Piece of red Cloth, and you infallibly take them.

But to return to the Chapter of Ugliness, from which we have digress'd; I told you before, 'twould make it the worse for your Wife at the Re——on; but upon second Thoughts, I don't know but she may have a great deal to say for herself. You are a handsom Fellow, *Jack*, I own it; but perhaps have convinc'd her by sorrowful Experience, that, as the Proverb has it, all is not Gold that glitters. Who

can

can tell but your Wife has read natural Philosophy enough to know, that where the Ground was the roughest, the most unpromising Surface, there the richest Mines lie below.

After all, whether it is so or not, Variety is a mighty Matter; and much may be said on so fertile a Head. People love to alter their Hands, tho' it is not always for the better; a clear Instance of this we find in *Plautus Amphitryo*. *Jupiter*, who, by the high Post he stood possess'd of, one would think should have no gross Palate, lies with *Alcemena* the very Night before she was deliver'd of two chopping Infants. The Lady, for her Part, was complaisant, that's certain; but Women, generally speaking, are not so refractory as Camels are, that when they have got their Burden, rise up, and will carry no more; so this is no great Wonder. But what the Duce should bewitch a Lover, that had the whole Universe before him, to make his Son *Mercury* Pimp for him for the Space of twenty four Hours, by the Clock, to put himself to the Expence of a Miracle, to make the Moon and the rest of the Stars do double Duty, to keep back the Sun, and make an universal Disorder in Nature, and all to carry on a foolish Intrigue with a big-belly'd Woman? 'Tis agreed by all the *Dutch* Commentators, that he would never have done so much for *Juno*, his lawful Spouse, in one of her most engaging Moments, with all the Advantages of Dress and Art to recommend her, much less under such embarrassing Circumstances. What then may we imagine to be the Reason of it? Why, that partly Variety, and partly the Itch of making a Cuckold, engag'd him in this Expedition. But all this while, I forget that I am pleading for your Wife, like the Bishop that was employ'd to write against *Luther*, and turn'd one of his Party.

Thus I have briefly run over all your Scruples, and endeavour'd to make you *rectus in curia*; but before I conclude, give me leave to tell you a short Story.

Story. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance had a Tenant that rented about some 40 Shillings a Year of him: The Hutt he liv'd in, was a sad wretched Hole, made up of a few feeble Poles, cover'd with Mud, Dung, and Straw; 'twas not to be mention'd on the same Year with a Crow's Nest, either for the Materials, the Convenience, or Architecture of it. The least Puff of Wind ruffled it more severely, than a Hurricane does a Ship in the *Indies*. The Discharge of a Gun, at a Quarter of a Mile's Distance, would give it a Tertian Ague for a Fortnight. Then as for the Furniture, it was all of a Piece with the Building, half a Score wooden Spoons, with a Platter of the same Metal, a broken back'd Chair, and what they call'd a Bed, by a bolder Carachresis than is to be found in all Mr. *Cleveland*. It was not so much as furnish'd with a Suit of *Grub-street* Tapistry; I mean, a Set of Protestant Ballads, or the Devil tempting a *London* 'Prentice, or the Tanner's Advice to his Children, or the Royal Family on Horseback, to keep the poor Walls in Countenance. The Fellow's whole Substance was a Bee-hive, half a Score Cabbages, and an Apple-Tree in the Yard; on the Success of which he depended more than the Con-  
 ————tes on that of a Campaign in *Flanders*: A Tit that sharp'd for his Livelihood on the Common, but as lean as a Projector's Foot-man; a Cow, whose Milk was Meat and Drink, and her Tail an Almanack to the Family; with a Cock strutting at the Head of a Progeny; and a Brace of Pigs educated within Doors, and serv'd with as much Care as the Fleir apparent to the Cottage. His Musick, when he came Home, was, to hear a Litter of young dirty Children squawling on one Side of him, and the above-mention'd *Messieurs de Porcrangnac* grunting on the other, and his rank two-handed Sponse (that never had a Drop of Water touch her Face since the Parson sprinkled her at the Font, by the same Token even then it made her cry out) endeavouring

vouring to keep the King's Majesty's Peace between them. Yet amidst all this Poverty and Filthiness, the Fellow look'd merry, and in good Humour, snor'd as contentedly at Church as the best of his Neighbours, in an old *Sunday-Coat* that had out-liv'd six Generations; still whistled at his Work; and what is more, without any of the Parish to assist him, once a Year got his Wife with Child, as if he breakfasted every Morning on the Duke of *Buckingham's* famous Broth. So his Landlord ask'd him what Shift he made to keep himself so chearful and merry? Why, Master, says he, when I think of such fine Folks as your Worship, that ride in your Coaches, and eat and drink of the best, without doing any Thing for it, why then, an't please you, I can't forbear cursing my old Father for begetting me under such a starving Planet: But when I consider, how few are in your Case, and how many Millions in the same Condition with my self, if not in a worse, why then I set my Hand to my Plough, and jog on as merrily as I can. *Jack*, this Story needs no Application; do but think of the Millions you have on your Side, enough to confound the *Turk* and *Pope*, nay, to carry the whole World before you, if you knew your own Strength; do but think how many Noblemen and Courtiers you have to lead the Van, how many Cits to bring up the main Body, how many Soldiers to fight, Lawyers to plead, Physicians to prescribe, and Divines to pray for you, and I dare engage you'll sleep heartily upon't, and persecute me with no more of your whining Letters; who am

Your humble Servant,

THO. BROWN.

POST



## P O S T S C R I P T.

A Physician of my Acquaintance, that has heard of your Misfortune, call'd upon me this Morning, just as I had ended my Letter; and, lest my Advice should fail of making a good Impression upon you, was so kind to send you the following Prescription. If these Precepts won't cure you, we must proceed to Topicks; and one of the best Remedies I know, is what follows. When your discontented Soul labours with a little Brow-Anguish, take a Child's Coral, with Whistle and Bells to it, moisten it with fasting Spittle, and rub your Forehead with it *ter in die horis Medicis*. It will make your Brow-Antlers cut easy; for some Cuckolds are as fioward under the breeding of Horns, as some Children are under the breeding of Teeth. Once more adieu.

A LETTER to the Reverend  
Mr. ——— in Essex, Grasier, Phy-  
sian, and Parson.



Have had a Mind to write to thee this long while; but the Misfortune on't, is, that a Man does not know how to accost thee, without being at the Pains to consult the Herald's Office. Geryon, of tripple-headed Memory, gave his Subjects, I suppose, the same Trouble, who, when they came to deliver a Petition to him, found themselves as much embarrass'd, which of his Headsto address to, as I find my self at present, under which of your three Capacities

Capacities I am first to consider you. In short, I am told you have got three Strings to your Bow, that you are a Parson, a Grasier, and a Physician. Now, which of these is your Top-Profession, I mean that which brings you in most Money, the Lord knows. However, hoping the best still of the Church, this comes to tell you, reverend Sir, that I am glad at your good Fortune, and wish you all the Prosperity you can desire.

All your Friends here in Town are extremely pleased at your grafting the Grasier upon the Clergy-man. You have reduc'd Things, they say, to their primitive Condition, and join'd two Trades, as the World makes them now; that liv'd peaceably together long before the Flood. The old Patriarchs, you know, were both Priests and Grasiers, and had an equal Jurisdiction over their two-legg'd and four-legg'd Congregations. When Paganism got Footing in the World, the Case was somewhat alter'd; then Sacrifices came in Play, and the Priests and Grasiers turn'd Butchers; which noble Employment, some malicious People will tell you, their Successors have kept up under another Dispensation.

But as for your joining the Physician to the Divine, they are not so well satisfy'd. Some wonder'd why you would take up a Profession that lies under the Imputation of being in the Hands of Atheists: But, Gentlemen, said I, don't trouble your selves for that Matter; for let a Parson tack a hundred other Professions to his own, yet I'll engage, that like Oil among other Liquors, the Clergy-man will float uppermost. Besides, who knows but it was your ill Fortune to live amongst such a refractory perverse People, as *Don Diego's* were, that would not knock off in any reasonable Time, but liv'd long, on Purpose to spite their Relations, and defraud the Church of its Perquisites. The Ropes grew mouldy, and the Bells were in Danger of forgetting their Notes, for want of Exercise; and the Grass in  
your

your Church-yard, for want of being corrected by the Spade, grew so scandalously and enormously high, that the Arch-Deacon complain'd of it at the Visitation. Then the poor Sexton, God help him, finding no Employment from the Dead, was in a fair Way to be starv'd among the Living; and had as little to do as a Pimp at *Newmarket*, when the C———t is not there. Then he and you; oh! I beg your Pardon, Doctor, then you and he, under the melancholy Yew-Tree that faces the Church-Porch, all alone, like Mr. *Dryden's* two Turtles in the Siege of *Granada*, coo'd and murmur'd to each others Moan, and made as mournful a Consort between you, as two Sea-mens Widows in a Brandy-Shop near the Navy-Office. Husbands complain'd of their Wives, and Wives of their Husbands, for sticking so unmercifully long to one another; and what is a dreadful Thing to consider, there had like to have been a general Insurrection of all the young Fellows against their most unnatural Fathers for the same Account. To prevent these, and a thousand other Inconveniences, I think it was very discreetly done of you, to set up for a Physician; and now I don't question but the Bells troll merrily, the Ropes are made tractable with using, the Church-yard looks like a Place of Business, and your Sexton can afford to treat himself with a Capon at Supper.

As I was reading *Caligula's* Life t'other Morning, you came into my Head, I protest, and I could not forbear to wish, that it had been your good Luck to live under his auspicious Reign. That Emperor, who was not partial to his own Species, but heartily encourag'd Merit where-ever he found it, whether in Man or Beast, 'twas the same Thing to him, generously bestow'd a fat Parsonage upon his Horse *In-citatus*, whom, by the by, he design'd to make Lord-Mayor of *Rome* the next Year, but granted him, I suppose, a Dispensation to officiate by a Curate, because the poor Brute had a natural Impediment in his

his Speech. So I was thinking with my self, if this noble-spirited Prince could present his Horse to a rich Living, what Preferment would he have refus'd to a Gentleman of your Ability, had you liv'd in Rome at that Time. But you have prevented all these Wishes in your Friends, by the wise Course you have taken to get Money; for the Devil's in't, if three gainful Trades in *Confederacy*, cannot make a Shift to keep the *French* Wolf of Poverty from the Door. Some People, indeed, think you come within the Canon about Pluralities; but that is a Jest; they may as well call a double Chin a Plurality, and then the Lord have Mercy on the Wicked, and give a Bear and Fiddle that scandalous Name, which would touch the Copyhold of half the Curates in *Wales*. I would fain know why the Incumbent, where the Benefice won't keep Body and Soul together, should not be suffer'd to make himself Amends in some other Employment, as well as your Mercers in a Country Village, to sell every Thing, from broad Cloth and Sattin, down to Tape and Pack-Thread. Besides, all the World knows that the Reformation stript the Church of Confession, and several other advantageous Points, which kept the Laity in good Order: Now what could better supply the Absence of these Things, than the Profession you have taken up, since we find the World is so wickedly given, that they have a greater Regard for their transitory Bodies, than their Souls; so now, if any of your Parishioners are obstinate, don't threaten them with the Ecclesiastical Court, but ply them with Pills; don't excommunicate them, but give them Physick; for that will sooner send them to the Devil, than the Censure of the C——h.

I, that am at so great a Distance from you, please my self now and then with the Thoughts that I behold you in your own Dominions, with as busy a Face as a Country-Attorney standing at his Door with a Brace of Pens in his Hair; sometimes I see you in  
the



the Pulpit; knocking down Sin like an Ox; sometimes handling of Bullocks in the Market, and from thence sent for to feel the Pulse of a Farmer's plump Daughter in *ordine ad Spiritualia*. Then out comes the Clyster-Pipe; and when that is administer'd, the Prayer-Book is lugg'd piping hot out of the same Pocket, to beg a Blessing upon't. The Harmony of Authors too in your Library, must needs be admirable; *Culpeper's* Midwife, and Dr. *Sherlock* upon Death; *Harvey de Lue Venerea*, and *Burgess* of original Sin; *Colebatch* of Acids, and *Twisse* of the Gospel-Sweets; the Dispensatory, and the Concordance; a Father, and an Urinal-Monger. But what pleases me most, is, to hear that you are grown the gravest Person in all the Country. Whatever you do, keep to your Gravity, and that will keep you. Some People, I know, will call it Dulness; and, to say the Truth, Dulness and Gravity, like the two *Sofia's* in the Play, resemble one another so much, that 'tis almost impossible to distinguish them; but no Matter for that, still hold to the Text of Gravity; for the topping Men in all Professions are protected by their Gravity, as the Towns in *Holland* are by the Mud and Dirt about them.

Having been told of several of your Cures, I wish we had you here in Town, to shew a Piece of your Skill upon an old Acquaintance of yours, who is troubled with a dead Palsy on one Side, which I am afraid he will never recover of, till Death or you come to his Relief; I mean poor *Harry S* ———, who has lately marry'd the Widow *D* ———. For my Part, I can never see him, but I think of the Embalmer in *Herodotus*, that committed Fornication with a dead Body. *St. Francis*, that was forc'd to run into a Heap of Snow, to correct the Insolences of Nature, would have turn'd as cold and motionless as *Lot's* Wife at the very Sight of her. A generous well-body'd Calenture, such as they have under the Line, may perhaps put her Blood into Motion; but

a common

a common ordinary Fever can no more warm her, than you can roast a Surloin of Beef by a Tapering Candle. By this you may guess what a wretched Condition your Friend is in: If there is any Thing in your Art, that can give this Gentlewoman a civil Lift into the other World, (for really she is too good for this) you are desir'd to communicate in; and besides a good round Gratuity; *Henry* promises you shall preach her Funerall Sermon; so that after you have destroy'd her with your Pills, I you may likewise murder her with your Oratory. I am not Unthankfull to you, but Money, which is in Reality a Practice what your kind

Your humble Servant,

THO. BROWN.

A LETTER to Madam ----- kept  
by a JEW in Covent Garden.



IN my coming to Town; I was surpris'd to hear two Things; That the Duke of Savoy had quitted the Confederates, and gone over to the French, and; (what startled me more) that Mrs. Lucy had thrown off her old Christian Acquaintance; and revolted to the Jewish Faith, Child; I could never have imagin'd, that you, of all the Women in the World, would ever have chosen a Gallant out of that Religion; which strips and diminishes the current Coin of Love, or could ever be brought to like those People that live two thousand Years on Types and Figures. May perhaps, you fancy'd the Nation for Samson's sake, for brawny Memory. If you did, you are like to live

your longing; for you may as well look for some of the Race of the two Giants at *Guild-hall* in *Cheapside*, as for any of *Sampson's* Progeny in *Duke's-Place*. Some of your Friends alledge, in your Justification, that you were wholly directed by your Interest in this Choice, and troth I can't blame you. Our Statesmen and Senators, our Divines, Merchants, and Lawyers, act all upon that Principle; and why a poor frail Woman should not be allow'd the same Privilege, I cannot see. So then, I find 'tis neither Circumcision nor Uncircumcision that avails any thing with you, but Money, which is, in Reality, of all Religions, and you only put in Practice what your kind Keeper's Ancestors did formerly in the Wilderness, that is, you fall down before the Golden Calf, which the *Rabbies* say, was some Excuse for their Idolatry. Upon this foot I'll allow you to grant some Favours to your *Old Testament* Spark, so long as his Pot of *Manna* continues full, and you find him like the Land of *Canaan*, flowing with Milk and Honey. However, in the mean Time, consider how his Predecessors serv'd the *Egyptians*, and let it not disturb your pious Conscience to use him in the same manner. For your Comfort, all our Casuists agree, that it is no more Sin to cheat a *Jew*, than to over-reach a *Scot*, or to put false Dice upon a Stock-jobber. And now, old Friend of mine, to tell thee the Truth, I have a great Inclination upon me to be wonderfully loving to thee, and I'll tell thee the Reason: If thou hadst kept still within the Pale of the Church, I believe you and I knew one another so intimately well before, that I should have lain under no great Temptation to trespass with thee. But since thou hast admitted an Interloper into thy Bosom, I have a wonderful longing to beat up his Quarters, and am resolv'd to cuckold this *Eleanor*, this *Aben-Ezna*, this Son of Circumcision, only to shew my Zeal to Christianity. Therefore meet me, dear *Luz*, this very Evening in the Pit; for I long to know, first, how thou mad'st

a Shift to pass the *Levitical* Muster with him; and secondly and lastly, to be inform'd, whether *Aaron's Bells* make better Musick than ours.

*Adieu.*

*THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.*

*THE SECOND VOLUME.*

# A LETTER from a Gentleman in Holland, to his Friend in England.



YOU may imagine I lead none of the most comfortable Lives here, when I tell you, that I am quarter'd in a little pimping Village on the Frontier of *Flanders*, where I have no Men to converse, and no Women to intrigue with. To begin with the former, I am a perfect *Barbarian* to them, and so I believe I should be, if I liv'd among them 'till Doomsday. For all I know, they may wish me at the Devil, and curse me, when I fancy they are at their Compliments. However, this is no more Temptation to me to learn their croaking Language, than I should have, if I were marry'd, to imitate the jealous *Italian* in *Poggias*, who gelt himself, on purpose to know whether his Wife was true to his Bed. Then their Liqueur is so abominable, that there's no enduring it; rather than do Penance in such vile Stuff, two of my Soldiers are forc'd to fill their Guts with Water every Day, and then stand upon their Heads a quarter of an Hour together, to make themselves giddy, which gives them some feeble Representation of Drunkenness. In short, I am grown rusty for want of Exercise, and pass away my Time as uneasily, as a poor Carp that has



been us'd to range in a River, does in a little Cistern of Water at a *Fishmonger's* by *Temple-Bar*. However, I could make a Shift to bear the Brutality of the Men; if the other Sex made me Amends; but i'faith they are cold to such a Degree, that neither Love nor Wine can unthaw them. I must needs own, I have the same Quarrel to the Generality of your Women in *London*, as the Clergy have to the Laity, that is to say, they know too much; but a plague on't, the Females here have the contrary Fault, and are such Negmatick, stupid Creatures, that a Man must live the Age of a Patriarch among them, to teach them to fetch and carry. In short, you may sooner teach a *Laplander* Algebra. Tho' the *Virinosi* may be mistaken in their universal Character, yet I thought Love had an universal Language, which was understood from Pole to Pole, and that he kept an Exchange in all Corners of the Earth, where the two Sexes might barter their Commodities; but here, it seems, this Traffick is not practis'd, tho' they trade in every Thing else. By Signs and other Motions, I can make a Shift to tell them what I would eat and drink; but I cannot, with all that my Eyes can speak, with all that my Fingers can express, make the Women understand my Meaning, so as to relieve my more pressing Necessities. Looking once on this languishing rich Tilous Aie, as People in hot life would, my Landlord's Daughter thought I was ill, and a Physician was presently sent for, (so I guess'd him to be, by the Clyster-pipe hanging by his Side) but I had the Grace to refuse the Civilities she design'd me. To try her yet farther, I put a Pledge into her Hands, which the Women in all bother Parts of the Globe are willing enough to exchange, and know the Value of; but she look'd upon it as unconcern'd, as a *Cheapside* Cit does, at a Cuckold, and return'd it to me back; and yet the Wench was plump and handsome, was past twenty, and seem'd to be made of the same good-natur'd

Materials

Materials with the Women in England; 'Tis a common Saying, but untrue, that no Nation is so barbarous, but Love and Religion have got Footing in it. If we may believe our modern Travellers, the *Hotantots* have no Religion; and I have found, by sorrowful Experience, that the *Dutch Women* have no Taste of Love: Whether this proceeds from their natural Coldness, which produces the same Effects here, that Grace does in other Places; or whether their Business, to which they are no less bred than the Men, proves too prevalent for all amorous Impressions, I can't tell; but this is certain, that as a modern Author expresses himself, we find among these *Pagan People*, *un certain usage de pruderie quasi generalement etabli*; je ne sçai quelle vieille tradition de continence, qui passe de mere en fi, le comme une espece de Religion. In short, if Love be a Deity, there are no such damn'd Atheists in the World, as in this strange Climate. 'Tis true, in other Places those of the fair Sex may be too profuse in their Offerings; but as the Divines rightly observe, Superstition is better than Profaneness. Those few here that pretend to own his Power, pay their Oblations to him with as ill a Will, as a breaking Tradesman pays his Taxes to the Government. It does not come from any generous Principle within, the Heart has no Share in the Sacrifice; and the Soul, which in other Countries loves to assist and go along with the Body upon these Occasions, is as unconcern'd here as a Tradesman's Rake-helly Practice at a Quaker's Meeting. Not but that there are Whores and marry'd Women too in this Country; (which may seem to destroy what I have said before) but the latter know no more what Gallantry means, than they understand *Arabick*; and the former are such rampant mercenary Devils, that they would lick old *Lucifer's* Cloven-Feet for a single Gilder. In short, there's not one honest *Rahab* to be found among them, to justify the Profession; and Love has

ne'er a Court in all the seven Provinces, where a Man can be heard in *forma pauperis*; which is a sad Thing for us poor Soldiers, that are not overstock'd with the Ready. And then, as I have already told you, those that pass for Maids, are such insensible Things, that one may succeed much sooner in his Pretensions elsewhere, than he can here make himself understood: Or, to express my self in the Language of *Westminster-Hall*, one may get his Cause try'd, enter upon the Premises, and levy a Fine elsewhere, before he can put in his Plea here, let him use all the Art he can. The young Fellows are made of the same unthinking Clay; they sometimes talk of the Flames of Love, but 'tis so as we at this Distance, of the Siege of *Troy*, which nothing concerns us. 'Tis next to an Article of Faith with them, that no Evacuation is so refreshing as a Belch; that nothing warms, but Brandy, and that nothing is worth a Man's courting, but Money.

Guess then what a dismal Penance I have undergone in this wicked Place; but now, Heaven be prais'd, my Persecution is like to be at an End; for next Week we are order'd to join the Army at *Nivelle*, where I hope to meet good Store of Champaign, and to make my self Amends out of the Female Recruits that are arriv'd from *England*. Come Battle and Murder, Bloodshed and Desolation, Fire and Paggot; in fine, any Thing but Dutch Women, and the Curse of Sobriety. Thus prays

Your most oblig'd Servant.

To



To his Mistress, that shew'd his  
Letters to his Rival.



OUR barbarous and unjust Usage of me, has had this good Effect, tho' I am not at all oblig'd to you for it, as to make me a very good Christian. I was in a fair Way to commit Idolatry, and to pay my Adoration in a wrong Place; so far had a gay Outside impos'd upon me. But, Madam, you have absolutely cur'd me of this superstitious Blindness; and now I can plainly discover the Fiend, where I imagin'd a little before, that nothing but a Goddess inhabited.

Since my Eyes have been thus open'd, I can look upon the fairest of your Sex, without finding the least Emotion in my Heart; and the most beautiful Woman of Heaven's making, affects me no more than one of Sir Godfrey's: Nay, in some Respect, the Copy may be said to exceed the Original: It has as fair and charming an Outside, but nothing of that Vanity and Impertinence, nothing of that Hypocrisy, Malice, and Dissimulation, which make up the Composition of the other.

I dare appeal to your self, who are none of the most impartial Judges in the World, whether I ever said, or did, or writ, one misbecoming Thing to you. Passion, perhaps, which intoxicates no less  
O 4 than.



than Wine, might betray one to some Excesses; but still they were to your Advantage; on which Score you were oblig'd, if not to forgive them, yet at least to bury them in Silence. I never approach'd you but with a sacred Awe, and always represented a Divinity to my self, when ever I took Pen in Hand to acquaint you with the Sentiments of my Soul. If my Incense was not of the first Sort, (for I am humble enough to believe, that you might have receiv'd much better from a thousand other Hands) yet the Sincerity of him that offer'd it, ought to have cover'd him from your Displeasure. Tho' you dislike my Flame, yet in common Charity you might have suffer'd it to expire in its own Urn. If you were resolv'd to punish it for aspiring so high, one single Frown would have extinguish'd it, or at least secur'd you from being troubled with it any longer: But to divert your self and my Rival, at the Expence of an unhappy Lover, who was then bleeding for you, to publish his Infirmities, only occasion'd by the Violence of his Passion. Oh, thou downright Devil! I should say Woman, was cruel to the last Degree; and such Usage, that the worst of Princes never treated the worst of Subjects with. But Heaven be prais'd, it awaken'd every Resentment about me, and in spite of my Weakness, gave me Courage enough to tear you from my Heart, which you had so unjustly usurp'd.

But I forgot, Madam, that you made me a Christian; so to shew that I am still in perfect Charity with you, I hope, and that without any Reserve, to see you marry'd to my Rival. Since your Vanity takes such Delight to be address'd, the very next Day after the Priest has join'd your Hands, may you receive more Letters from your pretended or real Admirers, than are sent to a Secretary of State after the first Discovery of a Plot. May you shew them to your Husband, in Hopes he will challenge one of the Sparks, and fall in your Quarrel. May they have

have that Effect, as to Fly-blows him in the jealous Side of his Head; but may he never think you worth the while to venture the cutting off a Finger in the Defence of your Honour. Still may the Sparks persecute you with their Billets; and still may he think them to be of your own contriving, and treat you accordingly. In short, may he and you live long, exceeding long together; and may Providence so influence all his Actions, as to make him an Instrument of doing Justice to you, and to the

*Much injured*

*From a Beau, dissuading his Brother  
Beau to go to Flanders.*



ALL the Chocolat-Houses at this End of the Town, are exceedingly surpris'd at the inhuman Resolution, thou hast taken of passing this Campaign in Flanders, and talk of going into Mourning for thee. Nay, wouldst thou believe it? whole heavy-ny Insensibles, the Chair-men, take it to Heart, and threaten to renounce Flip and All-Fours, since thou hast decreed to leave England. Prithee, Tam, what have the Ladies done, that thou shouldst be so cruel to them? Or rather, what unweilily Sins hast thou committed, to be so barbarous to thy self? For my Part, I look upon thee to be bewitch'd; for I cannot otherwise account for thy Madness. Thou hast no Religion to fight for, that's certain; and there are Liberty and Property. Fools enough in the Nation, without thee, to help to increase their Numbers.

Lord! what will the Degeneracy of this Age come to? That a Gentleman that understands Dressing to Perfection, and has spent so many Hours at *Eockes*, and the *Blue Posts*, to cultivate his Palate, should ever be such a Sor, as in cold Blood, and of his own true Accord, to visit that hellish Country, where the Burgo-masters and the Boors conspire between them to infect the very Air with their *Relishes*. Rot my Diaphragm, if the nasty Word has not polluted my Ink, so that I am forc'd to put some Orange-Water into the Standish, to correct the unsavory Smell. Really, *Tam*, to think of the Miseries thou must endure this Summer, is as bad as going up to the Monument. It has made me giddy, confound me else, and my Head turns round like a Weather-cock. In the first Place, to lye in a damn'd sneaking Tent, where you can scarce turn your self round, with no Curtains to your Bed; nay, not so much as a Looking-glass in its lowest Signification: Then no other Pulvilio to scent your Perriwig, but the Dust of the Plains and Gunpowder, and to stink worse of the latter, than *Cheapside* did formerly on a Lord Mayor's Day; upon those unrighteous Things call'd Marches, no such Convenience as a Chair to be got. For your Comfort, *Tam*, you must walk through thick and thin with no Waiter behind you to clean your Shoes, among a Herd of skirtless Rascals, that stink worse than Pole-cars. Oh! let me think no more of them. Besides, 'tis a Million to one, that walking thus in the Sun, will dignify your Face with some Pimples. Horrid and hideous! the very Thought of a Pimple has so discompos'd me, that feeling something itch in my Forehead, ——— I must beg your Pardon, *Tam*, ——— if being under the Apprehensions of such a Disaster, I now and then make bold to consult that faithful Oracle my Glass: ——— Heaven be prais'd 'tis not so bad with me; ——— and yet what the Devil means that little Spot of Red. ———

'Tis



'Tis well 'tis no worse, I may thank my Sotting for this. ——— Dem it, to drink a whole Pint of Claret at a Sitting! Hell and Furies! how it increases! ——— I would not have a Pimple, Tam, for the *Indies*. ——— But 'tis gone after all, and I find my Suspicions were in vain.

To come now, *Tam*, to the Field of Battle; those ill-bred whorson Things call'd Bullets, are no Respecters of Persons. A Pox on them, they observe no Distinction between a fine Gentleman and a Dragoon. Perhaps it would not grieve a Man to lose his Life upon a good Occasion; (I speak this by way of Supposition only) but to survive the untimely Fate of one's belov'd Wig, to see one's embroider'd Coat mangled and hack'd, is enough to break the Heart of *Hercules*, if he were alive, and had a true Sense of Things. To dissuade you, if 'tis possible, from embarking in this pernicious Affair, let me conjure you as a Friend, to reflect upon Sir *John Fopington's* Case. About two Months ago he put on a Milk-white Suit, designing to shew himself in it that Evening in the Park; and, to do Sir *John* Justice, he never exerted the Brightness of his Imagination so much as he did upon the trimming of it. Coming by *Catherine-Street*, a sawcy impudent Chimney-Sweeper daub'd his Coat. I wonder, *Tam*, by the by, that the Parliament never made a five Mile Act to banish such prophane Villains out of all Corporations, as once they did the Dissenting Ministers. But so it happen'd as I tell you, and poor Sir *John* immediately went Home, and took his Bed upon't. He had all the Agonies of a despairing Sinner. ——— Come, Knight, says I, there's no Harm, I hope; prithee take Courage, and get up. ——— Good Heavens! my Coat, cry'd he. ——— Why there's no Danger, but it will recover, and do well. ——— Oh, that confounded Chimney-Sweeper! ——— Providence sent him to visit you for your Sins, Sir *John*. ——— But what Ill have I done to draw such



a Judgment upon me? — The Ways of Heaven, Sir *John*, are dark and mysterious. *Jack*, — I never committed Murther nor Sacrilege in my Life, why then should — So he run on for above six Hours. All this while we endeavour'd to soften his Calamity to him, by reminding him of the Inconstancy of human Affairs. We refresh'd his Memory with Stories of Kings depos'd, and famous Monarchies subverted; but 'twas all in vain: He could not be perswaded to live, 'till the Scowrer had taken his Oath before a Justice of Peace, that the Coat was not a Farthing the worse. Nay, this was not enough, the Taylor was sent for to confirm the Scowrer's Deposition; and the Woman of the House, who saw him put it on in the Morning, must swear, as she hopes to be sav'd, that it was not in the least injur'd.

If this melancholy Instance, *Tam*, is not enough to deter you from your wicked Resolution, and you have no Bowels of Compassion for the Issue of your own Fancy, meaning your Cloaths, pray retire for a Moment or two to your Closet, lay your Hand upon your Heart, and ask it coolly and soberly, how it would relish that most extraordinary Accomplishment, a wooden Leg? Think what a decent Figure you'll make in a Lady's Chamber, with so fine a Qualification. Good Lord, a wooden Leg! 'Tis almost as charming as the Devil's cloven Foot. A Lover made of Flesh and Blood above, and of Timber below, what an odd Composition is that! The *Miracour* in the Fable, who was half Man and half Beast, was a Cherubim to him. Or, *Tam*, if this does not mortify you, pray consider, that there are certain impudent Things in an Army call'd Guns, that without asking any Questions, will demolish a Man's Nose, or run away with one of his Arms, or carry off half his Teeth and under-Jaw; and yet there lies no Action against them for it. Such Blessings as these are to be had in *Flanders*, with due Care and

and Application ; and, *Tam*, you may see several Heroes about the Town, who purchas'd them at no little Expence of Time and Blood at *Steenkirk* and *Landen*. But, *Tam*, if you have any Guts in your Brains, you'll never long to make one of the Number.

Having mention'd the Loss of Arms, Teeth, and Legs, without which, *Tam*, we can neither make our Reverences with a good Air, nor talk agreeably to the Ladies, nor perform our Parts at a Ball. If this won't fright you, 'twould be impertinent to put you in Mind that you have another Thing still to lose, and that is your Life. For alas, *Tam*, what is Life worth, when we have lost the only Thing that maketh the Trifle dear to us ? As for me, confound my *glandula Pinalis*, if I am not of *Will Essence's* Opinion, the greatest Genius that *Covent-Garden* ever produc'd for exquisite Dressing, who us'd to say, for his Part he knew not what a Man's Head was good for, but to hang his Hat or his Perriwig on ; and that if it were put to his Choice, he would as soon lose that as any other Part about him ; that the chief End of Man was to dress well ; and Death it self was not so formidable as a *Disabillie*. But whether does this Subject hurry me ? or how came that sov're Monosyllable Death in our Pens Way ? Faith, *Tam*, I dare trust my Thoughts no longer with so melancholy a Theme. So hoping you'll be so kind to your self, as to consider more of this Matter, I am

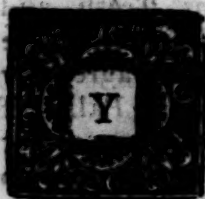
*Votre tres humble Servitude.*

The Shoulder-knot Cabal meets to Morrow-night near *St. James's*, to do a singular Act of Justice, and to think of Ways and Means how to restore those long neglected Ornaments. Your Company is expected there.

To

To a young Lawyer that dabbled  
in Poetry.

SIR,



Our Friends in the Country, understanding to their Grief, that you are infected with Verse-making, by the same Token that the Spots of *Parnassus* have broke out upon you in several Love-Sonnets, and a Pindarick Ode upon the *Peace*, they have desir'd me, whom they knew to labour under the same Distemper formerly, to attempt your Cure, with the same Prospect, I suppose, as the People of *Spain* and *Italy* employ the Priests to exorcise the Devil, because they are best acquainted with him. Take it therefore for an undoubted Truth, that Law and Poetry are as incomparable as War and Plenty, and that the Lawyer and Poet can no more inhabit in the same Person, than a Beau and a Chimney-sweeper. The Law proposeth Interest for its End, and that Consideration makes its Thistles palatable; but you'll find your self damnably mistaken, if you think to advance your self by the Muses. After you have spent your whole Age in their Service, you must not expect to have your Arrears paid so much as in Malt-Tickets, or Exchequer-Notes. They'll put you off to one Mrs. *Tattle*, alias *Fame*, the veryest Coquet that ever was, and that prating Gossip will sham you with an Immortality-Ticket, forsooth, which is not to become due to you 'till you are laid asleep in a Church-yard; and neither you nor your Heirs will be a Farthing the better for it. What is worse, the nine Sisters above-mention'd will not only disappoint your Expectations as to a Reward, but will engross all your Favours, and suffer no Rivals to interfere with

with them. Like the *East-India* Women, they'll expect you should prove constant, and bestow no Marks of Benevolence elsewhere, otherwise conclude to be poison'd by them, and made incapable of any Thing else; and nothing you know is so furious as the Revenge of a discarded Mistress. If you design to touch at the most advantageous Port in the Land of Poetry, call'd the Theatre, consider how visible the Dangers, and how unsuitable the Returns are. To please the Ladies, you must take Care to lard the Dialogue with Store of luscious Stuff, which the Righteous call Bawdy: To please our new Reformers, you must have none, otherwise gruff *Jeremy* will be upon your Bones. In short, a Poet has as hard a Task on't to manage, as a Passive Obedience Divine that preaches before the Commons on the 30th of *January*. Then to sit with an aking Heart for three long Hours behind the Scenes, within an Inch of Damnation all the while, tho' you should come off never so victorious, can you imagine the succeeding Pleasure can make you Amends for so much Pain and Anguish? But you fancy the *Ladies* are lodg'd in *Drury-Lane*, and that the *Spanish* Plate-Fleet is not to be compar'd to a good third Day. To undeceive you then, the Theatre is not so overstock'd with ungodly Mammon, as you may believe. *Rab-lais* somewhere saith, that the very Shadow of an Abbey-Steeple is enough to get a Woman with Child; and I can tell you, for your Comfort, that the Shadow of the Theatre is starving; and the Air of it as naturally produces Poverty, as that of the Hundreds in *Essex* begets Agnes. There was a Woollen-Draper in the *Strand*, that unhappily dream'd but of a Candle-snuffer of the House, who is at least four Removes from a Poet, and the poor Fellow broke within a Week after.

So then, if you have the Fear of Interest before your Eyes, stick close to the Law, and let Poetry go to the Devil. *Ovid* will be an everlasting Testimony



mony of this Truth to all Ages of the World. His Father, like a wise old Gentleman, design'd him for the Bar; but the giddy Fop flung up that Profession, and set up for a Wit; but observe, I beseech you, what he got by the Exchange. By some of his foolish Verses, he drew the Emperor's Displeasure upon himself, who sent him a grazing to teach him more Manners, and so he liv'd a miserable Fugitive, in *partibus infidelium*, where he had Leisure enough to curse the verififying Planet which betray'd him to these Extremities. One or two perhaps in the Compass of six thousand Years have made their Fortunes by it; but is this any Encouragement for you to betake your self to *Apollo's* high Road? What Man of ordinary Sense would hazard his All in a Lottery, in Hopes of meeting a benefited Ticket, where he has forty thousand to one odds against him. Besides, Business and Poetry agree as ill together as Faith and Reason, which two latter, as has been judiciously observ'd by the sam'd Tub-drubber of *Covent-Garden*, can never be brought to set their Horses together. Those poor Rogues, that do *Apollo's* Drudgery, like the Servants that belong to *Dr. Ch.* ————'s Land-Office, must e'en take their Labour for their Pains; for *Apollo* and the Doctor pay no Wages; and they agree in this too, that Paper passes with both for ready Money.

On the other Hand, the Law has all the Bait you can think of to take you: Crowds of Clients to dance Attendance at your Chamber every Morning: Wealth perpetually flowing in upon you, and all this attain'd with a few Qualifications; nothing but a strong Pair of Bellows, call'd Lungs, and a Forehead of the *Corinthian* Order, are requir'd. So that if you abandon so rich a Soil, to starve upon a barren Common, the very Stones in *Westminster-Hall*, like the Blood of the Recorder's Horses, will rise up in Judgment against you. After all, if you are not Master of Philosophy enough to set your

self at Liberty, and cannot entirely shake off the rhiming Disease, let me advise you as a Friend, to trespass that Way in private; let not your Mistress, nor so much as your Bottle-Companion, know any Thing of the Matter; but when the Writing-Fit is upon you, do it with as much prudent Circumspection, as discreet Thieves when they are going to commit Burglary. Otherwise you must lie under the Scandal of being thought a disaffected Man to Cook and Littleton; and if that should arrive to my Lord Chief Justice's Ears, good Night to your Practice. This is all that I have at present to say upon this Head, who am

Your most humble, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

*A comical Letter out of the famous Monsieur de Colletier, to Mademoiselle de Choux.*

MADAM,



DO you ever see an Almanack in your Life? You'll say this is an odd Question. I'll give you the Reason then why I ask'd it: There's an odd Sort of a Fellow usually pictur'd in it, Madam, with the Devil knows how many Darts in his Body. And what of him? cry you. Why, Madam, he's only a Type of your humble Servant; for that Son of a Whore Cupid has so pink'd me all over with his confounded Arrows, that, by my Troth, I look like, ——— let me think, like what, ——— like your Ladyship's Pin-cushion. But this is not all: Your Eyes had like to have prov'd

prov'd more fatal to me, than *Cupid* and all his Roguery; for, Madam, while I was Star-gazing to'other Night at your Window, full of Fire and Flame, (as we Lovers use to be) I dropt plumb into your Fish-pond, by the same Token that I hiss'd like a red-hot Horse-shoe flung into a Smith's Trough. 'Twas a hundred Pounds to a Penny but I had been drown'd; for those that came to my Assistance, left me to shift for my self, while they scrambled for boil'd Fish that were as plentiful as Herrings at Rotterdam. Some of my Fellow-sufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an Offering to your Ladyship, as well as of, Madam,

Your most devoted Slave,  
Colletier.



### To Madam



Nothing is so honourable as an ancient Friendship, so nothing is so scandalous as an old Passion. Undeceive your self, Madam, of the false Merit of being faithful, and take it for a certain Truth, that Constancy is the only Thing in the World that can bring the Reputation of your Beauty in Question. Who knows whether you resolv'd to love but one Person, or whether it was your Unhappiness to find but one single Lover. Malicious People will be apt to fancy the latter.

You vainly imagine that you practise a Virtue, while alas you make us suspect you have Defects which we don't perceive. In the mean Time, consider how many Inquietudes accompany this pretended Virtue, and what a vast Difference there is between the

the Disgusts that an old Engagement gives us, and the pleasant Conflicts of a growing Passion.

In a new Amour we pass every Hour of the Day with new Satisfaction. 'Tis an unexpressible Pleasure to find that our Love grows upon us every Minute; but in a Passion of an old standing, our Time is spent very uneasily, in still loving less, or not loving at all.

We may live well enough with Persons that are indifferent to us; either common Civility, or good Manners, the Consideration that they may sometimes be serviceable to us, may reconcile us to it. But how miserably do we pass our Lives with them whom we love, when we find that we are not beloved again?

I have only four Words more to say to you, and I will be so free with you as to desire you to make some Reflection upon them. If you continue still to place your Affection upon that which ought to displease you, 'tis a Sign you have none of the best Tastes; and if you have not Resolution enough to quit that which makes you uneasy, 'tis a downright Weakness; you ought to put it into your Litany, and pray to be deliver'd from it.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Out of the Reflections of Monsieur Villiers. To his much esteem'd Friend, Monsieur ———, shewing the Difference between a young Lady and an old Hypocrite.*

I Remember that the last Time I had the Honour of your Conversation, we happen'd to talk of several Persons that made a great Ostentation of their Piety, and pass'd for Saints in the Places where they liv'd, who, as we had just Occasion to suspect,  
by



by their overacting the Farce, were downright Cheats, if truly examin'd. I was going to confirm this with a Story that lately fell within my own Observation; but happen'd to be interrupted by the coming in of fresh Company, which put a Stop to the Discourse. However, as it is worth your knowing, I have given my self the Trouble to send you a full Account of it in this Letter.

About a Month ago I had Occasion to travel into the Country with two Ladies, one of them a young Marchioness, descended of one of the noblest Families in the Kingdom; the other a Lawyer's Widow, about fifty Years old, who took the same Title upon her, tho' the Meanness of her Extraction, and her Husband's Employment, that was none of the most honourable, might have secur'd her, one would have thought, from so ridiculous a Temptation. But being left very rich, her own Vanity, and the Complaisance of her Friends, had made her a Marchioness, and this was the Title she receiv'd on all Occasions, and at last challeng'd as her Due. I had but little Acquaintance with either of them, but I was engag'd in this Journey by a Friend, whose Commands I could not well disobey, and who knew both these Ladies perfectly well.

We were going to the Government of the young Marchioness's Husband, where she was expected, and Preparations were made on the Road for her Reception; the old Marchioness travelling only as her Companion; however, she had her Share of all the Honours and Civilities that were paid to the other. At the first City where we arriv'd, as soon as we had alighted out of the Coach, the young Marchioness was invited to a very pleasant Walk without the Town; and it being Summer-time, she embrac'd the Motion: But the old Lady taking an Air of Authority upon her, said it would be much better to go to Church, and hear a good Sermon there. The young Marchioness told her, she might go thither if she pleas'd, while she took a Walk. This Answer cruelly nettled the Widow; but she dissembled

the

the Matter as well as she could; and taking the next Way to the Church, she desir'd me to bear her Company thither. Altho' this Fit of Devotion seem'd somewhat unreasonable to me, yet good Manners would not suffer me to let her walk alone. So with her I went, and all the Way had the Satisfaction to hear her vent her godly Spleen very plentifully at the young Marchioness; she told me a Hundred reproachful Stories of her; nay, she did not forbear to censure even her Conduct. This Language continu'd till she came into the Church-Porch. I admir'd with my self how it was possible for so zealous a Sermon-hunter to be so damnably censorious.

All the while she was at Church, we made up her Mouth as demurely as the best of the Congregation; as soon as it was over, she re-assum'd the old Argument, and rail'd on as fast as her malicious Lungs would give her leave, till we came to the young Marchioness, who was still walking in the Garden. I had there an Opportunity to discourse the young Lady in private; and to satisfy my self whether there had been any former Quarrel between them; turn'd the Conversation upon the old Marchioness, of whom she spoke in very obliging Terms, and did not say the least Syllable of her that was disrespectful. I then made no Difficulty to conclude, that this formal Hypocrite, that was perpetually disgorging broken Ends of Sermons, and pecking every Body that came near her with Texts of Scripture, was nothing near so virtuous at Bottom, as the young Lady, who kept her Devotion to herself; and I made a thousand Observations during this short Journey, that fully confirm'd me in this Opinion.

The young Marchioness, who, as I told you before, made no great Noise or Bustle about her Religion, spent but half an Hour at her Toilet, and always got ready one of the first for her Journey.

The old Lady spent no less than three Hours in tricking herself, and made the Company perpetually tarry for her.

Our

Our religious Dame, for all her Pretences to Mortification, thought it no Sin to patch and paint her self: The Marchioness, content with her Face such as Heaven made it, scorn'd to have Recourse to such Artifices.

The former must always have her Gellies, and Broths, and Caudles, and the Lord knows what brought to her before she would venture her Carcase out of Bed; the latter never thought of eating 'till the very Moment before she went into her Coach.

The young Lady was always in good Humour, spoke well of every Body, was satisfy'd with every Thing, and carefully avoided all the Compliments and Honours that were done her, in a Country where she was Mistress.

On the other Hand, the old Marchioness, who was a perfect Stranger in it, not only took every Occasion to receive them, but was always complaining, that she had not Respect enough paid her. The Beds were never good enough for her, the Dinner never pleas'd her, the Servants were always sawcy or negligent, the Bills unreasonable, the Coach-man either drove too fast or too slow; Still she found one Opportunity or another to vent her pious Indignation. No Body's Name could be mention'd to her, but still she found something to blame in their Conduct. Then she was the most imperious Devil alive to her Servants, none of her Women ever liv'd a full Fortnight with her. In short, she was eternally railing, censuring, and backbiting; but still she did it with a godly Air, and in the Language of the Old Testament.

If any one now should ask me the Question, which of these two I thought to have the most Religion, I should immediately declare my self in Favour of the young Marchioness; and yet to see how partially the World judges of Persons, the young Lady passes by common Consent for a Woman that is wholly devoted to the World, and the other is universally taken for a Saint.

Thus

Thus you see how easily the World is impos'd upon by a fair Outside and glittering Appearances. 'Tis true, your Persons of Sense see through these thin Disguises, and are sensible of the Cheat; but where you meet one of that Character, you find ten thousand Fools that always assist to deceive themselves. A Man of true Piety, that has no Designs to carry on, like one of an establish'd Fortune, always makes the least Noise. One never pulls out his Money, the other never talks of Religion, but when there's Occasion for it.

This puts me in Mind of a Passage that happen'd the other Day. I made a Visit one Afternoon to Madam —, where I found several City-Ladies of the first Magnitude. After a great deal of foolish Chat about the Duty of Husbands, and the Infidelity of the Men, some Body in the Room, by what Accident I have now forgot, trump'd up *Silvius's* Name, who you know is a Man of great Merit, and has the Happiness to be well receiv'd by the fair Sex. Says a starch'd Piece of Formality, I wonder how he comes to make so many Conquests; but for my Part, tho' he sigh'd a whole Age at my Feet, I am sure I should never lose a Moment's Repose for him. I don't know the Gentleman, replies another Lady; but if he is what the World represents him, I dare not answer to my Heart, that I could maintain it long against him. This latter spoke her Sentiments honestly, and without Reserve, whereas the other was a dissembling Coquet, that had bury'd two Husbands, and was looking out for a third; and, if warmly attack'd, would, I dare answer for her, swallow a Temptation without making wry Faces, as readily as an Usurer does an Orphan.

But tho' a good Reason may be given why we have so many Hypocrites in Religion, when they make their Fortunes by it, I could never comprehend the Mystery, that the Generality of the World should be such Asses, to value themselves for Things that are apparently false.



*Lucius* is the Grand-son of a Chimney-sweeper, all the World knows it, and yet the Sor values himself in all Companies, upon his noble Extraction, everlastingly talks of the Services which his Ancestors have done the Publick. Yet, says a Gentleman to him one Day, finding him upon this Strain, the Publick is oblig'd to your Ancestors; if it had not been for them, *Paris* had been in Danger of burning more than once.

*Stentor* is one of the vilest Preachers that ever murder'd a Text: He has nothing but his Lungs and Impudence to recommend him: He had never Learning enough at the College to get him a Degree, nor Reputation enough in the City to get twenty Auditors together to sit with him throughout; yet in all his Sermons, this Infect quotes Fathers and Councils with as much Assurance as if he knew them, and talks of nothing but the vast Multitudes that flock from all Quarters to hear him.

*Amelia* is an antiquated Maid, censorious and deformed; she has often brib'd Midwives and Persons, to proclaim her for a great Fortune, and twenty times given Money to be join'd in a Lampoon, with twenty Sparks one after another, to try if something would come on't. But after all her intriguing, she could never yet find any one Cully enough to marry her: Yet she perpetually tells every one she sees, what advantageous Matches she has refus'd in her Time; such a Lord languish'd, and such a Knight run mad for her. And if you'll believe Captain *Buff*, the King has not dispos'd of the Government of a Port these twenty Years, but he has had the first Offer of it.

But I forget I am writing a Letter, and have launch'd into an Essay: Therefore I will end abruptly here, rather than trespass any longer upon your Patience, and only beg leave to add that I am

Your most humble Servant.

## Miscellaneous Letters.

A LETTER to the Duke of *Buckingham*,  
in *Yorkshire*.

My Lord,

**A**N humble Servant of yours here in Town, Monsieur *Borne* by Name, is so fully satisfied of the Reality of your Reformation, that he expresses himself in these Terms to all that have the Honour to know you.

I dare venture my own Salvation upon the same Bottom with that of the Duke of *Buckingham*, so firmly do I believe the Sincerity of his Conversion.

Conversion, says Mr. *Waller* to him, have a care what you say: People don't use to be converted now-a-days so easily. This new Reformation you talk of in the Duke of *Buckingham* is owing neither to you, nor me, nor yet to any Man living.

'Tis a new Friend of his, but one that has been dead, the Lord knows how many hundred Years ago, that has very lately brought about this miraculous Change that so surprizes us.

I mean *Petronius Arbiter*, the most delicate Man of his Age, for Poetry, Painting, and Music. One that perpetually studied and pursued Pleasure, one that turn'd the Day into the Night, and the Night into the Day, but at the same time so absolute a Master of himself, that whenever his Affairs requir'd it, he was one of the most regular Men in the Universe.

The Duke of *Buckingham*, who has long ago resembled him in a thousand other Qualities, was  
VOL. IV. P resolv'd

resolv'd of late to imitate him too in this. Thus I have shown you, Monsieur *Borne*, from whence proceeds this Alteration in his Grace's Life, which you it seems have mistaken for a Conversion.

But with both these Gentlemen's leave, I shall account for it after another manner.

'Tis a certain Maxim with me, that no Man of a nice Palate can love Vice, when once it ceases to be agreeable, so for my part, I don't wonder that a Person of so refin'd and delicate a Taste, as your Grace, takes up with the Virtue of Continnence in the *North*, where you have no Objects to tempt and disturb you. But I dare engage that if we had you here in *Town*, and show'd you some of our topping Beauties, that have Charms enough to conquer the most insensible, we should soon find the new Convert of Monsieur *Borne*, and Mr. *Waller's* new *Petronius*, to be nothing in the World, but the true genuine Duke of *Buckingham*.

Heaven forbid that I should ever be so wickedly given as to dissuade your Grace from so comfortable a Quarter as Love. But I have another Sin to propose to you, which of your self you would never guets, and yet I recommend it sincerely to you, and from the bottom of my Heart. I confess it has a scurvy Name, and the World calls it *Covetousness*; however, it would be of more Advantage to your Grace, than the Wisdom of Philolophers, and the Glory of Conquerors. To be short, I should rather chuse to see your Grace copy any of the Heroes in *Lombard-Street*, than either *Socrates* or *Cesar*. Where the Difficulty is great, the Merit of surmounting it is great. Now all the World knows that your Grace will find it infinitely more troublesome to you to imitate the former, than the two latter Gentlemen.

As we don't all on the sudden arrive to the height of Perfection, I am not so vain as to expect you should practise all the Rules of Oeconomy

mony at first Sight, nor so morose as to advise you to deny your self every thing, amongst so great an Affluence as surrounds you. All I beg of your Grace, is, that you would have a watchful Eye upon your City Friends, that have the fingering of your Money, to keep them honest in spite of themselves. For unless out of Tenderneſs to their Souls, you hinder them from playing the Knaves, I dare ſwear for them that they would venture Damnation a hundred times a Day, and all in your Grace's Service.

And now if you think it worth your while, when you come next to London, to bring a ſmall Retinue with you, but a great deal of Money in your Pocket, you will certainly be the Wonder of the whole Nation. If you neglect this Advice, the greater Part of the World will never be for you, and you muſt content your ſelf with a few Admirers in private, of whom I ſhall always be the firſt, who am

*Your moſt humble Servant.*



*A Letter to the Dutcheſs of MAZARINE, out of French.*

I Have preſum'd, Madam, to ſend you ſome Advice, tho' I am ſenſible how little you Ladies care to receive any. But let the Effect be what it will, I am too much in the Intereſt of your Beauty, not to inform you, that you'll injure it extreamly, ſhould you be ſo ill-adviſed as to ſet off, and adorn your ſelf after the Faſhion of the Court-Ladies on the Queen's Birth-Day. Let others of your Sex make uſe of Orna-



ments: For, properly speaking, they are but so many artificial Helps, which we employ to cover the Defects of Nature, or else to give us some Agreements that are wanting in our Persons. But, Heaven be praised, Madam, you lie under no such Necessity. Every Ornament that is bestow'd upon you, hides a Charm; as every Ornament that is taken from you, restores you some new Graces, and you are never so lovely, as when we behold nothing in you, but your self.

The greatest part of the Ladies lose themselves very advantageously under their Dress. How many indifferent Faces pass well enough with Jewels and Diamonds, and conquer Hearts by Candle-light, that would make a very sorry Figure without them. The richest Necklace, in the World would have an ill Effect upon you. It would make some Alteration in your Person, and every Alteration that happens to a perfect Beauty, wou'd certainly be for the worse.

Leave others then to ruin themselves by their Jewels, and other Decorations; Nature that has been at so vast an Expence to frame you, has sav'd you that Charge. You, Madam, would be very ingrateful, and we shou'd discover but a wretched Taste, shou'd we not be equally content with that Profusion of Gifts she has heap'd upon you.

I would counsel you, Madam, to take the same Measures on her Majesty's Birth-Day, which the famous *Buffi d' Amboise* formerly observ'd at a Tournament. Being inform'd before-hand, that all the Noblemen of the Court design'd to put themselves to an extraordinary Expence in their Equipages and Cloaths, he ordered those of his Retinue to be dress'd like Lords, and appear'd himself in the plainest Dress in the World at the Head of so rich a Train. The Advantages of Nature were so conspicuous in the Person of *Buffi*, that he alone was taken for a great Lord, and the  
other

other Noblemen, that rely'd so much upon the Magnificence of their Habits, pass'd but for Vailers.

Govern your self, I beseech you, Madam, by the Example of *Bussi*: Let your Women be attir'd like Dutcheses, but as for your self, appear in the ordinary Dress of a Country Nymph, with nothing but the Charms of your Beauty to recommend you: All the Ladies will be taken for your Women, and the plainness of your Habit will not hinder you from out-shining all the Queens in the Universe.

I have no great Inclination to tell Stories, which, perhaps, is nothing but the Effect of an ill-grounded Vanity, that makes me prefer the expressing of what I imagine, to the reciting of what I have seen. The Profession of a Story-teller sits but awkwardly upon young People, and is downright weakness in old Men. When our Wit is not arriv'd to its due Vigour, or when it begins to decline, we then take a Pleasure in telling what does not put us to any great Expence of Thought. However, I will for once renounce the Pleasure, which I generally take in my own Imagination, to recount to you a short Adventure, which I once saw happen at the Hague.

During my Residence in that Place, some malicious *Demon* put it one Day into the Head of a certain Count and his Friend, to draw the Eyes of the Spectators after them. To put which noble Design in Execution, they both resolv'd that their Dress should have all the Magnificence which this part of the World was able to give it, and at the same time discover the Goodness of their Invention.

The Count, who was one of the nicest Men of his Age, had a thousand Singularities to distinguish him. He had a Plume of Feathers in his

Hat, which was burton'd up by a Diamond, the largest that could be found, for this Occasion. He wore about his Neck some Point de Venise, which was neither a Cravat nor a Band: 'Twas a small Ruff, which had serv'd him formerly instead of a Golille when he liv'd at Madrid. After this, Madam, you would expect to find him in a Doubler, after the *Spanisk* manner, but to your Surprize, I must tell you, it was an *Hungarian* Vest. Then the Ghost of Antiquity haunted his Memory, he cover'd his Ancles with Buskins, but infinitely richer than the antient *Romans* us'd to wear them: On which he had order'd his Mistress's Name to be written in Letters that were extreemly well design'd, upon an Embroidery of Pearls.

From his Hat down to his Vest, 'twas all singular, and odd, and fanciful: By the latter you would have taken him for the Count de Serini, or some Beau of Quality dropt out of the *Hungarian* World; and an old Picture of *Cæsar* or *Scipio* had inspir'd him with the noble Thought of wearing Buskins.

As for his Friend, he had apparell'd himself after as extraordinary a manner as he possibly could, but it was in the modern *French* way. His Cravat reach'd down to his Middle, and had Stuff enough in it to make a Sail for a Barge. A most prodigious Cravat-string peep'd from under his Chin, the two Corners of which, in conjunction with a monstrous Perriwig, that would have made a *Laplander* sweat under the *Northern* Pole, eclips'd three quarters of his Face. In short, he was so be-ribbon'd all over, that one would have thought all the Milleners in the Place had join'd their Stocks to furnish him.

This, in short, was the Equipage of our *Messieurs*, when they made their Appearance in the *Voorhout*, which is the Place where Persons of Quality use to take the Air, and divert themselves.

They

They were scarce enter'd upon the Spot, when Multitudes ran from all Hands to gaze and stare at them; and as every body was surpriz'd at so fantastick a Scene, they could not tell at first whether to admire it as extraordinary, or to ridicule it as extravagant. In this uncertainty of Thought, as they were going to determine it one way or another, Monsieur de Louvigny arriv'd in the Place, and put a stop to their grave Contemplation. He wore a plain black Suit, and clean Linnen made up the rest, but then he show'd one of the finest Shapes, and most agreeable Face that can be imagin'd. His modest Deportment silently insinuated the Merits of all his excellent Qualities. Having thus describ'd his Charms to you, 'tis no difficult Matter to guess how the Company receiv'd him. The Ladies were touch'd, and the Men were infinitely pleas'd. In short, Madam, all the Spectators were as much affected, as the poor Count and his Friends were mortified, to their great Disappointment.

People still remember at the Hague how triumphantly Monsieur de Louvigny came off, and still make Sport with telling the ill Succels of the two aforesaid Gentlemen.

I need not give my self the Trouble, Madam, to make a formal Application of this Story to you, who have a Judgment so exquisitely nice and discerning. Let my Advice meet with what Entertainment it will, none of your Subjects prays to heartily for your long and happy Reign over us, as

Madam,

Your most humble Servant, &c



## Jo. Haines in Pennance :

*Or, his Recantation Prologue, at his acting of Poet Bayes in the Duke of Buckingham's Play, call'd The Rehearsal. Spoken in a white Sheet, with a burning Taper in his Hand, upon his Admittance into the House, after his Return from the Church of Rome.*

---

Written by T. Brown, for his Friend Jo. Haines,

---

**A**S you dislike the Converts of the Nation,  
 That went to *Rome*, and left your Congregation,  
 By the same Rule pray kindly entertain  
 Your penitent *lost Sheep* return'd again.  
 For reconverted *Haines*, taught by the Age,  
 Is now come back to his Primitive Church, the Stage;  
 And own my Crime, of leaving in the lurch  
 My Mother *Playhouse*, she's my Mother Church.  
 As Penitents do go from you to *Rome*,  
 A Penitent from *Rome* to you I come.  
 Tho' I from you to *Rome* did never go  
 As Runagade for her, but Spy for you.  
 For see'ng the *Beaux* and *Banterers* every Day  
 Ev'n tired with themselves in ev'ry Play,  
 I went to *Rome*, to seek for Fops more new,  
 And more ridiculous than any of you;  
 A Miracle from *Rome*, I thought, might do.  
 Besides I left ye, all design'd for *Rome*;  
 But see'ng ye came not over, I came home:  
 For I, like you, finding my self mistaken,  
 Did early tack about, to save my Bacon.

Pox on't! ———

At Rome a Godly Part they made me play ;  
 A damn'd unnatural one to me, you'll say :  
 They wou'd not let me roar, or rant or swear,  
 But fob'd me off with Penitence and Prayer,  
 Guels how that Penance relisht with a *Player*.  
 That ever any *Player* should have the Face  
 Thus to pretend to such a thing as *Grace* !  
 'Tis very hard indeed, th' *Italian* Nation  
 Should put this Phiz a little out of fashion ;  
 But yielding Nature, and this tempting Face  
 Confirms me Flesh and Blood in spite of *Grace* :  
 Therefore, dear loving Sisters of the Pit,  
 Again your Brother Runagade admit,  
 And don't despise me now because I've liv'd  
 Where sawcy Boys claim your Prerogative.

No, Sisters ; no, ———

I ne'er turn'd Hereick, in Love at least ;  
 'Twas decent Whoring kept my Thoughts still  
 chaste :

But you, kind Sirs ! who here are daily known,  
 To love all Whores but her of *Babylon*,  
 Will never damn *Jo. Haines* for his Religion.

Well Sirs ! ———

B'ing thus confest, and free from all Pollution,  
 I beg from your kind Hands my Absolution.



Tho. Brown's *Recantation of his Satyr on the French*  
*King. Suppos'd by some to be by Mr. Brown, tho'*  
*said by others to be Written by a Nonjurant*  
*Parson.*

*Facit Recantatio Versum.*

AND has this Bitch my Muse trapan'd me ?  
 Then I'm as much undone as can be ;  
 I knew the Jilt would never leave me.  
 Till to a Prison she'd deceiv'd me :

Curst be the Wretch, and sure he's curst  
 That taught the Trade of Rhyming first :  
 'Tis a damn'd Trade, and who pursues it,  
 I'll pass my word, at last he rues it :  
*Homer* and *Virgil* were but Tools,  
 Fit, only for the use of Fools.  
 And *Horace* too, with all his Arr,  
 To Men of Sense not worth a Fart ;  
 Even *Causabon* for Satyr Famous  
 Was but a jingling Ignoramus.  
 And all the rest to *Ben* and so forth  
 A Crew of useless Things of no worth :  
 But now I have no time to rail,  
 The Hog hath got another Tail ;  
 My Wits are rather on the Wrack  
 To save my own Poetick Back :  
 Yet by the way, 'tis very hard,  
 Poets of all Men should be barr'd  
 From labouring in their proper Station ;  
 Why, where's the Justice of the Nation ?  
 Believe me, Sirs<sup>t</sup> as I'm a Sinner,  
 I writ that Satyr for a Dinner :  
 And Stamp't it with a Parson's Name,  
 Not as I meant them any Shame,  
 But since I must the Matter tell,  
 I thought 'twould make the Paper sell ;  
 By all that's good, and all that true is,  
 I ever lov'd and honour'd *Lewis* :  
 He's Great and Wise, more could I say,  
 But fear again to disobey,  
 And for his Priests, I here protest,  
 I value them like all the rest :  
 And tho' I curst them all, what then ?  
 The Men are honest harmless Men.  
 Next for King *James* and Prince of *Wales*,  
 I always wish'd them happy Gales,  
 And for my sawcy naming *Molly*,  
 I own 'twas Impudence and Folly.

Lastly,

Lastly, for naming the *Non-furor*,  
Why that was but Poetick *furor*,  
I know I have ungrateful been,  
'Twas raging Hunger drew me in  
T' abuse those very Friends that have  
Almost preserv'd me from the Grave;  
They're honest Men, mark what I say;  
If I love any Priests, 'tis they.  
I now confess 'tis highly base,  
T' insult the Gown in such a Case:  
And could the Thing be done again,  
I'd starve before I'd wrong such Men:  
What shall I say, I here recant,  
And owe my self a Sycophant:  
But oh! I fear that will not do,  
A Thousand dismal Thoughts pursue:  
I'm all in pain, and let me tell ye,  
My Back begins to curse my Belly;  
I'm just as if at Cart's-Arse ty'd,  
With Hangman grinning by my Side,  
And Mob of all sorts crowding round me,  
Advising *Ketch* to swindge me soundly;  
And what torments me worst of all,  
Methinks that some among them bawl,  
'Tis he that for a Crown to spend,  
Reviles Crown'd Heads, betrays his Friends!  
All this, 'tis true, I well deserve,  
And yet 'tis very hard to starve;  
So that if Things were rightly stated,  
Part of my Sentence might be bated;  
I was of *Poppins-Alley* Chief,  
Till forc'd from thence to seek Relief;  
And to avoid some dang'rous Rogues  
Took Shelter among Pedagogues.  
'Twas then, like the *Sicilian* King,  
Under strict Laws I Boys did bring;  
And tho' I was but a Viceroy,  
I could command the chiefeft Boy :

But



But here a little Time was spent,  
 Before I left my Government,  
 Was charg'd with Male-Administation,  
 And so pull'd down from Regal Station.  
 To Town again disgrac'd I came,  
 For now 'tis time to hide my Shame;  
 Where since I sharp'd, and spung'd and tick'd,  
 Being always scorn'd, and sometimes kick'd,  
 And yet the worst is still behind,  
 Oh! hear me but, and you'll be kind.  
 For three long Weeks my Muse and I  
 Had been shut up in Garret high:  
 The Cause I think I need not tell  
 Poet with P—— convertible;  
 While thus I lay in desperate state  
 In comes a Bawd whose Name was Kate;  
 A Rampant Jade, where once I tabled,  
 Who finding me of Strength disabled,  
 Not Vows nor Promises could save me,  
 But off she tears the Cloaths she gave me.  
 And thus of Coat, e'en Shirt, bereft,  
 Poor naked Tom in Bed was left.  
 In this most sharp and strange Distress,  
 'Twas then I thought on trusty Bess;  
 Who, tho' I knew she was but poor,  
 I always found a faithful Whore:  
 To her with Art I made Petition,  
 And briefly told my sad Condition.  
 But I forgot to tell you how  
 With hot Ox-cheek, and Heel of Cow,  
 With Trotters neat, and Tripe like Jelly,  
 She oft had fill'd my empty Belly.  
 And one thing more I had forgot  
 Hot Furmery and Rice-Milk hor  
 She never let me want; for why,  
 It was her Trade the same to cry.  
 I thought (poor Fool) she'd pity me,  
 Who thus resolv'd to set me free.

With

With Twenty-pence which she had got,  
And Shillings Four, for Loan of Pot,  
To some convenient Bulk she hies,  
And there a Coat and Breeches buys ;  
The want of Shirt too, to supply,  
Sends me her Smock, tho' hardly dry.  
And more, to fit me out compleat,  
For t'other Threepence buys a Chear.  
When thus equipp'd, abroad I venture,  
Hoping on Subjects new to enter :  
But all my Hopes proves vain, God wot,  
*Bess* still must want her Porridge-Pot.  
My Belly too grows lank, for she  
Had no Rice-Milk, nor Fumery.  
All Friends I try'd, not one was willing  
To Credit me with one poor Shilling ;  
In this Distress, without advising,  
I fell to cursed Satyrising.  
Oh ! pity me, or I am lost,  
Far worse than when in Blanket tost ;  
And if this time I'm spar'd from whipping,  
If e'er again you catch me tripping,  
May all the Plagues that e'er beset  
A Poet poor, on this side Hell,  
Seize me at once, and may I be  
A publick Mark of Infamy.  
May all my Whores and Duns o'ertake me,  
And all my Friends, even *Bess*, forsake me :  
And may the P——, with which I struggle,  
Join'd with the Gout, afflict me double :  
May I at last by Inches die,  
First lose a Nose, and then an Eye ;  
And when I'm dead, then may I have  
A just *Memento* on my Grave.

An

## An ELEGY,

*Suppos'd to be written by Stephen Switch, upon Dobbin a Coach-Horse, who departed this Mortal Life on Saturday the 8th of April.*

OH, cruel Death! whose Rage without Remorse is,  
 Why should'st thou persecute poor harmless Horses?  
 Whole righteous Blood, as said a Spokesman wise,  
 Against thy Malice will in Judgment rise.  
 On Courtiers thou'st my Leave to be severe,  
 For now and then I grudge thee not a Peer;  
 Spiritual or Temporal, no matter whether,  
 Or a whole Corporation take together.  
 Such Game methinks might thy keen Stomach stay,  
 Considering thou'd'st a Whale the other Day,  
 Then why the Plague must thou on Horse-flesh  
 prey?  
 It grieves my Conscience, and disturbs my Quiet,  
 To see thee given to such Tartarian Diet  
 Poor Two-leg'd Beasts thou think'st not worth a  
 Groat,  
 But into Porter's foolish Sport art got,  
 And must be playing at *All-Fours*, God wot.  
 Were I t'advise a Dinner for thy Palate,  
 A well-cram'd Priest should serve instead of Sallad,  
 Fat Draymen's Chines should be a standing Dish:  
 I'd have an Admiral, when I din'd on Fish.  
 If nought but tender Morfels wou'd go down,  
 Commend me to a Lady of the Town;  
 But for a choice tough Bit t'employ the Maw,  
 I'd take a Scriv'ner, or a Man of Law.  
 But thou'rt, I find, a Stranger to good Breeding,  
 And dost not know the Methods of good Feeding:

Oh!

Oh! *Dobbin*, thou wert hurried off the Stage,  
Just in the prime and vigour of thy Age.  
Howe'er, dear *Beast*, 'tis to thy Friends some Ease,  
Thou fell'st by a Right Worshipful Disease.  
Instead of Clyster, Balls, and Farrier's Physick,  
Thy Days, alas! were shorten'd by the Ptsick!  
And all Men know (I speak it without scoffing)  
That many an Alderman has di'd of Coughing.  
But if Heav'n's Justice will endure Inspection,  
What had thy Lungs done to deserve Infection?  
For I can swear thou ne'er had'st the Ambition,  
To talk Profaneness, Bawdy, or Sedition.

Once more farewell, my dear belov'd *Quadruped*,  
The loss of thee has plainly made me stupid.  
I knew thy Dad, thy Mother, and thy Grandfir,  
But thou return'st to my Complaints no Answer.  
No *Hugmatee*, nor *Flip*, my Grief can smother;  
I lov'd thee, *Dobbin*, better than my Brother.  
Since then so lame my Muse, so dull my Wit is,  
I'll have thy Epitaph compos'd by *Pittis*.



To Mr. Justice Higden, upon the ill Success of his Play.

NO longer your expected Play conceal,  
But to a more impartial Court appeal.  
The righteous few, true to the Cause of Wit,  
Will soon reverse the Sentence of the Pit.  
Why should their Censure Men of Sense alarm?  
Those Sons of *Muggleton* can do no harm.  
The Wit, that off their hasty Malice dooms,  
Outlives its Judges, nay, outlasts their Tombs.  
Thus 'twas my Fate to visit once a Friend,  
Whom dire foreboding Omens did attend:  
The Doctor tells him, Sir, your Hour is nigh,  
Send for the Parson, and prepare to die.



In vain the help of Physic you implore,  
 Art has been try'd, but Art can do no more.  
 With this the angry Patient rais'd his Head,  
 And Doctor, do you then conclude me dead?  
 Peace, you grave Sor, elsewhere your Cant bestow;  
 I'll bury half the College e'er I go.  
 And spite of that learn'd Phiz, and reverend Beard,  
 Will live to see your Rascalship interr'd.  
 Thus he run on, and as his Stars decreed,  
 Was soon from his unkind Distemper freed;  
 Left his vain gaping Kindred in the lurch,  
 And saw the Velvet Fop born decently to Church.



*To the same upon his Play's being damn'd, for having  
 too much Eating and Drinking in it.*

**F**riend Harry, some furious Pretenders to think-  
 ing,  
 Say thy Play is encumbred with eating and drinking,  
 That too oft in all Conscience thy Table's brought  
 out,  
 And unmerciful Healths fly like Hail-shot about.  
 Such a merry Objection who e'er could expect,  
 That does on the Town, and its Pleasures reflect?  
 Are a Dish and a Bottle grown quite out of Fashion?  
 Or have the spruce Beaux found a new Recreation?  
 Else why should these Fops be so monstrous uncivil,  
 As to damn at a Play, what they like at the Devil?



*Upon persecuting it with Car-calls.*

**W**hen to Molock of old, by way of Oblation  
 Any Jew of his Son made a wicked Dona-  
 tion.

The

The Priesthood with Trumpets and Drums made  
a Noise

To stifle his Groans, and extinguish his Cries.

Thus our fierce modern Heroes, those *Jews* of the  
Pit,

When to damn a poor Author's Attempt, they  
think fit,

With Cat-calls so dreadful the House they alarm,  
Lest the Wit of the Play should their Fury disarm:  
Howe'er they may pass with the rest of the Nation,  
Tho' their Malice I blame, I commend their Dis-  
cretion.

For 'tis but convenient you'll readily own,  
That the Beast should perform, what the Man  
wou'd disown.



*A Pastoral on the Death of Queen MARY.*

**S**HE's gone! the brightest Nymph that blest  
the Green.

No more the Beauty of her Eyes is seen.

Who can from Grief's Extremities refrain?

Or in due Bounds the swelling Tide contain?

Who can behold this dismal Scene pass by

With an unmov'd and unrelenting Eye?

*London*, thou Pride and Glory of our Isle,

Tho' in thy Bosom both the *Indies* smile;

Oh! ne'er forget that un auspicious Day,

Which thy best Treasure rudely snatch'd away.

Thy busy *Change* be for a Season dumb,

No saucy Mirth within thy Mansions come;

Let all thy Sons in mourning Weeds appear;

Each Face shew Sorrow, and each Eye a Tear.

T'express their Duty, let all Hearts combine,

And on this black, this sad Occasion join.

*Mourn*

*Mourn drooping Britain, mourn from Shore to Shore ;  
Thy best belov'd MARIA is no more.*

Ye beauteous Virgins, that in moving Strains  
Were us'd to sing her Virtues on the Plains :  
Ye Shepherds too, who out of pious Care,  
Taught every Tree *MARIA's* Nanie to wear ;  
Your rural Sports and Garlands lay aside,  
This is no Time for ornamental Pride ;  
But bring, oh ! bring the Treasures of your Fields,  
That short-liv'd Wealth which unbid Nature yields.  
The mourning Hyacinth inscrib'd with Woe,  
The beauteous Lillies that in Vallies grow ;  
And all the Flowers that scatter'd up and down,  
Or humble Mead, or lofty Mountains crown ;  
Then gently throw them all upon her Herse ;  
To these join lasting Bays, and living Verle.

*Mourn drooping Britain, mourn from Shore to Shore ;  
Thy best belov'd MARIA is no more.*

Ye dauntless Hearts, that for your Country's  
Good,

'All Dangers scorn, and wade thro' Seas of Blood,  
In heavy Silence march around her Tomb,  
And then lament your own and *England's* Doom :  
For Death has by this single Stroke, done more  
Than when (ten Thousand slain) he stalks in Gore.  
Ye pensive Matrons, who by Fortune crost,  
In foreign Fields have dear Relations lost ;  
Now give a free and open Vent to Grief,  
Banish all Hopes, and think of no Relief ;  
That bounteous Princess, who so justly knew  
What was to blooming Worth and Merit due,  
Who as she lov'd on Valour still to smile,  
Ne'er fail'd to recompence the Soldier's Toil ;  
Is now (malicious Fate would have it so)  
Hurry'd, alas ! to the dark Shades below.

*Mourn drooping Britain, mourn from Shore to Shore ;  
Thy best belov'd MARIA is no more.*

Ye mix'd Heads, and likewise you that wait  
Upon the Altar in a lower State,

Bewail

Bewail the Loss of so divine a Prize,  
 And open all the Sluces of your Eyes.  
*Rome's* gaudy Poms her Mind could ne'er allure;  
 Firm to her Word, and in her Faith secure.  
 The sacred Scriptures were her daily Care,  
 Her only Exercise and Food, was Prayer.  
 Where can we now so great a Pattern find?  
 Where can we meet so bright, so pure a Mind?  
*Mourn* drooping Britain, *mourn* from Shore to Shore;  
 Thy best belov'd *M A R I A* is no more.  
 But tho' proud Fate has done her utmost Spite,  
 And bury'd all her Hopes in endless Night;  
 Tho' ravenous Death has seiz'd the richest Prey  
 That ever did a Regal Scepter sway;  
 Her Name shall live, and still continue fair,  
 Fragrant as rich *Arabia's* Spices are:  
 While *Albion* in triumphant State shall reign  
 Queen of the Isles, and Goddess of the Main.  
 While silver *Thames* in wanton Folds shall play,  
 And Tribute to the *British* Ocean pay:  
 While haughty *Lewis* shall remain abhorr'd,  
 And *William* be by all the World ador'd.  
 Our grateful Tongues her Virtue shall proclaim  
 Thro' all the distant Provinces of Fame:  
 Still in our Hearts shall chaste *M A R I A* reign,  
 Tho' dead, her Station there she shall maintain.  
 Then Shepherds leave at last your mournful Lays,  
 And turn your Songs of Grief, to Songs of Praise.



Prologue to a Musick Speech in the Theatre in Oxford.

**W**ELL! for a careful provident Bawd, say I,  
 Give me my Mother University.  
 Bless us! how neatly has she rank'd you here,  
 Where drawn in *Love's* Battalia, you appear  
 The Black, the Brown, the Fair, and the not Fair.  
 I must



I must confess the Case is alter'd now,  
 From what your narrow fulsome Box could show.  
 A Musick-Room, a fitter Name 'twould prove,  
 Call it a Stove, a Bathing-Tub of Love,  
 Where swearing Scholar faints, and knows not  
 why,

And melting Tallow-Chandler drips hard by,  
 And all this Heat from Love, or else *July*.

But now you're welcome hither, in this Row  
 Painting does in its full Perfection show,  
*Streeter* above you, Ladies here below.

Did not such Malice in your Beauties reign,  
 We yet might hope a Golden Age again:

When *Nature* taught her untold Tale of Love,  
 And Passion from a ragged Gown could move.

But now those Days are gone, and saucy Art,  
 Mimick of *Nature*, acts the noblest Part.

E'en Passion is succelsless in this Age,  
 Unless set off by *Love's* high Equipage.

The ruffling Pantaloon declares the Flame,  
 And the well ty'd Cravat string wins the Dame.

Plain Lovers, like plain Linnen, e'er cashier'd,  
 In whose behalf no Point has e'er appear'd:

What Hopes then have unhappy we to please,  
 Whom niggard Stars made not so vain as these?

Alas! we hate your gentle stinking Water,  
 Loath distill'd Oils, but those of Mother *Nature*.

This knew our Fates, and plac'd us in a Town  
 Where Beauty is so thin, so rarely sown;

The Nymphs o'th' Fleece, and the three Gates  
 go down.

Like homely Peasants, us'd to wholesome Meat,  
 When Love invites us to your splendid Treat;

We'll gape and gaze, and make no hearty Meal,  
 Give us our sturdy Beef and Mutton still.

But let us not despair, I'll lead the Van,  
 And tho' I proudly say't, we Scholars can,

Altho' not act the Fop, yet play the Man.  
 We'll run at all, and freely take our Lot,

From the fair *Walcop*, down to foul *Bess Scot*. The

## The EPILOGUE.

AS from a darken'd Room, some Optick Glafs  
Transmits the distant Species as they pass;  
The World's large Landskip is from far descry'd,  
And Men contracted on the Paper glide.

Thus crowded *Oxford* represents Mankind,  
And in these Walls *Great-Britain* seems confin'd.  
*Oxford* is now the publick Theatre,  
And you both Audience and Actors are:  
The gazing World on the new Scene attend,  
Admire the Turns, and wish a prosp'rous End.  
*Oxford*, the Seat of Peace, the quiet Cell,  
Where Arts, remov'd from noisy Business, dwell;  
Should calm your Minds, unite the jarring Parts,  
And with a kind Contagion seize your Hearts.  
O! may its Genius like soft Musick move,  
And tune you all to Concord and to Love.  
Our Acts which has in Tempest long been tost,  
Could never rest on so secure a Coast.  
From hence you may look back on civil Rage,  
And view the Ruins of the former Age.  
Here a new World its Glories may unfold,  
And here be sav'd the Remnant of the old:  
But while our Thoughts on publick Cares are bent,  
Past Ills to heal, and future to prevent,  
Some vacant Hours allow to your Delight;  
Mirth is the pleasing Bus'ness of the Night,  
The King's Prerogative, the Subject's Right. }  
Were all your Hearts to sullen Cares confin'd,  
The Body would be weary'd by the Mind.  
'Tis Wisdom's part, betwixt Extreame to steer,  
Be Gods in Senate, but be Mortals here.

Upon Mr. Creech's Translation of Lucretius.

1.

**L**ET not the *Thracian* Bard admire,  
 Whose powerful Strains, and list'ning Stones  
 inspire,  
 To keep just Measures with his Lyre ;  
 Tho' taught by his commanding Harmony,  
 The Beasts forgot their Native Cruelty,  
 And to a univ'rsal Peace did jointly all conspire.

2.

Thy sacred Hand does more,  
 That does *Lucretius* again restore,  
 Who was a mighty Solitude before :  
 His rowling Atoms now we see,  
 In Squadrons and just Measures lie,  
 Even in Confusion now appears just Symmetry,

3.

Nought but a heav'nly Hand could make  
 These Atoms their old Nothing forsake,  
 And a true decent Order take :  
 Thy charitable Hand has greater Wonders done,  
 And has *Lucretius* his own Errors shown :  
 Our modern Atheist grieves to see  
 His belov'd Sins so lash'd by thee,  
 That do't in this deserve ev'n of Posterity.  
 What Trophies can thy Victory out-do,  
 That triumph'st o'er the present Times, the past,  
 and future too ?

A

*A pensive Thought at the Rose Spunging-House in Woodstreet, and left there by T. Brown.*

**N**ON *adversa videns me fractum fata coarctum,  
Carcer corpus habet, meus cooperto volat.*



*Algernon Sidney's Letter of Advice to his Friend,  
concerning the Education of his Son. By T. Brown.*

Since 'tis your only Study, and your Care,  
How to dispose of *Bob*, your Son and Heir,  
I'll give you my Advice, Sir, in this grand Affair,  
If *Bob's* ingenious, and a Boy of Parts,  
Do not debauch him with the lib'ral Arts.  
Those jilting Whores, instead of Silk and Sarin,  
Equipt in Linsey-woolsey, Greek, and Latin,  
Will spoil his Fortune if they once come at him.  
But if he is mercurially inclin'd;  
Of Wit sagacious, and heroic Mind,  
He'd best pursue those honourable Courses  
Of picking Pockets, and of taking Purse;  
And I'll prescribe the Lad a safe and true Gate,  
How to avoid the dreaded Path of *Newgate*;  
Lest bloody Judge and Jury should transport  
The Boy to *Tyburn* — Send him to the Court;  
Where in a Fortnight's Time he'll learn his Cue,  
Under ———  
To pick the Pockets of a free-born Nation,  
In furnishing two Dishes for Collation;  
Like learned Cooks, as all Men grant they are,  
To make the self-same Sauce to Peace and War;  
What better are we for this boasted Quier,  
If we must pawn our Birth-right for our Diet?  
But since it is by Providence decreed,  
That Liberty and Property must bleed;

This



This only Comfort will their Suff'rings ease,  
 That, like good *Christians*, they depart in Peace.  
 You cannot, Sir, do better for your Lad,  
 Than bind him an Apprentice to this Trade :  
 The King's his Surety, and will not neglect him,  
 But with a Standing-Army still protect him.  
 Yet if *Bob's* Talent lie not in his Brains,  
 Make him a Parson, Neighbour, by all Means.  
 His Road unto Preferment, Sir, is chalk'd,  
 In all my Life I ne'er knew Blockhead balk'd,  
 As rankest Weeds in richest Soil are found,  
 So Spiritual Hemlock thrives in Holy Ground.  
 The Church and State, like Sharpers, cry out halves,  
 One claims the Fools, the other all the Knaves.  
 Thus, Sir, I've shewn you how your Son may rise  
 But do as seemeth good in your own Eyes :  
 For if your *English* Stomach can't digest  
 The rav'ning Courtier, or the Jackal Priest,  
 Teach him your self, and let the Son inherit  
 His Father's Acres, and his Father's Merit ;  
 E'er Sense, that, like *Aurora*, does make Way  
 For brighter Reason the ensuing Day.  
 With *Noll's* great Image fill his dawning Soul,  
 His Fancy flatter, and his Judgment rule.  
 May's Actions suit unto his Country's Fame,  
 And keep the Rebel in the *English* Name.  
 Let him, like me, all Monarchy oppose,  
 And pluck the Idol by his *Roman* Nose.

Your Servant,

Algernon Sidney.

P. S.

Your old Friend Mr. Ludlow's in good Health,  
 And hopes to live to see a Commonwealth.

A

# CHARACTER

O F A

## Low-Church Magistrate.

By Mr. BROWN.

I Have at last, with much Difficulty, procured you a Copy of the Character of a *Latitudinarian* Anatomiz'd, which you have so long, and with so much Importunity desired of me. ALFI can learn from the Paper is, that the Author Calculated it for the *Meridian* of *York*, as I take it, (the Magistrate of which Place in the Year 44, was a famous *Ambidexter*,) and that it will equally serve for any Corporation within his Majesty's Dominions; but I will not detain it from you any longer.

A *Latitudinarian* is a walking *Amsterdam* of Religions, out of whom all the *Ancient* and *Modern Heresies* might be easily retrieved, though the Volumes of *Epiphanius* and *Ross* were lost. He thinks no part of a Church sacred but the *Weather-Cock*, and honours the Memory of him that invented a *Windmill*, because it can Grind indifferently with *East*, *West*, *North*, and *South*. He talks much of *Moderation*, yet is as hot as one of his own Custards, and as *Cholerick* as a *Hasty-pudding*; he's as *Positive* in his own single Self, as an Assembly of splay-mouth'd

mouth'd Divines; *Geryon* and *Cerberus* were only Types of him, but though he has three Heads, viz. An Independent, a Presbyterian, and a Church of England Head, yet he has not Brains to furnish any one of them. By his *Wisdom* and *Gravity* one would think he had Long Ears; but 'tis certain he has none, for he is Deaf to the Cries of the Poor; and though he devours Widows and Orphans at a Morfel, yet he has no Bowels. His Conscience is as unaccountable as a Modern Hypothesis, which spares Cockle-shells in Noah's Flood, and dissolves the hardest Mettals; for it starts at an innocent Ceremony, when it makes nothing to digest Perjury and Oppression. 'Tis impossible to frame an Oath, but what he'll readily swallow to gratify his Ambition. He calls them State Counters, takes them for his Interest, and breaks them for his Convenience; he calls God to witness, and yet believes nothing of his Existence, like the Fellow in *Plautus's Amphitruo*, that swears by *Hercules* before he was born. Trade, with him, is the Law and the Prophets; and, in opposition to the Text, he's resolved to serve God and Mammon together. Had he lived in the time of Constantine, he'd have gone to the Christian Assemblies one Day to save his Bacon, and to the Heathen Temples the next, to secure a Stake against a Pagan Revolution. The Men of Gotham are registred for a pack of Fools, for endeavouring to hedge in a Cuckow: Is it not then a scurvy Reflection upon a certain wise City's Care for Religion, to pitch upon a Chameleon for its Head, who changes his Colour as often as he shifts his Place? 'Tis pity that our Laws, that order so honourable a Reward for Plurality of Wives, have not made the same wholesome provision again Plurality of Religions. He rails at Superstition, and pretends to stand up for the Primitive Church; but though we read that the Apostles were Fishers, they were not Watermen, to look one way and row another.

He is very severe against the Bakers, and punishes them upon every Occasion; not for Cheats, for as such he honours them, but only to shew his Skill in the History of the Bible, where he finds it was one of thar Profession

feffion that first hanfell'd the Gallows. He designs to adorn the Annals of his Government with something Extraordinary, and to purchase a Name as *Heroftratus* did of old, by *Inflaming* the Church. *Stow* and *Hollingshead* that took such Pains to describe Calves with six Legs, and all under Unnatural Births, if they had lived in our Age, what a strange Account would they have given of this Triple-headed Beast, that exceeds all the Monsters that ever were known in *Bartholomew Fair*, that ever *Africk* or *Holland* produced?

When his Dulness is mounted on Horseback, he makes me think of some Ancient Coats of Arms, where the Supporters are of the same Species with the Beasts in the Scutcheon. If the City, to give another Instance of their Discretion, should chuse *Ball* to succeed his Master, as we find *Caligula* once design'd his Horse for the Consulship, I dare engage for *Ball*, that he'll make the soberer Magistrate of the two; and after he has had his Belly full of Hay and Oats in the Morning, that he won't kick and winch, and keep a pother to be carried to Brewers Grains and chops Straw in the Afternoon.

Whatever he may be to the rest of his Servants, his Cook leads a very easy Life with him, and has as little to do all the Year round as a Barber in *Moscooy*, a Lord Treasurer in *Scotland*, or a Taylor under the *Line*, where they all go Naked. He preaches up Temperance at his own Table, but is an *Harpy* incarnate when he can devour on Free-cost, and hates no Sins but those that are Expensive. He shews his Charity to the Poor, by providing Prison-room for them; and for fear they should die of Surfeits, takes care to let them Blood with a Dog-whip.

In his own single Self, he out-does all the strange Changes in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*. *Oedipus* himself, were he alive, could never unriddle him. The Satyr that quarrell'd with the Fellow in the Fable, for blowing Hot and Cold successively with the same Breath: What would he say to our Flea-bitten Magistrate, that can do both at the same Instant? If he varied his Body as often as his Soul ticks about, no Taylor could fit this



*Posture Clark* in Religion, but he that made a *Manteau* for the Moon. In vain he promotes a Reformation, who ought to begin it at home, and stands up for the *Sabbath*, which no one prophanes like himself, for he teaches more Atheism by his Example, than all the Parsons in the City can ever hope to preach down. He is of several Churches, but of no Religion, as we say of *Hermaphrodites*, that by being of both Sexes, they are indeed of none, and can neither conveniently receive Love as Women, nor act it vigorously as Men. He pretends to hate Divisions, and yet encourages Schism which he foolishly judges to be expedient for the State; as the Women on the other side of the *Tweed* refuse to be cured of the Itch, because, forsooth, it is wholesome.

*Nebuchadnezzar's* Image had a Head of Gold, and Feet of Clay. Our Idol has a Skull as soft as *Pap*, to a Face of Brass, and Arms of Iron. Having mention'd Brass, commend me to that *Murderer* *Abenew* his Conscience, which has long since learnt the Trick *Nulla pallefcere Culpa*.

I wonder with what pretence he can punish Beggars, who is himself the most inexcusable Vagrant in the three Kingdoms. If the *Pythagorean* System of Transmigration be true, the next remove his Soul makes must be into an Otter, or some such amphibious Animal, for one single Element can never contain him. He alters his Shapes according to the Company he is in, like those experienced Sharpers, who when they are at Court would pass for good City Security; and when they are in the City, would be thought to have an Interest at Court. When he thinks his Authority will bear him out, *Lucifer* is less haughty and absolute; at other times he's as submissive and humble as a *Temple-Bar* Vintner in the Long Vacation. But who would not bestow a Cudgel upon this fawning Cur, that will leap over a Stick for the Pope's Nuncio, and next minute do the same for a Crop-ear'd Tub-drubber?

He goes to a Sermon with the the same Intent, as the Prisoners in *Ludgate* go to the Grate, only to shew his Chain; or, as the *Beaux* go to a Play, not to reform his Manners, but hear himself exposed. But though he

sees

fees Hypocrisy lashed every *Sunday*, he stands all the Fire the Parsons flash at him, like a managed Horse: He's convinced that 'tis a Cowardly Scoundril Sin, yet he won't part with it, because it brings him in Gain: As I knew a Fellow once that had Aches all over his Body, which punctually foretold all Changes in the Weather, yet could not be perswaded to be Cured, because he would not lose his *Almanack*, as he call'd it. Had this Linsey-wolsey Brother lived under the *Mosaical* Dispensation, how finely had he been trounc'd, for ploughing thus with an Ox and an Ass, and dividing himself so nicely between a *Cassock* and a *Cloak*. He revives the Story of *Penelope*, still Unravelling what he had done before, and Unlearning under one Teacher what he Learn'd under another.

The poor Cully in *Æsop* with his two loving Wives, one of which clear'd his Head of the Black, and the other of his grey Hairs, till at last they left him none between them, is a true Emblem of him. The different Churches he goes to, will so weed and purge him by degrees, that they won't leave him a Rag of Religion to cover his Nakedness. With him, as in the Creation of the World, the Evening still goes before the Morning; for though he vouchsafes his Morning to the *Establish'd Church*, yet in his Heart he's at the *Meeting*, and his Thoughts still run upon his Afternoon's *Extempore* Repast. Thus he is guilty of *Schism*, even when he seems to assist at the publick Service; like the Man that committed *Adultery* with his own lawful Wife, by thinking on another. I never see him at the Cathedral, but he makes me think of an *Algerine* putting out *Christian* Colours. Indeed, if the Churches were shut up, something might be said for his going to the *Barn*; for even *Horse-flesh* we know was laudable Diet at the Siege of *London-derry*. If he does it for Variety, 'tis a sign he has a most wretched Palate. Who, but a Coxcomb would go to a *Farce* in *Smithfield* when the Playhouse is open? Who, that has Din'd at *Locker's*, wou'd afterwards Sup among Porters in a Cellar in the *Strand*?

This last place puts me in mind of his extraordinary House-keeping, though so great a Gormondizer of Spiritual Food, which costs him nothing, yet very little will content him in his own Kitchen. By the Power of good Management, he can extract three Meals for himself and Family out of one single Shoulder of Mutton, which piece of Frugality he learn'd, I suppose, from the Story of the *Welsh* Sheriff, that converted an old Cloak first into a Goat, then a Waistcoat, and last of all into a pair of Breeches. I have heard of a Gentleman, who, purely to save his Money, would take a Coach that cost him Twelve-pence, to be trimm'd by a Two-penny *French* Barber in *Soho*. The City perhaps, with equal Discretion chose him to Husband their Stock; but by starving the Poor he has put the Parishes to such Charges in Burials, that they are not like to save any thing by him; unless as old *Chiron* was, both a Tutor and a Pad-rag upon occasion to *Achilles*, so they make the Beast serve them in a double Capacity, that is to say, both as their Horse and their Magistrate.

I have been told of a Man that had a very bad Memory, so very treacherous and unfaithful, that if he had made an Assignment in the Morning, he was sure to forget it long before the Hour came. Well, says he, to prevent this for the future I am resolved to buy a *Memorandum-Book*: But what was he the better for it? He soon after forgot that he had bought any such Director to relieve his Memory. This is the Case of our *Latitudinarian*: When those of his Party are under Hatchets, then all his Discourse runs upon Christian Forbearance and Condescension, and never a Passage in the Old or New Testament escapes him that makes for that purpose. But when they are mounted, and in the Saddle, the Tables are turn'd, and he lays about him like Thunder and Lightning, and forgets that Persecution is the Mark of *Antichrist*. 'Tis true, all the while he devours you he cants of Moderation, and pretends he does it unwillingly; but this is only a Copy of his Countenance. He first tears you asunder as the *Jews* did *Isaiah* of old with a wooden Saw of a dull heavy Speech: But  
who



who wou'd not rather chuse to make a Breakfast for a generous Lyon, than to be eaten by a weeping Crocodile?

For my part, I wonder that the Priests of the different Churches he repairs to, don't exact a piece of Military Discipline upon him, and truss him up for a Spy. But I suppose he keeps in with all, by telling them severally in a Corner that each performs best; like the Harlot in the Play, that was kept by three Gallants, and told each of them in private, that he was the Person that gave her the most Satisfaction. 'Tis next to a miracle to me that the Priesthood, who are so sharp-sighted upon other Occasions, don't see through the thin Artifices of this bare-fac'd Impostor, and dart the Thunder of the Church upon a Wretch who pretends to be a Friend to all, and yet is an Enemy to the whole Tribe. I hope none of the Prophets have given it him under their Hands, that 'tis no Sin to go to the Temple of *Rimmon*. But this present contending between the several Perswasions to secure him to their Party, gives me a perfect Resemblance of an *Ant-bill*, where there is the same lugging, and tearing, and struggling about a dead Fly.

In short, our *Latitudinarian* is a Retainer to all Churches, but a Member of none; and will never have the Benefit of his Clergy, though he pretends to make his court to all the various sorts of them. 'Tis an unthinking Sor, that keeps the Streets cleaner than his own Conscience. At last, every Body finds out his Disguise and despises him; and as several Cities formerly contended who gave Birth to *Homer*, so, in his case, all Churches and Congregations strive who shall disclaim him first. Though he has a middle Station here, he must not expect one in another World. *Lucifer* only can pay him the Wages of his Hypocrisy, in whole Churches we leave him.

*Your most humble Servant,*

T. B.





Her Importunity was such, they say,  
 When you did Preach, she never ceas'd to Pray;  
 Until at length, by force of much Perswasion,  
 She brought your Doctorship into the Fashion,  
 To take an Oath, to justify the Reign  
 Of William, till King James return'd again.  
 But, Doctor, most believe what she cou'd say,  
 Had not prevail'd to make you go astray,  
 And with the present Government to join,  
 If little William had not past the Boyn:  
 But now you from your Principles do swerve,  
 For fear that you and yours shou'd come to starve;  
 Trusting to Providence (it seems) your Soul,  
 But for your Body, you're not such a Fool.  
 Doctor, in fine, you'll live to curse your Fate,  
 And then repent, (alas!) when 'tis too late!  
 Reproachful Ruin still such Crimes attends;  
 Your Friends you've made your Foes, your Foes no Friends.



A N  
E P I T A P H  
O N

Dr. SHERLOCK, 1707.

I.

**H** E R E lyes, within this Holy Place,  
(The Lord have Mercy on him!)  
The Weefel, in a Wooden Case,  
Exempt from Human Plagues, unless  
You lay his Wife upon him.

II.

Some People think, if this were done,  
Tho' Dead, he wou'd be ready  
To rise before his Time, and run  
The Lord knows where, to shun  
That Termagant, his Lady.

III.

Since he is gone, 'tis hard that she  
Should be so long deserted.  
Why, Death, shouldst thou so partial be,  
Since all good People do agree,  
'Tis pity they were parted?

IV.

Pray bid her, when she comes, not prate,  
But hold her teasing Nonsense:  
For if the Weefel smell a Rat,  
He'll fly his Wife, I'll tell you that,  
As he once did his Conscience.

9 NO 64

The End of the Fourth and Last VOLUME.

BOOKS Printed for SAM. BRISCOE.

I. **T**HE Works of his Grace *George Villiers*, late Duke of *Buckingham*, in two Volumes. Containing a compleat Collection of all his Poems, Letters, and Speeches in Parliament. To which is added a Collection of the most remarkable Speeches, Debates, and Conferences of the most eminent Statesmen on both sides, in the House of Lords and Commons, from the Year 1640, to the present Time; by the Earl of *Clarendon*, Earl of *Pembroke*, Earl of *Rocheſter*, Earl of *Bristol*, Earl of *Shaftsbury*, Lord *Faulkland*, Lord *Finch*, Lord *Lucas*, Lord *Wharton*, Lord *Capel*, Lord *Haverſham*, Biſhop *Merks*, Archbiſhop *Williams*, General *Monk*, Sir *William Perkins*, Sir *Ashly Cooper*, Sir *Charles Sidley*, Sir *John Knight*, Sir *Lionel Jenkins*, Sir *William Temple*, *Bulſtrode Whitlock* Eſq; and ſeveral others. The third Edition: To which are added all the Duke's Plays that were acted, and thoſe deſign'd for the Stage: Adorn'd with Cuts.

II. The Works of *Petronius Arbiter*, Tranſlated by ſeveral Hands. With a Key by a Perſon of Honour: And alſo his Life and Character by *Monſieur St. Evremont*. The fourth Edition. To which is added, ſome other of the *Roman Poets*, viz. *Catullus*, *Tybullus* and *Propertius*. And Tranſlations from the *Greek* of *Pindar*, *Anacreon* and *Sappho*. With a Poem on *Telemachus*, by the Duke of *Devonſhire*; and an Eſſay on Poetry, by *John Duke of Buckingham*. The whole adorn'd with Cuts.

III. Poſthumous Works in Proſe and Verſe, written in the time of the Civil Wars and Reign of King *Charles II.* by Mr. *Samuel Butler*, Author of *Hudibras*, from Original MSS. and ſcarce and valuable Pieces formerly printed; with a Key to *Hudibras* by Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*. The third Edition in 2 Volumes.



## BOOKS Printed for SAM. BRISCOE.

IV. All the Works of *Lucian*, in 8vo. Translated from the *Greek* by Sir *Henry Sheers*, *Walter Moyle* Esq; *Charles Blount* Esq; *Mr. Atkins*, *Mr. Thomas Brown*, *Mr. Digby*, *Mr. Tate*, *Laurence Eachard* A. M. *Mr. Sellers*, *Dr. Drake*, *Mr. Vernon*, *Col. Blount*, *Andrew Baden* M. D. *Mr. Hill*, *Captain Spragg*, *Captain Ayloff*, *Christopher Eachard* of *Catherine-Hall*, *Cambridge*; *Mr. Savage*, *Jos. Washington*, both of the *Middle Temple*; *James Terrel* Esq; *Mr. Philips*, and several other Persons of Learning and Quality. With the Life of *Lucian*, a Discourse of his Writings, and a Character of some of the present Translators. By the late famous *John Dryden* Esq; in 4 Vols.

V. The Works of that wise Critick, *Dionysius Longinus*; or, A Treatise concerning the Sovereign Perfection of Writing, faithfully translated from the *Greek* by *Mr. Welfsted*; with some Remarks on *Milton*, *Spencer*, *Shakespeare*, *Dryden*, the present Duke of *Buckingham*, *Waller*, and other *English* Poets.

VI. *Astronomia Carolina*; or, A new Theory of the Celestial Motion: Composed according to the best Observations, and most rational Grounds of Art, yet far more easy, expedite, and perspicuous than any before extant; with exact and most easy Table thereunto, and Precepts for the Calculation of Eclipses, &c. By *Mr. Tho. Street*; with his Memorial Verses on the Ecclesiastical and Civil Calendar. The second Edition with Additions; the whole carefully corrected. To which is added, an Appendix, containing a Collection of Observations of the Moon and Planets, made by *Dr. Edmund Halley* Savilian Professor of Geometry at *Oxford*; and a Proposal how to find out the Longitude at Sea, by the help of these Observations. Printed in a neat Quarto Volume.

VII. *Epicurus's* Morals, translated from the *Greek* by *John Digby* Esq; with Comments and Reflexions taken out of several Authors. Also *Isocrates* his Advice to *Demonicus*. Done out of the *Greek* by the same Hand. To which is added, an Essay on *Epicurus's* Morals. Written by *Monsieur St. Evremont*, and made English by *Mr. Johnson*.

A  
;  
;  
-  
-  
f,  
r.  
;  
-  
n,  
e  
nn  
  
i-  
of  
r.  
e-  
r,  
  
ne  
r-  
ore  
at;  
ots  
t;  
vil  
he  
p-  
he  
ian  
ow  
Ob-  
  
by  
gen  
to  
nd.  
als.  
by